

Special Note: Each issue of The Red Book Magazine is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

Vol. XLII, No. 2
Published Monthly
On sale the 23rd of each month
preceding date of issue.

THE REDBOOK MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1923



George Gibbs
the distinguished American author-illustrator, has completed his third novel for this magazine.

Its title is

"Sackcloth and Scarlet"

and it chronicles the adventures in life of two of the most remarkable young women in contemporary fiction. It will begin in the next—the January—issue

Subscription price: \$3.00 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.
Subscriptions are received by all newsdealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittance must be made by Post Office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.
ADVERTISING FORMS close on the 14th of the second preceding month (February forms close December 14th). Advertising rates on application.

THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION, Publisher, The Red Book Magazine, 36 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES M. RICHTER
Vice-President

LOUIS ECKSTEIN
President

RALPH K. STRASSMAN
Vice-President

Office of the Advertising Director, 33 West 42nd Street, New York
R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 80 Boylston Street, Boston. LONDON OFFICES, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1923, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION (The Red Book Magazine)

Copyright, 1923, by THE CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Colonies. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN Painted from life	Edna Crompton
ART SECTION, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN Eleanor Boardman, Irene Marcellus, Betty Hill, Doris Marquette, Dorothy Mackail, Peggy Hopkins Joyce	
THE BEST SERIAL NOVELS OF THE YEAR	
THE GOLDEN LADDER Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller	Rupert Hughes 38
BLUE BLOOD Illustrated by Everett Shinn	Owen Johnson 58
THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE MONTH	
RECLAIMED Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin	Arthur Stringer 27
CLOVES AND NUTMEG Illustrated by W. B. King	Everett Rhodes Castle 33
THE GLORIOUS THROW-DOWN Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore	Henry Justin Smith 44
JACK O' CLUBS Illustrated by Walter J. Enright	Gerald Beaumont 49
IN PERSON Illustrated by Charles B. Falls	Charles Saxby 53
HOST FAIRYLAND Illustrated by Harold Anderson	Albert Payson Terhune 64
LUCIA WANTS A CAR Illustrated by Gustavus C. Widney	Sophie Kerr 68
THE BEST OF ENEMIES Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore	Courtney Ryley Cooper 73
THE APPROPRIATE WORD Illustrated by Joseph C. Chenoweth	William Dudley Pelley 77
RUBBER ICE Illustrated by Dudley Glynne Summers	William MacHarg 81
THE STORM Illustrated by E. R. Kirkbride	Wilbur Hall 86
THE BEST FEATURES OF THE DAY	
MILADY GOES SHOPPING Decoration by Everett Shinn	Angela Morgan 20
OUR GIRLS Decoration by Arthur E. Becher	Angelo Patri 22
THE YES, YES CHORUS	Bruce Barton 25

Youth's Right-of-Way

By

M. MERCER KENDIG, A. B., Vassar

Director School Department, The Red Book Magazine

IF the increasing complexities of the last half century are a promise of the next, only the problem solvers will keep human life on an onward and upward course. The general public educational system of the country, an enormous problem in itself, is at present hardly equipped to produce enough problem solvers, whose privilege it will be to serve the public. In New York City alone many thousands of children, largely of foreign origin, are clamoring to enter schools already over-crowded.

Every parent with the means to do so, should consider sending his children to a qualified Private School. These schools are geared to create problem solvers—the men and women who in a few years will face a world of greater complexities than past generations have dreamed of.

To at once lighten the increasing burden of our public schools, and place our boys and girls in the educational environment of the Private School where they will *individually* develop their utmost capacities for leadership in a life of intensified speed and conflict, is the kind of public service which the present situation demands of every patriotic parent in the land.

But more than this is the advantage to parent and pupil alike of the more deliberate and thorough training afforded by the qualified Private School. The discipline of the mind, the scientific physiological development and hygiene of the body, the cultural environment and social contact between master and pupil, and between school-mates from all parts of the country; these are the elements in the Private School which make for a highly-qualified citizen with the courage to tackle and the ability to solve the problems inundating a disturbed and disturbing world.

CHILDREN have a natural right to travel toward a competent and informed maturity, and if parents do not keep them on the proper right-of-way, namely, in an educational environment where the young mind and body get the individual training most suited to their greatest development, the social and economic waste is a life-long disaster.

The Private Schools listed in the Red Book Magazine have been investigated by our School Department Staff, and their qualifications can be relied upon. They carry their pupils along youth's right-of-way in a manner to make forceful men and women.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

HILLSIDE Westport, Conn.
FOR GIRLS
15 miles from New York. Preparation for college entrance examinations. General courses. Organized athletics.
MARGARET R. BRENDINGER, A. B. (Vassar) Prin.
VIRGINIA HUNT FRANCIS, A. B. (Smith)

THE ELY SCHOOL

In the Country

One hour from New York.
Junior and Upper Schools.

Ely Court, Greenwich, Connecticut

SAINT MARGARET'S SCHOOL

8th year. College Preparatory. Secretarial and Domestic Science Courses. Gymnasium. Organized athletics. Outdoor life on a 50-acre school farm.

MISS EMILY GARDNER MUNRO, A. M., Principal. Waterbury, Conn.

HOWARD SEMINARY A famous old New England country school for girls. 25 miles from Boston. Preparation for college with special intensive one-year course for college examinations. Extensive grounds. All sports.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE W. EMERSON, Principals
30 Howard Street. West Bridgewater, Massachusetts

Kendall Hall
BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
College Preparation. One Special Intensive Year. Junior High.
Ms. and Mrs. C. P. KENDALL, Princ. Princeton, BEVERLY, MASS.

Mount Ida School for Girls
Preparatory, finishing school. Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.
Send for Year Book.

1670 Summit Street Newton, Mass.

LASELL SEMINARY

A school that develops well-trained, healthful and resourceful womanhood. Home Economics, Music, Art, College Preparatory and Secretarial Course. Mrs. M. Winslow, Principal, 140 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.

Maryland College
For Women, ten miles from Baltimore. Four-year courses leading to all degrees. Two-year course leading to certificate. Personal supervision of strong faculty. Modern fireproof buildings. Athletics. Swimming pool. Est. 1853. Catalog. Box 12-R, Lutherville, Md.

National Park Seminary
Washington, D. C. Suburbs
For girls. The fundamentals of college training in a 2-year diploma course. Music, Dramatics, Home Economics. Catalog on request. JAS. E. AMENT, LL. D., President, Box 195, Forest Glen, Maryland

CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL
Unique advantages of the national capital are enjoyed at this residence school for girls. Ask your senator or congressman about Chevy Chase. Meantime write for catalog. Address CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL, Box R, Frederic Ernest Farrington, Ph.D., Headmaster, Washington, D. C.

IMMACULATA SEMINARY
Suburban School for Girls
Two-Year's College Course: Preparatory Department. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. Gymnastics. Swimming and riding. Sister Secretary, 4270 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, D. C.

SULLINS COLLEGE Bristol, Virginia
For Girls. High School and Junior College Courses. Music, Expression, Domestic Science, etc. New buildings; every room connecting bath. Swimming Pool, Horseback riding. Mountain climate. 100-acre campus with beautiful lake.
W. E. MARTIN, Ph. D., President, Box E.

VIRGINIA INTERMONT COLLEGE
For Girls and Young Women. 35th year. 25 states. H. S. & College. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Secretarial Courses. Bronx climate. All 1,600 ft. Gym. Swimming pool, new dormitory with private baths. Rate \$500. Va., Bristol, Box 146. N. G. Neffinger, A. M., Prin.

Starrett School for Girls Fortieth year. Academic, college preparatory and graduate courses, co-operative with University of Chicago. Prepares for college. A Home School in elegant, fireproof building. Located in one of Chicago's finest residential districts. New term starts Feb. 5. For catalog address Box 24, 4932 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL
For Girls and Young Women. 2 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Gymnastics. Outdoor sports. 9 buildings. New College dormitory. Separate building for younger girls. Opens September 12. Catalog. REV. WM. P. MCKEE, Dean, Box 653, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

Rockford College for Women
A college of distinguished graduates. A. B., B. S., A. M. degrees. Campus of wooded acres on Rock River. All girls participate in athletics. An intimate college with many student activities. Write for catalog and book of views.
Wm. A. Maddox, Ph.D., President, Box R.B., Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Doanell's Residence
FOR GIRL STUDENTS IN NEW YORK
344 & 346 West 84th St., at Riverside Drive, New York City

A delightful home for girls attending any New York school, college or university. Pleasant Chaperonage. Eighth Year. Telephone Schuyler 3108. Open All Year. Catalogue.

Bradford Academy FOR YOUNG WOMEN
121st year. Thirty miles from Boston.
Address the Principals
MISS MARION COATS, A. M.
180 Main Street Bradford, Mass.

The Castle
Miss Mason's School
for Girls
Box 960 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE.
Founded by Mrs. Russell Sage in connection with Emma Willard School. A School of Practical Arts. Secretarial Work and Household Economics. B. A. and B. S. Degrees. Address Secretary.
RUSSELL SAGE COLLEGE, TROY, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA, Jenkinsburg.
Beechwood School (Inc.) FOR YOUNG WOMEN. A Cultural and Practical School. Suburb of Philadelphia. Preparatory; College Departments; Conservatory of Music; Art, Oratory, Home Economics, Secretarial, Gymnastics. Normal. Kindergarten. Swimming pool. Pipe organ, gymnasium. Normal Beechwood School, Box 453.

BISHOPTHORPE MANOR A select school for girls. Convenient to New York and Philadelphia. College preparatory and general courses. Two years' finishing course for high school graduates. Secretarial work. Individual attention. New gymnasium and swimming pool.

CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal, Box 237, Bethlehem, Pa.

Wildcliff A Graduate School
Two years of selective college subjects. Also Home-making. Secretarial Training, Fine Arts, Gymnasium, swimming pool. All out-door sports. MR. and MRS. H. M. CHAPIN, Principals, Box 1522, SWARTHMORE, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA, Chambersburg.
PENN HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. College Preparatory, Modern Language and Special Courses. Certificate privileges. Modern work with Music. Located at Atlantic City. Work continues without interruption. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Rates, \$900. Catalogue and views. Address FRANK S. MAGILL, A. M., Prin., Box R.

Walnut Lane School 66th Year a School for Girls in Philadelphia. Junior College, College Prep. and Academic School. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Secretarial Courses. All athletics. Catalog. MISS S. M. JONES, A. M., Prin., Box R. Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

GUNSTON HALL 1908 Florida Ave., Washington, D. C.
A school for girls. Rate \$1500. Preparatory and academic courses. Two years graduate and college work. Music, Art, Expression. MRS. BEVERLY R. MASON, Prin.

Martha Washington Seminary For Young Women. Occupies beautiful estate and combines advantages of city and country. High School and Collegiate School. Household Science and Arts. Secretarial branches. Music, Expression and Modern Languages. Athletics. Address MRS. JESSE TRUMAN, THE SECRETARY, Oakrest, Washington, D. C.

Colonial School for Girls Beautiful location in National Capital. High School, College Preparatory and Collegiate Courses. Complete Domestic Science and Secretarial Departments. Music, Art, and Expression. Well ordered home and social life. Athletics. MRS. JESSE TRUMAN, THE SECRETARY, Oakrest, Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN COLLEGE Junior College and Finishing One-year or two-year courses for H. S. graduates. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Social Training, Gymnasium, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Historic pilgrimages. Rate \$600. Arthur Kyle Davis, A. M., 240 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

WARD-BELMONT YOUNG WOMEN FOR GIRLS AND WOMEN Offers a six year course of study embracing two years of college. Meets exacting demands of a most discriminating patronage. For information address The Secretary, BELMONT HEIGHTS, Box 4, NASHVILLE, TENN.

ST. MARY-OF-THE-WOODS COLLEGE FOR WOMEN Standard Courses leading to degrees. 83rd year. Expression, Household Economics; Music; Art. Extensive Campus.

ACADEMY For Girls. High School. For Bulletins and illustrations, Booklet, address THE REGISTRAR, Box 200, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana.

LINDENWOOD COLLEGE Standard College for Young Women, with Classical, Vocal, Musical, Art, and Expression departments.

114 acres of campus for outdoor sports. Golf, Hockey, Tennis. 50 Minutes from St. Louis. Catalogue upon application. J. L. ROEMER, President, Box 1923, St. Charles, Mo.

Lenox Hall Select School for Girls. Enrollment limited. For catalogue address MRS. M. LOUISE THOMAS, Principal, Missouri, Kirkwood, Box 1022.

The Scudder School

West Seventy-second Street at Riverside Drive, New York. 7 buildings; 200 students. Unusual practical courses. (A) SELECT HIGH SCHOOL—Preparatory and general. (B) POST GRADUATE—Domestic Science and Home Management. 1-year course with optional summer term. Includes Spanish, French, Library Methods, etc. Social Welfare and Community Service; training for compensated or volunteer work. Classroom instruction and actual field work. Gymnasium, swimming, etc. Dormitories like college life. Address Miss E. B. Scudder New York City, N. Y. 264 W. 72d St.

DREW SEMINARY The Carmel School for Girls on beautiful Lake Glendale. 49 miles from New York. 600 feet elevation. High scholastic standing. Small classes. General and special courses. Separate building for Junior School. Athletics. 88th year. Moderate charges. For catalog address Dr. Clarence P. McClelland, President, Box 514, Carmel, N. Y.

OSSINING SCHOOL for Girls We offer with diploma, Academic, College Preparatory, Art, Music, Dramatics, Secretarial and Home Making Courses. Separate school for young girls. In beautiful Westchester, 20 miles from New York, with year. Address Clara C. Faier, Prin., 12-K Ossining-on-Hudson, New York

The Birmingham School for Girls

Birmingham, Pa. Thorough college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Gymnasium, swimming pool, dormitory. Catalogue. P. S. MOULTON, A. B., Headmaster, A. R. GRIER, President, Box 155, Birmingham, Pa.

CEDAR CREST A college for young women who appreciate life on a suburban campus, with modern equipment and comfortable dormitories. Degree and certificate courses in Liberal Arts, Secretarial Science, Household Arts, Music and Expression. New Department in Religious Education and Social Service.

Wm. R. CURTIS, Litt. D., Allentown, Pennsylvania

DARLINGTON Founded 1814 For Young Women. Develops personality, vitality, efficiency. Sixty-acre estate. Personnel Engineering, Secretarial, Domestic Science, Physical Education, Cultural Arts and College Preparatory courses. All sports. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Catalog. Christine F. Bye, Prin., Box 630, West Chester, Pa.

LINDEN HALL SCHOOL FOR 100 GIRLS 178th Year In Franklin, Pa. Girls' school in beautiful country near New York. 49th year. 5 modern buildings; 50 acres; \$600.00 equipment; athletics, swimming pool, etc. Sensible regulation and dress. College preparatory certificates. General and special courses. Catalog on request. DR. ROBERT TREVORROW, Pres., Box 98, Hackettstown, N. J.

Centenary Collegiate Institute

A girl's school in beautiful country near New York. 49th year. 5 modern buildings; 50 acres; \$600.00 equipment; athletics, swimming pool, etc. Sensible regulation and dress. College preparatory certificates. General and special courses. Catalog on request. DR. ROBERT TREVORROW, Pres., Box 98, Hackettstown, N. J.

FAIRFAX HALL for Girls

In the Blue Ridge Mountains. Two Main line railroads. College preparatory. 1-year graduate work. Music, Art, Home Economics. Expression. Riding. Golf. \$25. JOHN NOBLE MAXWELL, Pres., Fairfax Hall, Box B, Basic, Va.

Southern Seminary

156th year
A School of Character. Girls and Young Women. Blue Ridge Mts. of Virginia. Preparatory, Seminary and Collegiate, Music, Art, Expression. Commercial, Home Economics, Sports, Health \$400 Catalog Box 978, Staunton, Va.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE for Girls and Young Women

Box F, ROANOKE, VA.
In the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty. Elective, Preparatory and Senior College courses. Music, Art, Expression. Home Economics. Expression. Secretarial. Modern

MAXWELL, Pres., Fairfax Hall, Box B, Basic, Va.

BRENAU COLLEGE

CONSERVATORY
Noted for select patronage 20 states; pleasant social life; location blue Ridge Mts. North of Atlanta. Standard A. B. course; special advantages in music, oratory, art, domestic science, physical culture. 31 buildings, outdoor sports, swimming, boating, horseback riding, etc. Catalog upon application.

Address BRENAU, Box F, Gainesville, Ga.

ASHLEY HALL

A girl's school offering a broad variety of courses. College preparation for best women's colleges. Modern equipment. Swimming pool. Mild climate permits outdoor work the year around. Catalogue. Address Mary Vardine McBea, M. A., Principal, Box E, Charleston, S. C.

GULF-PARK By - the - Sea

A junior college for young women. National patronage. Two years college. Swimming, golf, tennis. All new buildings. Land and water sports. year round. Vachel Lindsay, celebrated poet, teaches Modern Poetry. 1922-24.

Address Gulf Park College, Box W, Gulfport, Miss.

Miss Harris' Florida School

Under northern management, northern faculty. Tourist pupils use home text-books. Outdoor classes, ocean bathing throughout winter. Boarding and day school departments. October to June.

1055 Brickell Avenue

Miami, Florida

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION

MUSIC, ORATORY, ART, DRAMATIC ARTS AND DANCING

SCHOOL of the
THEATRE

Threshold Playhouse

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPTON ELIAS FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS ERNEST TRUKE

Students play six nights and two matinees weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design—Production—Dancing—Fencing—Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading, etc.—Special evening classes for students employed during the day.

Winter term opens January 2nd.

Registration Limited.

Write for Catalog to the Director

CLARE TREE MAJOR

1230 Fifth Avenue New York City

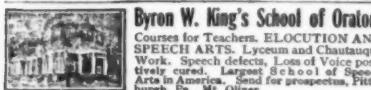
CHALIF
Russian School
of DANCINGArt
in Dancing

"I admire your ensemble work." ANNA PAVLOVA.

Catalog on Request.

Fall term now in session.

163-165 West 57th Street, N. Y.

DENISHAWN RUTH ST. DENIS and TED SHAWN
SCHOOL OF THE DANCEWrite for booklet of information
327 W. 28th Street, New York City
Gertrude C. Moore, General Manager

Byron W. King's School of Oratory

Courses for Teachers. ELOCUTION AND SPEECH ARTS. Lyceum and Chautauqua Work. Speech defects. Loss of Voice through excess. Largest School of Speech Arts in America. Located at Prospectus, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mt. Oliver.

American Conservatory

8th season. All branches of Music; Dramatic Art. Dormitory accommodations. Students may enter now. Apply for free catalog. Address John J. Hattstadt, Pres., 554 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Ill. "Chicago's foremost School of Music and Dramatic Art."

Lyceum Arts Conservatory (inc.)

All branches of Music and Dramatic Art. Studios, Theater and Dormitories in our own building, ideally located in the heart of the North Side Art Center. We graduate large professional classes. Students may enter now. Catalog free. 1160 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 43, Chicago, Illinois.

BUSH CONSERVATORY—CHICAGO

AN INSTITUTION OF NATIONAL PROMINENCE teaching Expression, Opera, MUSIC, Languages, Dancing. Eighty instructors. Special courses for teachers and students leading to FREE MASTER SCHOOL. We own our dormitories. Enroll now. R. B. 839 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Detroit Conservatory of Music

50th Year. Finest Conservatory in the West. Students may enter at any time. Departments—Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music and Drawing, etc. Diplomas and Degrees conferred. For catalogue address Dept. 9, 5085 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Louisville Conservatory of Music

Music center of the South. Special and academic courses in all branches of Music, Dramatic Art and Languages. Superior Faculty and equipment. Catalogue on request. 242 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

For Nervous and
Backward Children

The Stewart Home Training School for children of retarded mental development, is a private Home and School on a beautiful Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottage Plan. For illustrative catalog address Dr. John P. Stewart, Box P, Frankfort, Ky.

THE BANCROFT SCHOOL

FOURTY-EIGHT YEAR

For children whose mental development has not progressed normally.

E. A. Farrington, M. D., Jenzie Coulson Cooley
Address Box 125 Haddonfield, N. J.

DEVEREUX SCHOOLS

BERWYN, PENNSYLVANIA

Boys Juniors Girls
UNIQUE IN PURPOSE—PROGRESSIVE IN METHOD
Three separate tutoring schools for children who need scientific observation and guidance. Box R.

AMERICAN ACADEMY
OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded by FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Since 1884 the Standard Institution of Dramatic and Expressional Training and Development of Personality for any calling in life.

New Winter Class Begins Jan. 15

Extension Courses in Cooperation with

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Trustees:

Daniel Frohman John Drew

Augustus Thomas Benj. F. Roeder

Illustrated Catalog of all Courses from
Room 177—L CARNEGIE HALL, New YorkSCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES
FOR YOUNG MEN

ULVER

SUMMER
SCHOOLS

Lake Maxinkuckee

Culver, Indiana

LAKE FOREST—NON-MILITARY

Strictly College Preparatory Academy for Boys. Honor ideals. Hour north of Chicago; on Lake. Modern Buildings—all athletics—Endowed. John Wayne Richards, Headmaster. Catalog on request. Box 156, Lake Forest, Ill.

MORGAN PARK

MILITARY ACADEMY. Col. H. D. Abell, Supt., Box 1800, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill. Character building. Lower School. High standards. Individual attention. 50th anniversary year.

TODD 76th Year

The oldest and the leading school for young boys in the West. Genuine home life. One hour from Chicago. Address Hobie Hill, Principal, Box D-4, Woodstock, Ill.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Alton, Ill. Accredited. Graduates enter college without examination. Also business courses. 44th year. All athletics. Early application necessary. CATALOG of Dept. 55.

Col. R. P. Davidson, Pres., Lake Geneva, Wis.

WISCONSIN, Waupaca County, Delafield.
St. John's Military Academy The American Rugby.

Eminently fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. Situated on high ground, in Waupaca County Lake region. Catalog. Box 16M.

Col. R. P. Davidson, Pres., Lake Geneva, Wis.

WISCONSIN, Waukesha County, Delafield.

St. John's Military Academy The American Rugby.

Eminently fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. Situated on high ground, in Waupaca County Lake region. Catalog. Box 16M.

Col. R. P. Davidson, Pres., Lake Geneva, Wis.

WISCONSIN, Waukesha County, Delafield.

Shattuck School (Episcopal)

A school that knows boys' physical and mental needs.

Prepares for best colleges, or business. All athletics.

Military drill. 57th year. Address

Shattuck School, Box R, Faribault, Minn.

Western Reserve Academy, Hudson, Ohio

An endowed school for boys. Six modern buildings, large campus.

Preparation for college or technical school. Thorough course in Agriculture. One instructor for every ten boys. All athletics.

Rates \$600. For catalog address

The Principal, Box R-87, Hudson, Ohio

MIAMI MILITARY INSTITUTE

College Preparation

military and dramatic

Rates conservative. Catalog. Col. Orson Graff Brown, Pres., Box 233, Germantown, Near Dayton, Ohio

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High, beautiful location. Military drill subordinate to academic work.

Lower school for younger boys. Certificates admit to colleges. Athletics.

A. M. HENSHAW, Superintendent

OHIO, COLLEGE HILL (near Cincinnati), Box 27

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Founded 1844

Trains for leadership by a comprehensive system of athletics, military and general activities that reach every boy. An Honor System that builds character. High School and Junior college.

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS

Boonville, Mo.

Missouri Military Academy Develops red-blooded American manhood, through carefully co-ordinated military and academic training. Equipment and faculty exceptional. For catalog address Col. E. Y. BURTON, Pres.

MISSOURI, Mexico, Box 124.

Wentworth Military Academy

High School, Junior College, Grade School, Government Supervision. R. O. T. C. All Athletics. Largest gymnasium in Missouri. Swimming Pool. 45 miles from Kansas City. Catalog.

Col. S. Sellers, Supt., 182 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

Holmewood School

One of the finest equipped schools in the East for boys and girls 4 to 16. In the Connecticut Hills. 40 miles from New York City. Rates \$70 monthly.

Mrs. Louise S. Tebbets

Box R, New Canaan, Connecticut

THE ROUTH PINES SCHOOL

for girls and boys

A home school for children from 6 to 14 years of age. Individual attention. Each class is limited to 4 pupils. A healthy climate. Out-of-door sports possible. All winter—riding, tennis, golf, roller skating and organized games. Beautiful new buildings.

Ellen Elizabeth Morrow, Principal

Pinehurst, North Carolina

Connecticut

RIVERSIDE ACADEMY

One hour from New York. Open all year. Children 6 to 18 yrs. Individual Instruction, Home Surroundings.

Mrs. J. J. Carew, Director

RUMSON, NEW JERSEY

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG MEN

PEDDIE An Endowed School for Boys

An endowed school thoroughly preparing boys for college. Study hours supervised by experienced teachers. The secret of healthful development of the body is behind the mental training of every boy. Athletics for all. Gymnasium and swimming pool. 60-acre campus. Lower school for boys 10-14 years. 58th year. Booklet. Address

ROGER W. SWETLAND,
LL.D., Headmaster,
Box 12-F, Hightstown, N. J.

SUFFIELD A School for Boys

3½ hours from New York City. Thorough preparation for college or business. Complete equipment. Department for young boys. Booklet.

Hobart G. Truesdell, A. M., P. D., Principal
13 Main Street, Suffield, Conn.

ROXBURY Instruction given individually or in groups of from two to five according to the boy's needs. Approximately 90% of our final candidates are successful in entering college. Athletics under the direction of experts. Boys may enter at any time. Catalog. A. N. Sheriff, Headmaster. Roxbury School, Inc., Cheshire, Conn.

FREEHOLD MILITARY SCHOOL for boys 7 to 15. Modified military training—inculcates obedience, orderliness, self-reliance. The school with the personal touch. Catalog. Address Major Chas. M. Duncan, Box 1218, Freehold, N. J.

BORDENTOWN Military Institute Thorough preparation for college or business. Efficient faculty, small classes, individual attention. Boys taught how to study. Supervised athletics. 50th year. Catalogs. Col. T. D. Landon, Principal and Commandant, Drawer C-22, BORDENTOWN-ON-THE-DELAWARE, N. J.

WORCESTER ACADEMY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Princeton Preparatory School J. B. Fine, Headmaster. Preparatory for all colleges. Rapid progress. Limited number of pupils and freedom from rigid class organization. Excellent equipment. Special attention to athletics and moral welfare. 50th year. For catalog address Box 6, Princeton, N. J. The Registrar.

Roosevelt Military Academy Perpetuates the vigorous ideals and robust Americanism of Theodore Roosevelt. Strong outdoor life; progressive curriculum. **fits boys for leadership.** Senior and Junior Schools. Fall term now in session. Catalog. John K. Carrington, Headmaster, West Englewood, N. J.

Wenonah Military Academy 12 miles from Philadelphia. Well chosen teaching staff prepared for college or business. Special School for Juniors. Clayton A. Snyder, Supt. G. Meads Lorance, Com. Box 404, Wenonah, New Jersey

Send Us the Boy and We Will Return You the Man Study, Athletics, Water Sports. Strong faculty. Teacher to every 20 boys. Separate Junior Department. Send for catalogue.

GULF COAST MILITARY ACADEMY, R-6, Gulfport, Mississippi

Castle Heights Military Academy Student Honor System. High Scholarship. Strong Faculty. Academic and Commercial Courses. Splendid Equipment. Eleven modern buildings. Fifteen acres of land and athletic field in South. Separate Junior Department. Write for catalogue. President, Box 114, Lebanon, Tenn.

The Columbia Military Academy Built by the U. S. Government. Half-million dollar plant. 67 acres, athletic fields, splendid equipment. A teacher to every 15 boys. Junior school boys 10, R. O. T. C. under direction. U. S. Army. Write for catalog. TENNESSEE, Columbia, Box 500

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE Box 182, Sweetwater, Tenn.

You owe it to society, yourself, and your boy to choose with utmost care the school which will help mould him. This school becomes a positive force in the life of every boy who enters it. Our catalog will help you to choose wisely. Write.

FLORIDA FARM AND BEACH SCHOOL OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT

Individual tutoring for definite requirements of Preparatory Schools. Northern faculty. Competent housemother. The best of food. Farm in Winter; Beach in Spring and Fall. Riding, Boating, Swimming, etc. For pamphlet address: W. E. Jones, President 1911, New Smyrna, Florida.

Virginia, Waynesboro Fishburne Military School Prepares for universities and business life. R. O. T. C. under U. S. War Department. New \$250,000 fireproof equipment. Diploma admits to all colleges. Spring encampment near famous caverns at Grottoes. Catalog. Maj. MORGAN H. HEDGINS, Prin., Box R.

Staunton Military Academy Private academy preparing for Universities, Government Academies, Business. Gymnasium, swimming pool, all athletics. \$600,000 plant. Charges, \$650. Col. THOMAS H. RUSSELL, B. S., Pres., Box R (Kable Station), Staunton, Va.

MANLIUS

SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOL, MANLIUS

College Preparatory

Among the hills, 11 miles from Syracuse. Essentially a college preparatory school conducted under a military system, instilling habits of order, honor, promptness and obedience. Large, extensive equipment and grounds. Well-organized recreation and athletics. Separate Junior School, boys 10 to 14. 35 years under present management. Mid-year registration. Catalog. Address General William Verbeck

President
Box 912, Manlius,
N. Y.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

BRIG. GENERAL MILTON F. DAVIS, Supt.

College Preparatory and Junior Schools. High Scholastic Standards, Normal Military Training. Same discipline. Supervised Athletics, Infantry, Cavalry, Cadet Band, Commercial Courses, Manual Training.

Kyle School for boys 6 to 16. Beautiful location, 22 miles from New York. 34th year. First prize winner competitive military drill 7th armor, N. Y. Fine athletic field—outdoor gym. "Your school looks so home-like"—visitors' expression. Summer camp in the Catskills. DR. PAUL KYLE

Box 23, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

CASCADILLA

College Preparatory School for Boys

Individual attention. Small classes. Athletics. Well-known school crew. Enrollment 100. Write for catalogs.

THE CASCADILLA SCHOOL, BOX 139, Ithaca, N. Y.

St. John's School
OSSINING-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Prepared Boys for College and Business. Small classes. Military training. Athletics. Separate school for boys under 13. William Addison Ransy, A. M., Prin.

FOR BOYS OF ABILITY
WITH COLLEGE VISION

Mohegan Lake School (Military) Thorough preparation for College, Technical School or Business, with certificate privileges. Average number of pupils to a class. 8. Healthful location on Mohegan Lake. Physical training and Athletics under professional direction.

A. E. LINDER, A. M., Principal.

NEW YORK, Mohegan Lake, Westchester County, Box 62.

Bethlehem Preparatory School

BETHLEHEM, PA.

1900 boys prepared for leading universities in 45 years. Extensive grounds. Gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic fields. Summer session. Separate Junior School new building.

JOHN M. TUGGEY, M. A., Headmaster

Carson Long Institute 240 hours from New York and 6 hours from Pittsburgh. Boys taught how to work, how to labor, how to live. College preparatory. Separate Junior School. Military training. Supervised Study Hour. Individual Instruction. Character Building. Supreme Terms, \$400.

Box 18, NEW BLOOMFIELD, PA.

Perkiomen School for Boys Preparatory, College Music, Business. All athletics. 20-acre campus. Scholarships. Development of Character and Training for Service our aim. Junior School for younger boys in separate cottage. Catalog. OSCAR S. KRIESEL, D. B., Box 129, PENNSYLVANIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

SWARTHMORE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Prepares for College or life's work. Inculcates "man-making" qualities. Fine academic and athletic spirit. Spacious grounds, modern buildings. Junior department for boys 10 to 14. Write for Catalog.

W. P. TOMLINSON, M. A., Box 18, Swarthmore, Pa.

THE McCALLIE SCHOOL

A home school for boys. Christian men train boys for college, university, business. 2000 feet elevation. Big athletic field. All sports. Swimming, Tennis. Military Drill. Honor system. Boys live in Masters' homes.

Missionary Ridge, Highland Park Station, Chattanooga, Tenn.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

With a Home in Florida. High scholarship and clean winning athletics. Thorough Business and College Preparatory courses. K. M. I. Certificate admiss. to leading Colleges and Universities.

Get Our New Illustrated Catalogue

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE Box 104 Lyndon, Ky.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

Modern school, 7 miles from White Sulphur Springs. 2000 ft elevation on Main Line C. & O. R. R. Station. Enclosed grounds 6000 ft on new building. All improvements including gymnasium. Terms \$350. Catalog. Address, Col. H. B. Moore, A. M., Prin., Box 21, Lewisburg, W. Va.

BINGHAM MILITARY SCHOOL

Founded 1793. A school of national patronage. College preparatory and general courses. R. O. T. C. Unit. Superb location in world renowned climate. Upperand Lower Schools. Send for Catalog.

Box R, Asheville, N. C.

Porter Military Academy Est. 1867

Prepares for College or Business Life. R. O. T. C. Unit. Officers detailed. Naval Unit, U. S. Naval Cutters, high powered launch. Sea Trips U. S. War Vessels. Mild Climate, outdoor sports year around. Address

Rev. WALTER MITCHELL, D. D., Box P, Charleston, S. C.

PAGE

Military Academy

A big school for little boys

A school whose military system is modified to meet the needs of little boys. Thoroughness in primary and grammar grade work goes hand in hand with military training to inculcate orderliness, promptitude and obedience. Page will give your boy the right start toward a successful, successful manhood. The high, healthful location between city and ocean affords a beautiful home in a matchless climate.

You should have the latest Page catalog. Address

ROBERT A. GIBBS, Headmaster
Route 7, Box 939
Los Angeles
California

PALO ALTO MILITARY ACADEMY

A Special School—Exclusively for Primary and Grammar Grades

In session 12 months in the year. Bicycle club. Outdoor swimming pool. Supervised rifle practice. Summer term and camp.

Col. R. P. Kelly, Supt., Box 306-R, Palo Alto, Cal.

URBAN MILITARY ACADEMY (California's) most beautiful school, highest scholarship, thorough character training, completely equipped playground, swimming pool, horseback riding, golf, baseball, athletics. In session all year, summer camp, enrol at any time. Address the Headmaster, Hancock Park, Los Angeles.

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY

Portland, Oregon

For manly boys. The oldest school in the Northwest. Primary through college preparation. Catalogue on request.

LOS ALAMOS RANCH SCHOOL

In the High Timbers of New Mexico

Give your boy his preparatory school work in the healthy climate and real American environment of the West. While he is preparing for college under the best masters, he can ride his cow pony over the Forest Service trails, to trout streams, cliff dwellings, cattle ranches. Limited to 20 boys. Write for booklet. Address A. J. CONNELL, Director, Los Alamos Ranch School, Ojo, Sandia County, New Mexico

New Mexico Military Institute

A state-owned school, located in a high, dry climate. For information, address

Colonel J. C. Troutman, Superintendent, Box S, Roswell, New Mexico

RIVERSIDE

A military academy of highest standards; country location in foothills of Blue Ridge Mountains. Strong faculty; close personal supervision; parental discipline; small classes. Junior Unit, R. O. T. C. 76-acre campus; large athletic field and 2-mile race; golf. Summer session. Cadets enter any time. Address

COL. SANDY BEAVER, Box R, Gainesville, Ga.

NORFOLK COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

A preparatory school for boys of character and purpose. On the shore of Elizabeth River near Hampton Roads. Supervised outdoor sports. Small classes. Simple home life.

EDWIN DE MERITE, A. B., 1404 Raleigh Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

Blackstone Military Academy

"Having Four-Square Men"

College Preparatory and home school for boys in healthful Piedmont section of Virginia. Full Commercial Courses. New fire proof Administration Building and Barracks. Tuition \$325.00. For Catalogue address Col. E. S. Ligon, President, Box H, Blackstone, Va.

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY (Military)

A Branch of the Randolph-Macon System. In the Valley of Virginia. \$2000.00 for tuition. Preparatory for College. Scientific, Military, and Commercial Training. Gymnasium and Athletics.

\$450. 32nd session opened September 18th. Address

CHAS. L. MELTON, A. M., Principal, Box 422, Front Royal, Va.

Why the Military School
for Your Boy?

Many of the country's greatest professional and business men had military school training. The case stated in July, August and Sept., 1923, The Red Book Magazine.

The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL
PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING \$35 to \$125 a WEEK

Three to six months' course. Motion Picture, Commercial, Portraiture. Practical instruction. Modern equipment. Ask for Catalogue No. 32.

N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
BROOKLYN
141 W. 36 St.
630 So. Wabash Ave.
506 State St

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS



Pleasant
Profitable
and
Dignified

This Man Earns \$3500 to \$5000 a Year —WORKING WITH A DENTIST—

THREE MONTHS' TRAINING QUALIFIED HIM TO DO IT

There are thousands of these positions awaiting trained men in this profitable profession. After just a few months of specialized training hundreds of men will have become full-fledged members of the dignified profession of

MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

They will have the technical knowledge and skill to enable them to earn several thousand per year. You can be among them. The Dental Profession needs 2500 more Dental Mechanics right now and is constantly calling for graduates of the four great schools of this institution; salaries from \$35 to \$45 a week to start, with advancement up to \$125 a week.

FREE PARTIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

In order to meet this urgent demand for the men we train, we are offering for a limited time Free Partial Scholarships. You will want to get in on this exceptional offer—so don't delay. NOW is the time!

JUST COMPARE

Compare the unusual opportunities this profitable professional trade offers with what you are now doing—the earnings, the pleasant, dignified occupation. Compare also our ability to train you and put you in touch with the right opportunity. The four large, well-equipped schools over 30 years of experience in this one line, our wide acquaintance with the Dental Profession through out the nation!

SEND FOR CATALOG AND SCHOLARSHIP OFFER

Describes the field and why the demand. Shows how students "Learn by Doing" actual work through practical, individual instruction, day or evening sessions. Shows how you can "Earn while Learning."

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE

136 West 52d Street, NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA BUFFALO BROOKLYN
136 No. Broad St. 1236 Main St. 15 Flatbush Ave.

BODEE DENTAL INSTITUTE: Without obligation to me send me a Free Copy of your catalog and complete details of the Free Partial Scholarship Plan No. 8.

Name.....

Address.....

WANTED MEN AND WOMEN TO LEARN PHOTOGRAPHY!
Photographers and Photo-Engravers earn \$200 to \$500 per month. The field is uncrowded. Learn these profitable and fascinating professions. Taught by largest and best college of its kind in the world. Established over 30 years. Demand for our graduates far exceeds supply. Good positions secured. Tuition and living expenses low.

Get this FREE Book! Write today for free book describing wonderful opportunities in this field. Illinois College of Photography, Box 6123, Elmhurst, Ill.

BUSINESS COLLEGES

Professional Commerce Course In Two Years

Our intensive Two-Year Day Course covers Constructive, Advanced, Income Tax, and Cost Accounting; Business Law; Business English; Elementary and Advanced Economics, and Business Mathematics. Prepared for executive positions and C. P. A. examination. Also Evening Classes. Write for catalog, specifying classes interested in.

WALTON SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

New York: 29 West 43rd Street
Chicago: 261-271 Massasoit Bldg.

PEIRCE SCHOOL of Business Administration

COLLEGE—GRADE COURSES
Two-Year Day Courses
Business Administration: Professional Accounting; Teacher-Training; Shorthand; Typewriting; Secretarial.

Write for 58th Year Book
Address the Director
Pine Street, West of Broad
PHILADELPHIA

BURDETT COLLEGE—BOSTON

Two-year resident courses (College grade): Business Administration; Accounting; Secretarial. A training for young men and women of executive calibre. Also shorter business courses. Graduates in demand. Send for special catalog to I. L. LINDABURY, V. Pres.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The New York ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

Established 1902
Registered by State Department of Education

The N. Y. Electrical School is the pioneer and premier school of the "Learn by Doing" method. When you have completed this Course you will be fully qualified to handle ALL branches of Electrical industry. The equipment of this school is unequalled and up-to-the-minute. Open all year.

Send for catalogue.

37 West 17th St. New York City

ROCHESTER ATHENAEUM and MECHANICS INSTITUTE

39th year. Courses in INDUSTRIAL ARTS, HOME ECONOMICS, APPLIED ARTS. Modern Dormitory for Women. Write Dept. B. for catalog and book of views.

Serve Humanity

by learning Nursing Profession. Excellent salaries for OUR graduates with more demand than we can supply. 29th yr. Paid while you study at this State Accredited school. Minimum 1 yr. H. S. English, school life. Write for catalog Dept. B. CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, 2814 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

The Staten Island Hospital, New York

Offers a complete course in nursing with allowance from start; \$16 first year; \$18 second year; \$20 third year. Uniforms and books furnished; attractive nurses' home; board and laundry. Nine hours per day. Nursing.

National Kindergarten AND ELEMENTARY NATION COLLEGE

37th year. (Accredited.) Second semester starts Jan. 28, 1924. Two and three-year courses. Six Dormitories on College grounds. Write for Bulletin and Book of Views. Address, Dept. 22, 2944 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Battle Creek Sanitarium Schools

Kelling School of Physical Education. School of Nursing. School of Home Economics. Each affiliated with famous Sanitarium. Superb equipment and unusual facilities for practical experience. Illustrated announcement. Sanitarium Extension Department, Box 530, Battle Creek, Michigan

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

For Women (unclassified). Strong Faculty. Splendid dormitories. 2-year Normal Course. Apply now. Catalogue and book of views—free.

Dept. 28, 5026 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

The Sargent School for Physical Education

Established 1881 Booklet on request
D. A. SARGENT L. W. SARGENT
Cambridge 38, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Balfour Johnstone School

Preparatory for Universities, Professional Schools, Naval and Military Academies. Open all the year.

13th Floor, 61 W. Randolph Street CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS SCHOOLS CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

Study Business in New York City

Special Day and Evening Courses preparing for Accounting, Advertising and Marketing, Banking and Finance, Management and other business fields at School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance. Registration for second semester begins Jan. 21, 1924. Second term opens Feb. 4, 1924

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
Box 100, Washington Square, New York City

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Two-year courses in Accounting, Advertising, Reporting, Salesmen, Secretary, Administration, and Business Administration. Students may take courses in one year, or can take them for two more years. The practical subjects which increase the students' earning capacity are included in the first two years, and the diplomas are given at the end of each year. Special courses are taken in the third year. Positions are taken for students who must support themselves. Special courses are given in Foreign Languages, Commercial Law, Business English, Advertising, Banking, Insurance, Practical Journalism, Traffic Rates and Management, Public Speaking, and Personal Management. The Fall term begins Sept. 1. For information concerning the large number of more than 10,000 students in the university applications must be received promptly. Russell H. CONWELL, Pres., Broad & Montgomery Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

PACE INSTITUTE

Accountancy and Business Administration. Day and Evening courses, preparing for professional Accountant, Practical Accountant, and Business Administration. Positions are constantly available. Write for Bulletin R.

Hudson Terminal, 30 Church St., New York

Eastman School of Business For more than 60 years the leading American Business College. Thoro training in every business pursuit. Accounting, Banking, Civic Service, Secretarial and Teachers' courses. Both sexes have trained over 50,000 successful men. Open all year. Enter any day. Catalog

NEW YORK Poughkeepsie, Box 646 C. O. GARNER

Bryant & Stratton Business College

67th year. Endorsed by 100,000 graduates. Special Secretarial Courses—prepare for this position higher up. Address principal for catalog. Bryant & Stratton Business College, 801 R, 116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

Condensed Course. Complete in one year. Theory and practical applications—construction, installation, testing. Write for catalog. 31st year began September 26th, 1923.

115 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

CHICAGO "TECH" COLLEGE

Engineering, Drafting, Architecture, Etc. Day and Evening Classes in Chicago to earn while learning. Send for "Blue Book" CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE 1269 Chicago Tech Bldg., Chicago.

Columbia School of Drafting

Specializing in training of professional engineers—Mechanical, Architectural and others; personal instruction; complete course in 9 to 12 months. For information address Local Dept. 2170, R. C. Claffin, Pres., 14th and T Sts., N. W., Wash., D. C.

Electricity

on \$200,000 equipment in great shops of Coyne. Complete in 1 1/2 months. Enter anytime. Radio course free. Big Free Catalog. Act NOW! Coyne Electrical School Dept. 12-09 1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Tri State College of Engineering

Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years, 48 weeks each. No entrance examinations. High School Diploma not required. Compact courses made up of essentials only. Expenses low. For catalog address 500 Park Avenue, Angola, Ind.

School of NURSING

Michael Reese Hospital

Accredited 3-year course. Entrance Requirements: 4 years' High School or its equivalent. Textbooks uniforms, room, board and monthly allowance during training. Student Loan Fund. Scholarships to Columbia University, New York City. Apply to Dept. 103, Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Accredited. Co-Educational. Spring term Feb. 5th. Two-year Normal Course and B. P. E. Course. Dormitory for women.

American College of Physical Education Dept. R-12 1019 Diversey Parkway, Chicago

Beauty Culture

Learn in a thoroughly practical short course. Positions awaiting graduates, or we will equip shop of your own if preferred. Home life accommodations provided. Write nearest branch for Booklet R

MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES

St. Louis, Mo. Cincinnati, Ohio Chicago, Illinois New Orleans, La. Atlanta, Georgia



This book came between two men and separated them forever

THIS is a rather simple little story with an element of triumph in it, and an element of tragedy.

Perhaps when you have read it you will want to send for "Forging Ahead in Business"; perhaps not. The offer is made without conditions, but only you can decide.

The story concerns two young men who owned very modest homes in a Middle Western city. Their wives were friends. In the winter they played bridge together and tennis in the summer. One worked in a railroad office, the other for a manufacturing concern, and their incomes were almost the same. On Saturday afternoons they mowed their lawns, shouting good naturedly to each other across the fence.

One day the man who worked for the railroad inquired about the work of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. He read the little book "Forging Ahead in Business," which describes in detail the plan of the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service. It left a deep impression on him; a change took place in his attitude, a curious dissatisfaction with himself and his rather easy-going ca-

reer. For the first time in his life he faced the fact that an income which marks a man as a success at twenty-eight means failure at thirty-eight. He wondered just how far along he would be at thirty-eight; the book stirred his imagination as it has stirred that of so many other men. He enrolled for the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service.

He played less bridge than he had been playing; he no longer mowed his own lawn but hired a laborer to do it, explaining to his wife that he had found a new value in the spare hours which he could not afford to waste. The friend next door was puzzled and he, too, asked the reason. But he could not quite understand the explanation his neighbor gave, at least he could not see why he should do the same.

It came as a shock to him when his friend was promoted to be assistant general superintendent of the railroad. He was full of congratulations and good wishes, but he could not quite conceal his envy. It seemed a little unfair that good luck should come to one and not to both. Why was it that life could not treat men more equally in the distribution of rewards?

The man who sent for "Forging Ahead in Business" became General Superintendent of the Road, one of the youngest railroad officials in the United States. He is now the Vice-President of a large Coal Mining Company. His name and his letters and reports are all on file in the office of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Every step in his progress has been marked by an intelligent and searching use of the Institute's facilities for help.

His friend still lives in the little house; still wonders. And he probably will never know that the thing which first came between them was this very unusual little book.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you the chance to read this book. If your imagination sees an opportunity in the offer a coupon is attached for your convenience. It will bring "Forging Ahead in Business" to you at once by mail, without obligation. There are thousands of men, like this young executive, who will tell you that in its pages there is power.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

946 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.



Name *Print here*

Business Address

Business Position

*Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Building, Toronto,
Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney.*

LES PARFUMS DE COTY



AMBRE ANTIQUE — Fragrance of ancient Egypt — for the woman of enigmatic allure, incomprehensible, aloof.
L'ORIGAN — Supreme odour of the woman of the world, luxurious, poised, exquisitely sophisticated.
L'OR — Glowing, vivid heart of flames, perfume of golden blondes of irresistible charm.

The perfumes of COTY — incomparable expressions of individuality — are supreme in the favour of women throughout the world. As exquisite gifts, they convey a tribute to loveliness as delicately as a bouquet of flowers, but of unfading fragrance — constantly renewing the charm of a rare and understanding compliment.

ROSE JACQUEMINOT — Sighs of a thousand roses — breathing of women of honey hued hair and eyes of laughter.
MUGUET — Faery bells of Lily of the Valley — perfume of youth and joyous springtime.

LEFFLEURT — Fragrance of dream gardens — delicately accentuating the loveliness of flower women.



STYX — For women of enchanting pallor, dark-haired, mystical.
JASMIN DE CORSE — Fragrance of elusive women, of romance and dreams.
EMERAUDE — Soul of the Emerald in fragrance, inspiring, ever new.



PARIS — Gaiety, brilliancy — for women exquisitely alive, joyous, challenging.
CHYPRE — Expressing dark, oriental women, of mystic, tempestuous emotions.
CYCLAMEN — Odour of the exotic woman, red-haired, volatile.



Trim your Christmas Tree with

LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

for your kiddies

*The single mints and
colorful packages make
a beautiful tree trim*



Buy them by the box

LIFE SAVERS are the purest and safest Christmas candies for the kiddies to eat—
Good for grown-ups, too.



A popular Christmas candy flavor



A real cinnamon candy



Every kiddie likes licorice



Daddy's Favorite



ELEANOR BOARDMAN

Film Star

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser, New York



Beautiful Women



IRENE MARCELLUS
in "Ziegfeld Follies"
Photo © by George Maillard Kessler, New York





BETTY HILL
in "Greenwich Village Follies"
Photograph by Apeda, New York

Beautiful Women



DORIS MARQUETTE
in "We've Got to Have Money"
Photograph by Tornello, New York



Art Section of



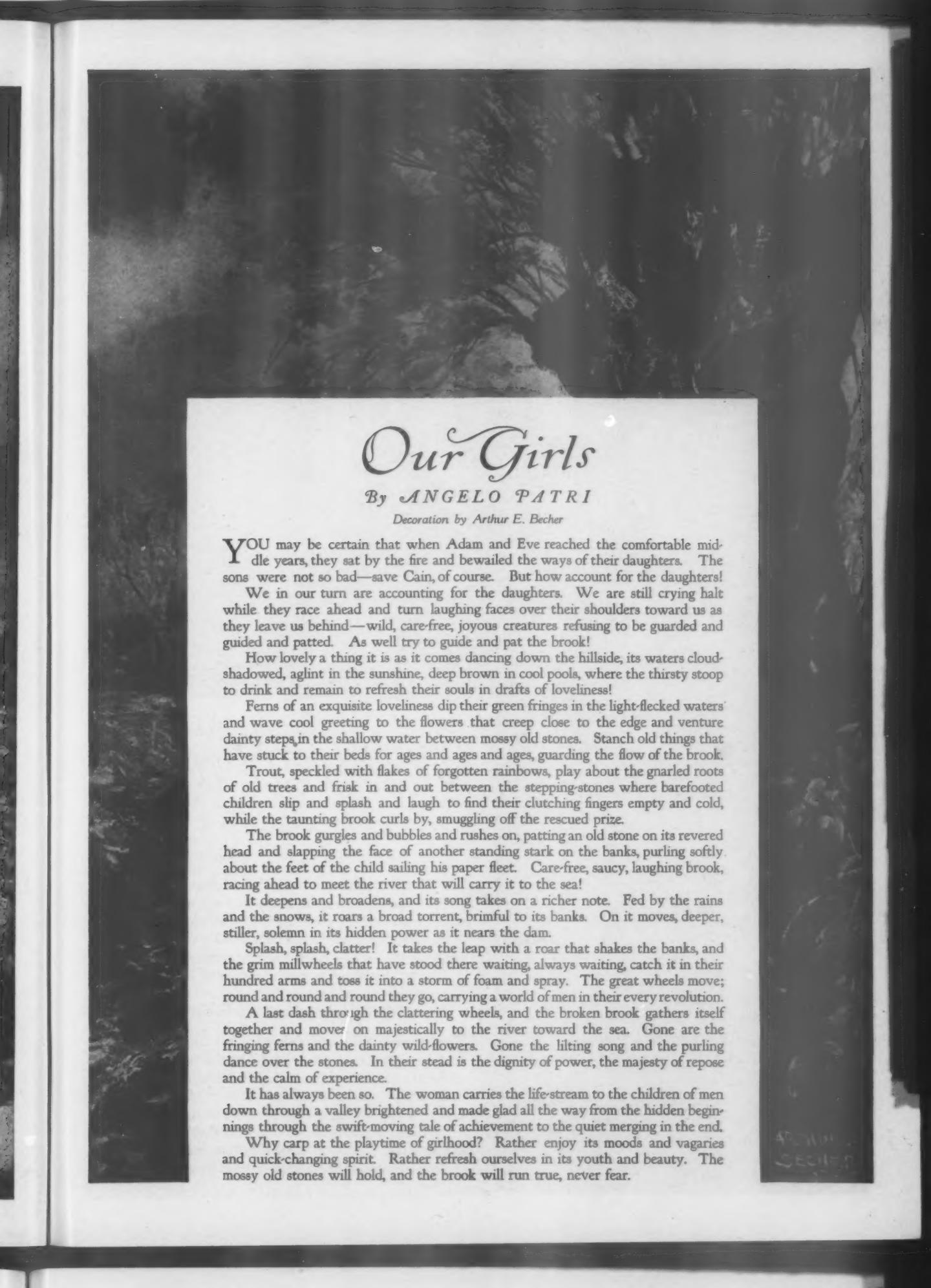
DOROTHY MACKAILL
Film Star
Photograph by Richard Burke

Beautiful Women



PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE
in "Vanity Fair"
Photograph by Ira D. Schwazz, New York





Our Girls

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Arthur E. Becher

YOU may be certain that when Adam and Eve reached the comfortable middle years, they sat by the fire and bewailed the ways of their daughters. The sons were not so bad—save Cain, of course. But how account for the daughters!

We in our turn are accounting for the daughters. We are still crying halt while they race ahead and turn laughing faces over their shoulders toward us as they leave us behind—wild, care-free, joyous creatures refusing to be guarded and guided and patted. As well try to guide and pat the brook!

How lovely a thing it is as it comes dancing down the hillside, its waters cloud-shadowed, aglint in the sunshine, deep brown in cool pools, where the thirsty stoop to drink and remain to refresh their souls in drafts of loveliness!

Ferns of an exquisite loveliness dip their green fringes in the light-flecked waters and wave cool greeting to the flowers that creep close to the edge and venture dainty steps in the shallow water between mossy old stones. Stanch old things that have stuck to their beds for ages and ages and ages, guarding the flow of the brook.

Trout, speckled with flakes of forgotten rainbows, play about the gnarled roots of old trees and frisk in and out between the stepping-stones where barefooted children slip and splash and laugh to find their clutching fingers empty and cold, while the taunting brook curls by, smuggling off the rescued prize.

The brook gurgles and bubbles and rushes on, patting an old stone on its revered head and slapping the face of another standing stark on the banks, purling softly about the feet of the child sailing his paper fleet. Care-free, saucy, laughing brook, racing ahead to meet the river that will carry it to the sea!

It deepens and broadens, and its song takes on a richer note. Fed by the rains and the snows, it roars a broad torrent, brimful to its banks. On it moves, deeper, stiller, solemn in its hidden power as it nears the dam.

Splash, splash, clatter! It takes the leap with a roar that shakes the banks, and the grim millwheels that have stood there waiting, always waiting, catch it in their hundred arms and toss it into a storm of foam and spray. The great wheels move; round and round and round they go, carrying a world of men in their every revolution.

A last dash through the clattering wheels, and the broken brook gathers itself together and moves on majestically to the river toward the sea. Gone are the fringing ferns and the dainty wild-flowers. Gone the lilting song and the purling dance over the stones. In their stead is the dignity of power, the majesty of repose and the calm of experience.

It has always been so. The woman carries the life-stream to the children of men down through a valley brightened and made glad all the way from the hidden beginnings through the swift-moving tale of achievement to the quiet merging in the end.

Why carp at the playtime of girlhood? Rather enjoy its moods and vagaries and quick-changing spirit. Rather refresh ourselves in its youth and beauty. The mossy old stones will hold, and the brook will run true, never fear.

40
SECTION



Milady Goes Shopping

By
ANGELA MORGAN

Decoration by Everett Shinn

I LOVE to watch women with gloves being fitted,
So languid their fingers, with jewels aglow;
Though gems in the daytime are hardly permitted,
Milady must wear them, as all of us know.
I smile when I see how their delicate graces—
The arching of wrists, or the curving of hands,
The quiet aloofness of arrogant faces—
Would challenge the pride that an empress commands.

THE moment the magic of shopping has caught her,
Your wife, humble sir, has the airs of a queen:
I doubt if a father would know his own daughter
When fashion has conquered the heart of sixteen.
I love to watch women with shoes being shod,
So haughty their looks, so disdainful their wishes,
No matter how humbly at home they have trod,
While sweeping the kitchen or washing the dishes.



I LOVE to watch women of commonplace molding

Transformed by the wearing of exquisite things,
In garments of beauty their splendor unfolding

As grubs into butterflies claiming their wings.

There's glamour and goodness, there's purpose and power,

In shimmering texture and sumptuous line;

Each maid is a bud that has burst into flower,

Each matron a beautiful, blossoming vine.

I LOVE to watch women with hats being tried—

So arch their demeanor, so subtle their glances;
No woman so plain but she kindles with pride

To see how a hat-brim her color enhances.

A siren looks out from the eyes of your mother;

A Helen of Troy in your sister awakes.

(This morning you chaffed her, O mischievous brother,

While over the griddle she conjured your cakes!)

FOR Fashion's a witch, and the shops an obsession—

Now who has the courage or wish to deny?

The sternest of souls is betrayed to confession,

The strongest must yield, though she never knows why.

I love to watch women, enchanted, luxurious,

Treading the shops with their heads in the air.

Watch them, good sir, if you feel a bit curious.

Maybe your sister or sweetheart is there!

Colored by its ingredients Palm and olive oils—these only—impart the rich, mossy green color to Palmolive Soap. The fine, firm, long-wearing cake is colored by its rare ingredients.

While the use of these rare oils as cleansers is as old as civilization, no more perfect soap ingredients have ever been found. Modern science has developed the blend to final perfection and established Palmolive the world over as the most popular and appreciated toilet soap. Look for the famous black-banded green wrapper.

Where Beauty Begins

With thorough daily cleansing, as every skin specialist will tell you. The net-work of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must be kept free from accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and powder if you value a smooth, fine-textured complexion.

Look critically into your mirror and note what it reveals, just as if you were another girl. Don't condone defects or minimize imperfections; instead, begin at once to remedy them.

Don't resort to medication, for this is dealing with the effect and overlooking the cause. Instead, learn the proper method of cleansing which will keep your complexion smooth, fresh and firm.

Solve the soap problem first

Beautifying cleansing depends on the use of mild, soothing soap, blended from the finest, mildest ingredients. These are palm and olive oils which make Palmolive the most perfect and the most popular of all soaps.

The mild, creamy lather is lotion-like in its action, soothing and beautifying as it cleanses.



Volume and
efficiency produce
25c quality for

10c

Every night before you sleep you should give your face a beautifying treatment with Palmolive Soap. Massage the fragrant lather thoroughly into the skin, rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. A dry skin will be benefited by the application of your favorite cold cream. This nightly treatment gives your skin the opportunity to refresh and renew its smoothness over night, free from any irritating accumulations of foreign matter.

Cleopatra's secret

Washing for beauty is an age-old secret practised by Cleopatra. She used the same palm and olive oils which are scientifically blended in Palmolive, prizing them both as cleanser and cosmetic.

The modest price of Palmolive puts the greatest luxury of all the ages within the reach of all and allows enjoyment of its use for every toilet purpose. Let it do, too, for your body what it does for your face.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Copyright 1923—The Palmolive Co. 2182



Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

A Common-sense Editorial
by Bruce Barton

The Yes, Yes Chorus

RECENTLY I heard a man described in an interesting way. We met him quite casually in the corridor of a hotel, and though he spoke only a dozen words, there was so much vitality in his manner that I wanted to know more about him.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"He is Vice President of the Blank Corporation," my friend replied. "He is the man who tells President John Blank the truth."

President John Blank is enormously rich. A large majority of his many employees work on the theory that if they can find out what the old man would like to hear, and tell it to him, the sun will shine brightly on their path.

This vigorous Vice President pursues a different policy. When he has made up his mind, it's made up, and he says precisely what he thinks.

The result is that while John Blank disagrees with him violently on occasion, John Blank can't do without him.

The greatest menace to a big man's success is the atmosphere of wholesale agreement in which his days are passed. That atmosphere hangs heavy around the office of the White House; it poisons the councils of corporations; it destroys the perspective of successful writers and speakers and other people of note.

Shrewd executives recognize this menace and seek to protect themselves against it. Lord Northcliffe, for example, tried hard to find people who had enough backbone to be willing to disagree with him.

"He abandoned the Carlton Club," says a recent writer, "because he discovered that most of its members were of the same way of thinking, and that he could derive no new ideas from them."

When the Emperor of Rome was driven through the streets in triumph, a slave was stationed in the chariot at his elbow. As the cheers of the crowd rose higher and higher, it was the duty of the slave to lean forward and whisper: "Remember, thou too art mortal."

I sometimes think that a man of sound judgment could make a very good living in any large city if he would develop the functions of that slave into a recognized profession.

For a good-sized fee he could arrange to visit the mayor and the presidents of big corporations after office-hours. Locking the door of the private office, and drawing up his chair close to the desk, he could say: "Now that the members of the 'Yes, Yes Chorus' have all gone home, what are the questions on which you would like to hear the real truth?"

Let your answer to this question protect your delicate garments

TO test a soap by actually *washing* a delicate silk or wool garment is to run a serious risk.

We believe, therefore, that you will gladly welcome this simple, but conclusive, test of a soap's safety, which can be made without endangering anything you own.

Here is the test:

Ask yourself: "Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

See how quickly and easily your answer clears up all your doubts! It is at once evident that if a soap is too harsh for your delicate skin, it must be too strong for delicate textiles.

When you apply this test to Ivory Flakes, your mind leaps at once to an inevitable conclusion—of course Ivory Flakes must be safe, because it is the flaked form of the same Ivory Soap which has cleansed and protected lovely complexions for more than 44 years.

Use this simple method

To wash fine things with Ivory Flakes is as simple as it is safe. A teaspoonful, instantly dissolved

in a quart of hot water and diluted until lukewarm, gives an over-flowing bowlful of gentle, yet thorough, swift-working, cleansing suds. A few moments of dipping and squeezing, and your blouse or sweater or sheer silk stockings are daintily clean again.

Though Ivory Flakes possesses a margin of safety beyond other soaps, it is so inexpensive that you can use it economically for all the other things in your home that deserve careful laundering, and for dishwashing as a protection for your hands.

We should like to have the pleasure of sending you a free sample of Ivory Flakes, and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments." The note in the right-hand corner of this page will tell you how to send for them.

**Ivory Flakes is for sale in grocery
and department stores everywhere
—in both 10 cent and 25 cent
packages.**

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer



Valenciennes lace and radium silk

WASHED 19 TIMES

THIS delicate pink night-gown, of radium silk and valenciennes lace, was washed in Ivory Flakes on the recommendation of its owner's grandmother, who had been using Ivory Soap for delicate things ever since her girlhood.

"The color didn't fade a single bit," says the letter that accompanied the night-gown, "and the lace was not harmed either. I washed the nightgown 18 times after that and each washing was so successful that I feel I can not praise Ivory Flakes too highly." (Garment and owner's letter on file at the Procter & Gamble office.)



FREE—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautiful illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be mailed to you without charge, if you will send your name and address to Section 28-LF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1923. VOL. XLII, NUMBER 2

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*



Scullard studied that intent face in the match-flare. "Yes," he said, "I want to see you again."

Illustrated by
R. L. Lambdin

Reclaimed

By

ARTHUR STRINGER

SCULLARD, with the fatal cablegram clamped between his still unsteady fingers, stumbled into his waiting cabriolet and sat there digesting his shock. He was glad of that little cave of darkness and quiet, so close to the careless midnight tumult of Broadway. It was the habit of wounded animals, he remembered, to crawl away from the light. And he wanted time in which to reorganize his shattered world.

So immured did he sit in his own misery, that he was scarcely conscious of the movement as his car-door swung quietly open. He did not emerge from that exiling self-absorption of his until a rustling figure slipped into the seat beside him.

"Gee," said the half-poised intruder, with a catch of the breath, "I thought this bus was empty!"

She impressed him as insolent, as frightened and fragile, and as slightly odorous of

When you read a story of the primitive North by Mr. Stringer, you may assure yourself that you're reading the real thing. The big woods and the silent waterways that thread them are as familiar to him as the street you live on is to you. And at that, Mr. Stringer has his winter home in New Jersey within striking distance of New York. . . . In the present group of stories this famous author of "The Wire-Tappers" and "The Prairie Wife" will describe the reactions of the great North upon the men and women transplanted there by circumstance.

patchouli. And he hated all women, at that particular moment.

"And what good would that have done you?" asked Scullard, sitting back in the hooded gloom beside her. He could feel the upholstery shake with a careless short fit of coughing which she tried to smother in her handkerchief.

She did not answer him at once. She seemed to be studying the mysterious man so vaguely discernible in the vague half-lights from the street.

"I thought I could roost here until Tierman blew past," she finally acknowledged.

"And who is Tierman?" inquired the listless-voiced owner of the car.

"He's a cop in plain clothes."

"And why," pursued Scullard, "should you wish to avoid a cop in plain clothes?"

"He's been hounding me for pulling a wire-tapping game on a couple of up-State

hay-tossers." The intruder stopped a moment to cough into her foolish shred of a handkerchief. Then she laughed, almost abandomedly. "This town's sure getting too hot for me. I've got to beat it somewhere, and beat it soon!"

Her levity tended to leave Scullard unduly solemn. He himself had known a trace of that same instinct for flight. But happiness, he remembered, was not a matter of geography. Erica was leaving him, was finally and irrevocably leaving him—and from that fact no earthly wheels could carry him away. If what Vining had just tried to tell him was true, she was already in Paris with her precious portrait-painter, in Paris arrogantly demanding her right to happiness and leaving her husband's name a byword among the initiate of two continents. They were incomprehensible. these modern women.

And this bit of fluff—he remembered as he heard the repeated cough beside him—this bit of fluff who had blown into his car like a feather into a manhole, was one of them.

"I should think you'd want a dry climate, with a cough like that," he said out of the silence that had settled between them.

She leaned forward a little, with her intent eyes bent on the nocturnal tides of traffic that eddied about the near-by corner.

"He's gone!" she said with a childlike gesture of relief. A wayward tinge of disappointment colored Scullard's mood as he saw the quick small hand reach out for the nickled door-catch.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I'm going while the going's good," she replied, slightly perplexed by the restraining hand he had placed on her arm. He accumulated the impression that she was considerably younger than he had first imagined.

"I'd rather like to talk to you," he said.

She turned on him in the half-light. She turned on him sharply, her movement reminding him of a bird's.

"What good would that do?" she promptly demanded.

"None, I suppose," he said with the ghost of a sigh. "But if you were burdened with any trivial sense of obligation, I ventured to think—"

He did not finish, arrested as he was by that disturbingly dry cough of hers.

"You were a lifeline, all right," she conceded with a puzzled side-glance at the pale blur of his face.

"But how long will it last?" asked Scullard.

"Will what last?" asked the girl, leaning back.

"Giving Tiernan the slip like this," he reminded her. "How often can you do that?"

"Go on," she said with mock levity. "Go on, and spoil my night for me!"

"But haven't you already spoiled a good deal more than that?" he inquired, more earnestly than he had intended.

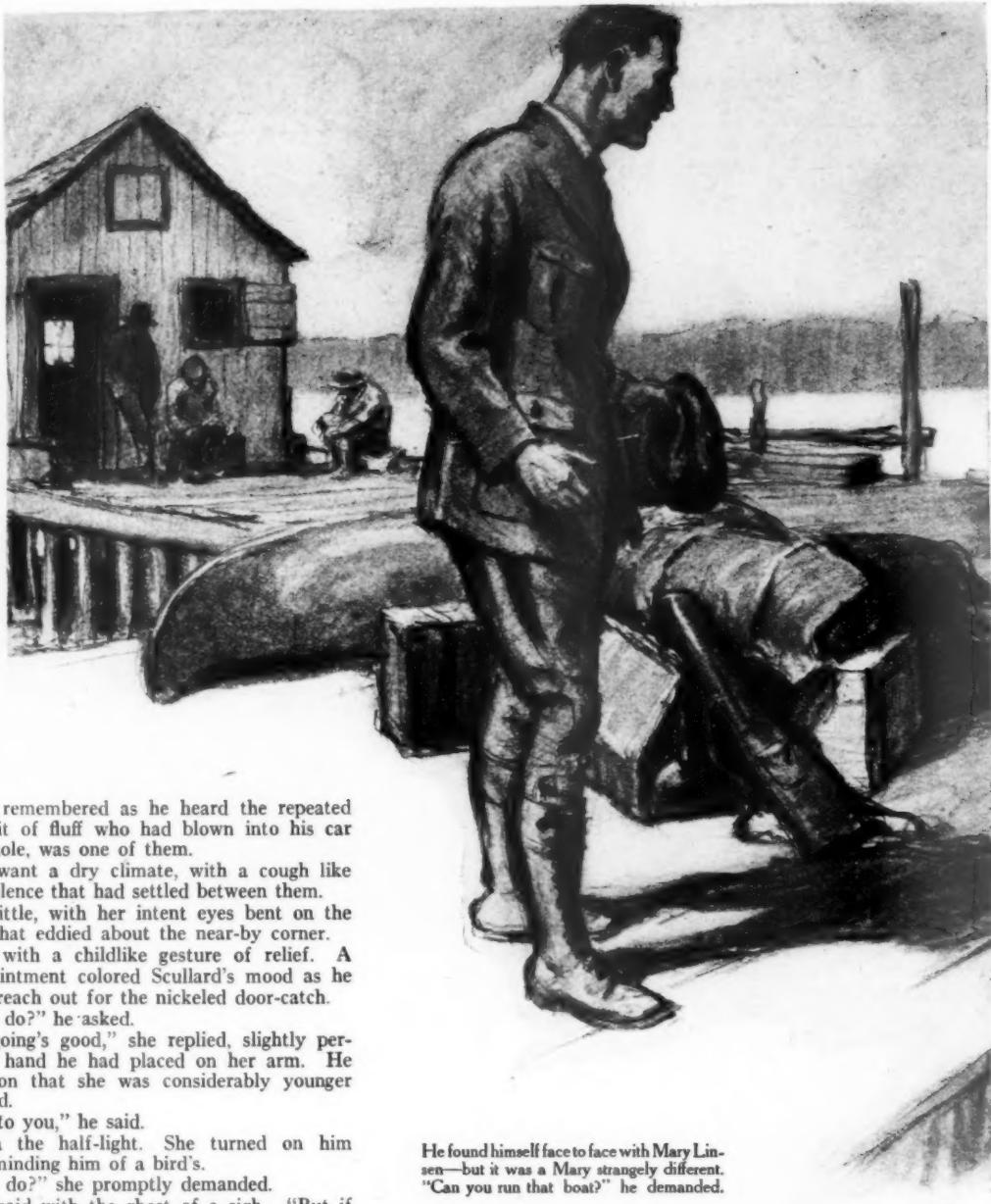
"A girl's got to live," she protested, plainly on the defensive.

"At any cost?" he parried.

"There's one price," she retorted, "I haven't happened to pay for that privilege."

He sat silent a moment. That, he inwardly protested, was what they all said. He felt sorry, even as he sat consoled by a sense of her nearness, that he couldn't believe her.

His silence seemed to disturb her. Still again she leaned for-



He found himself face to face with Mary Linsen—but it was a Mary strangely different. "Can you run that boat?" he demanded.

ward, with her hand on the catch. But he drew her back, with a touch of impatience that brought her face closer to his, studying him in the gloom that wavered with the passing of countless headlights.

"I'm not interested in women, as women," he announced in an effort to explain himself. "I'm merely—"

"They all say that," she cut in with her ready small cry of derision. And he winced to find his own profounder skepticisms re-echoed from a vessel so shallow.

"Perhaps I could help you," he said after still another of his cogitative silences.

"How could you help me?" she demanded, disappointing him with a sense of sudden withdrawal.

"That's what I've been wondering," he retorted. "And I've also been wondering if you're worth it."

"I'll tell the world I'm not," she cried in self-defensive flippancy. "And I've never looked for help with a string to it."

It was his turn, in his abysmal desolation of life, to laugh a little.

"That," he deliberately informed her, "is the odd part of it."



There's no string to it. Absolutely none! But it's obvious that you should get away from this city. It's equally obvious that you're ill. You— By the way, how much money have you?"

She stiffened, at that, plainly resenting his offhanded intrusion into her meager privacies of life.

"What's it to you?" she demanded. But her hands, he noticed, were clenched tight on the narrow triangle of her lap.

"It's simply that I'm blundering along in the dark," he said with his disarming simplicity. "We can't do much with our future, you see, if we fail to remember our past."

"But that's what I don't want to remember," she informed him, with altogether unlooked-for quietness. He liked her much better, he decided, in those quieter moments.

"Is it so—so tangled up?" he found the courage to inquire.

She turned on him in the darkness, speaking with almost a note of fierceness in her voice. "It's not so tangled up that I have to spill it along the side-streets."

She was, Scullard remembered, still a human being.

"Then you shouldn't have told me about Tierman," he contended. "That's like the overture without the performance. And

I'm rather keen to know what you are."

"Well, whatever I am, I'm nobody's rib. And I never have been. Remember that," she cried out with unlooked-for vigor. "I came to this burg to marry a soda-jerker who dropped a decent job to bootleg gin along Broadway. And when I saw how he was headed, I threw him cold. Then for seven long months I pasted flowered wall-paper on cardboard boxes. Then I was a candy-packer for half a year. Last winter I learned to be a switch-board pluggger and studied telegraphy in the night-school until I got a job working a key for Big Dan Holgar."

"Go on," said Scullard, when she came to a stop.

"I thought it was a private wire to relay market-reports. But it was mostly race-track returns. I didn't know Big Dan was swinging a chain of pool-rooms. I didn't wake up to it all until he doubled my pay and wanted to use me as a come-on in his wire-tapping plays. I was in the thing before I knew it. I even had to stand for a raid and a ride down to Headquarters. But it wasn't until Big Dan got—well, got personal, that I broke with

him. Then he double-crossed me with Tierman's chief. They're watching my room now. I can't even go back and get my trunk and suitcase. And that—that's just how tangled up I happen to be."

It was Scullard's turn to laugh. He tried to make it a light-hearted laugh. But his levity was short-lived. It was an ugly story stippled with ugly words. And there was no escaping their ugliness. Soda-jerkers and bootleggers and wire-tappers and the ribs they used for come-ons—the old, old unsavory underworld circle, and the equally old fabrication of excuses. There was no use trying to romanticize the thing. It would be worse than trying to tie ribbons on a street-cat. And that, really, was what she stood, was what life had made her: a street-cat fighting precariously to survive, snatching at what the moment offered.

"What were your relations with Big Dan Holgar?" he asked, trying to tell himself that she was in some vague way a deviation from type. She was at least alive, nervously alive. But that mental alertness, of course, had all gone to futile ends.

"I don't want to knock Big Dan," she maintained. "He was square enough, until he got personal. He paid my hospital-bill, without even telling me, when I was laid up with this flu hanging over that's left a tickle in my throat."

"Did he want to marry you?"

"Yes, he wanted to marry me," she acknowledged. "But there was a catch to it. He'd a wife who didn't understand him, and he wanted to divorce her. I told him to stick to her until she got wised up to his good points. Then he talked about taking me down to Havana when he went South. He said the climate down there'd fix me up in a couple of months."

Scullard controlled his wince at this mention of a husband whose wife had failed to understand him.

"And you wouldn't go," he asked, "even though you felt it would cure your cough?"

"Not on Dan's terms," promptly responded the girl.

SCULLARD, for reasons he could not fathom, found his spirits rise. In some vague way, also, he found his faith in human nature less precariously fragile.

"What's your name?" he asked. And he wondered why she waited several moments before replying.

"My name's Mary," she told him, "Mary Linsen."

"And mine's Scullard," he explained, "Garret Scullard. And here's the point, Mary: I've a little three-roomed bungalow near the mouth of a river known as the Upper Calumette. It's built of hemlock and white pine, and the floors are whipsawed red cedar ground smooth with river sand. In front of that shack of mine is the bluest lake you ever clapped eyes on. And behind it are a thousand miles of moose-land that smell of balsam when the wind is out of the north. I don't suppose there's a better place in all the world to heal a pair of sick lungs."

"And what's the idea?" asked the girl at his side, when he came to a pause.

"The idea, Mary, is this: You're going to slip out of this city that's too hot for you in more ways than one, and you're going up to that Canadian hunting-cabin of mine. You're going to live in that pine woods until your cough is gone and your lungs are clear. You'll be out of the world, but you won't be nearly as uncomfortable as you imagine. My guide, Baptiste La Marche, has a second cabin just back of the grove where the hay-meadows are. He grows potatoes and things there, and keeps a cow, to say nothing of a pen of very smelly pigs. He's a good woodsmen, though I suspect sometimes that he's lazier than a blacksnake and that he loots my supplies when I'm away. But he keeps things going. And he'll soon show you how to paddle a canoe and make a moose-hide moccasin and where the blueberries are best and which are the right pools for speckled trout."

Scullard came to a stop. He sat a trifle depressed by her sustained silence, broken only by the habitual short cough which she tried to smother in her handkerchief.

"And what are the terms?" she said with a listlessness not at all to his liking.

"That's the odd thing about it, Mary. There are no terms. There's not a single string to the arrangement. You can slip away and go up there as free as the wind. And if you don't like it, you can just as promptly come back."

"And what do you get out of it?" was her next curt inquiry.

It had hardened her, Scullard realized, that city of iron in which she had prowled and schemed and fought for life.

"I don't know as I'll get anything out of it," he acknowledged, with an echo of her own matter-of-fact brusquerie. "On the contrary, it will probably cost me quite a bit of money, and trouble. And I don't even expect you to be grateful. I've lived a little too long for that sort of thing."

It was plain that he puzzled her.

"I guess you've got a good deal of money, haven't you?" she asked, with a relapse of her childlike directness.

"Enough to worry along on," he said with his none too happy laugh.

"Have you got a wife?" was her next cool-noted question.

HE stiffened, at that, and had to take a fortifying breath or two before answering her.

"Yes, I've got a wife."

"You don't sound as if you were crazy over her," was the girl's unexpectedly sagacious comment.

"The trouble is, Mary, she's not exactly crazy over me," Scullard found himself saying.

"Any children?" she pursued. Two, apparently, could play at this game of cross-examination. Scullard essayed no immediate answer to her question. He had always wanted children, he remembered, but Erica had wanted a chateau at Poitiers. So his voice was harder as he retorted: "I can't see how that is an essential factor in this present situation."

"I s'pose not," she conceded, her thoughts obviously on other things. Then she said, out of another of her silences: "It seems funny!"

"Why funny?" he inquired.

"You've never even seen me in daylight," she surprised him by saying. "You don't even know what I look like."

"That's something easily corrected," he announced, amused at

this oblique promise of vanity. He reached out to switch on the top-light. But she stopped him, with her hand on his.

"Remember Tiernan," she admonished, with a nod toward the Broadway corner.

"Ah, Tiernan, of course," he agreed. He wondered, for the first time, if she were attractive or otherwise. He felt, all things considered, that she might not be without pictorial appeal. She had the air of being fortified with some such gift. And he rather liked the timbre of her voice. But it didn't much matter. What mattered was getting her away from a town too hot for her.

So he told her, as casually as he could, that he wanted her to have the protection of a hotel, a good hotel, until she could get what she needed together. Then in the morning it would be only ordinary wisdom, before jumping off into the wilderness, to see his old friend Doctor Bullen, who would look her over and tell her what was best for that cough of hers. She needn't be the least afraid of Bullen; he was the kindest man in the world—and Scullard would see that everything was made easy for her.

"You're a fast worker, aren't you?" she remarked.

"Isn't it a situation that calls for fast work?" he asked.

"Perhaps it does," acknowledged the girl at his side. "But there can be certain things that kind of take a woman's breath away."

"Does it frighten you, what I've suggested?"

"No," she said, with a sort of dreamy unconcern. "It doesn't exactly frighten me. In fact, I love to think of it, that cabin in the pine woods, and the bluest lake in all the world, and the air that smells of balsam. And I love to think of your offering me all that, without—without any string to it."

"But you're going, aren't you?" demanded Scullard, stirred by the wistfulness of her voice that carried a note of the valedictory.

SHE sat silent and motionless beside him. She sat that way so long that he leaned forward to study the indeterminate oval of her face in the vague shadows engulfing them. It amazed him to remember how the thought of her troubles had medicined away his own.

"Yes, I'm going," she said at last. "But I'm not going for the reason you imagine."

A wave of relief spread through his tired body. The source of it was beyond his comprehension. He sat warmed, however, with a momentary sense of victory. Yet that triumphant glow, oddly enough, took wings as he reached for his bill-fold.

"You'll need money, of course," he said with coerced quietness.

She neither denied nor affirmed that need. So he folded the crisp bills together and dropped them into her lap, wondering why she let them lie there for so long a time. It was a pose, of course, he inwardly protested. But it served its purpose of de-personalizing a transaction so capable of misconstruction.

"Where'll I take you?" he demanded, oppressed by her sustained silence.

"I don't know," was her listless response.

"But you'll need a bag and toilet things," he reminded her, "to go to a hotel."

"I s'pose so," she agreed. "I guess you'd better let me out here."

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"I'll manage all right," she said as she swung back the door and stepped out. Then she turned and faced him. He was swept by the sudden conviction, as he looked down at her, that he would never see her again. She had made her killing. And having done so, she was naturally impatient to be off to her next adventure.

"Good-by," he said as light-heartedly as he was able. And to accentuate his disinterestedness, he put a cigarette between his lips and reached for a match.

The girl leaned out from the curb, at that speech of his, her hand once more on the car-door.

"Why, you're to see me again, aren't you?" she demanded.

"How?" he inquired, making no effort to unedge his cynicism.

"I'll come to your house. You have a house, haven't you?"

He was impressed by her adroitness.

"I'd rather you didn't do that," he told her.

"Then what do you want me to do?" she asked. Her note of naïve helplessness made him hesitate.

"I fancy everything could be easiest arranged through Doctor Bullen—provided, of course, that you intend to go and see Bullen."

She seemed to miss the barb in that last sentence of his.

"Then you don't want to see me again?"

It seemed like a question from a child, a lonely child hurt by the indifference of an obtuse grown-up.



"I got hold of his ax, and sunk it into the bottom of the canoe, before he could stop me."

Scullard found himself disturbed by that question, disturbed by it more than he liked. So he made no haste to frame an answer for it. Instead, he struck the match which he still held between his fingers. He held it halfway between his own face and that of the girl leaning in through the open car-door. He studied the floating pale face, studied it with an intensity of which he was at the time unconscious. He studied the uplifted blue-shadowed eyes with their accidental air of pathos, the straight-bridged nose with the smallest threat of a tilt at the end, the soft-curved lips where the line of humor was lost in the hollow under either cheek-bone. And it impressed him, that intent face confronting him in the modified light of a match-flare, as a disastously lovely face. It disturbed him, it was so oddly and so incongruously like a flower.

The match burned out. Life, in some way, didn't seem as simple as it had a minute before.

"Yes, I want to see you again," Scullard said with an unexpected heaviness about his heart. He waited, as though looking for some further speech from her. But she quietly closed the car-door, and before he was quite conscious of it, had lost herself in the absorbing gray traffic of the street.

SCULLARD, the next morning, found it no easy task to explain Mary Linsen and her impending visit to Larry Bullen. That hard-headed specialist had the habit of demanding facts, and

what Scullard had to proffer were mostly half-facts. But an appointment was made for the unknown young woman with the unknown background, and an official report was promised as soon as possible.

Yet the hardest part of the entire arrangement, Scullard found, was waiting for that report. To Bullen, apparently, the thing was merely an incident in a busy day. To the other man, who watched the clock and found his mind unable to settle on the tasks confronting it, it seemed like the approaching verdict from a court of last appeal, a court that could in some way free his spirit or send him broken across an invisible Bridge of Sighs.

Two days, in fact, dragged by before the busy man of medicine remembered to call up his waiting friend.

"I've the reports on your Mary Linsen case," began Bullen in his maddeningly judicial monotone. "The X-ray establishes a small but distinct lesion of the left lung. And I find—"

"The poor kid!" said Scullard into the phone.

"Oh, she's not as bad as you imagine," retorted the final-court voice over the wire. "The other two blood-tests show negative. I'd call that the important feature, in a case like this. You understand that, don't you?"

"I understand," admitted Scullard.

"What the girl needs is to get away from that Alpha Hotel where she's staying—get away from this town. She needs the right sort of food and the right sort of living—"

"I'm going to give her that," proclaimed Scullard, swept by his recurring wave of relief.

"How?" inquired the still deliberative voice.

"I'm going to send her up to a camp in the North Woods."

"Whose camp?"

"Mine," was the equally deliberative reply. It was followed by a silence of several seconds.

"Aren't you skating on rather thin ice, Garry, in a thing like that?"

"D'you mean there's a chance of her dying up there?" was Scullard's sharp demand.

"No, she's not likely to die. There's no reason, in fact, why a few months of the right sort of living shouldn't bring her back to normal. But this Good Samaritan business isn't an easy game, Garry, with a woman of that type."

"What do you mean by a woman of that type?"

Bullen's laugh was conciliatory.

"The type with the *oculi putentes* of the Romans—and with a hankering to know more about you than she needs to—and with romantic ideas of what you're doing for her. It's not good economics, you know, to save an attractive moron and at the same time lose your immortal soul."

"My interest in that girl," proclaimed Scullard, "is as impersonal as yours. And I haven't lost my immortal soul, and I don't intend losing it. But I want to know just why you call her a moron."

"Didn't she strike you as a bit—well, as a bit rudimentary?"

"She's never had a fair chance," contended the Good Samaritan of the Rialto. "She's as alert-minded as the rest of us, I imagine. And the right sort of living ought to straighten out a cramped mind about the same as it straightens out a cramped lung."

Still again a small but pregnant silence intervened between them.

"Well, in my line of business the lung naturally comes first. And I imagine the Upper Calumette will serve there about as well as Saranac. I've given her a diet-list and some general instructions on how to take care of herself. And that's about where my usefulness ends. By the way, is there any further word from Erica?"

It was Scullard who for a moment sat silent before his instrument.

"No, nothing new," he finally acknowledged. He was wondering whether that new angle should be known as obtuse or acute.

"Then, speaking as an old friend, Garry, I'd be a bit guarded as to where I looked for consolation. Good-by, and let me know when there's anything more I can do."

A DOUBLE line of thought furrowed Scullard's brow as he hung up his receiver. He sat for several minutes, with his fingers still clamped on the suspended black cylinder and his unseeing gaze fixed on the irregular estuary of light that pooled itself in the burnished mahogany beside him. It wasn't going to be as simple, after all, as he had expected. Bullen represented the world at large, and that world was in great danger of misjudging him. He would go through with the thing, of course. But he would simplify his own course in the matter. He would show that he was still on the solid ground of reason by declining to see Mary Linsen again. Any final arrangements that were needed could be done over the wire. And that, clearly enough, would avoid these nebulous perils about which Bullen had been preaching. There was an immediacy about her that marked her off from the women he had known in his own walk of life. And his career had enough tangles in it, without adding complications.

He decided not to see her again; and yet, as the day wore away, he nursed the persistent hope that one of his telephone-calls might be from her. But she was shrewd enough, he saw, not to make the first move. It was Scullard himself who finally weakened and called the hotel at which Bullen had said she was staying. His pulse quickened perceptibly when he found her on the other end of the wire. And he attempted to account for that momentary loss of poise by claiming it was the dramatic irony of the situation that made such contacts disturbing. His voice was steady enough, however, as he explained where she could get Hudson Bay four-point blankets in Montreal, and how it would be well to take a full kit of medicines along with her, and a new aluminum cooking-outfit, if she thought best.

"I've been making up a case of books," he added, "—just two or three dozen you can take along with you. They'll be over to your hotel before night."

"What kind of books?" she asked.

"Books I thought you'd like," he explained, after a moment of hesitation. "Books you'll want to remember and think over."

"I'm afraid I've too much to think over already," she surprised him by saying. "And it's not my mind I want to improve just now, but my body."

"Why do you say that?" asked Scullard, startled by this new solemnity in a vessel so light.

"I want to live," she replied. The wistfulness of her voice tightened his throat a trifle. "And in some way or another I'm going to live."

"But is that enough, merely living?" he asked out of his own emptiness of life.

"No, it's not enough. But we have to take what we can get. And that doctor of yours has given me a lot to think about."

"But it's going to make you over, a few weeks up there," asserted the valorous Scullard.

"I don't think we're ever made over," protested the girl at the telephone. And it came home to him, for the first time, that he was sending her a calamitous distance away from the world as she knew it. She would be lonely, out there in the wilderness. And he had done nothing, after all, to make it any easier for her. He had been too busy thinking about himself.

"Well, will you write to me now and then, and let me know how things are going?" he said in an achieved tone of lightness.

"Of course," was her noncommittal reply. But she added, after a silence: "Does that mean I'm not going to see you again?"

THAT, Scullard reminded himself, was an example of her immediacy.

"I'll see that my man Peters is at the station tomorrow to help you get away," he casually explained.

"I don't want Peters," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?"

"Because at that particular moment Peters couldn't possibly help me," responded the slightly tremulous voice over the wire. And Scullard had to steel his heart against the poignancy of that complaint.

"Well, whatever happens, I know you will face it with courage," he asserted, with a fleeting impression of his own inadequacy. And he realized, as he said good-by and hung up the receiver, that his earlier decision not to see her again had been based on an instinct not lightly to be ignored.

Yet a restless night and an equally restless day left him less fixed as to the stalwartness of that resolution. He was trying to play safe along a path where no trace of peril existed. He was being pompous and heavy, for nothing more than a whim. And it might mean a great deal to both of them, a few minutes together, before that traveler into the North was swallowed up by the silence of the wilderness. But there, in fact, was the trouble. It might possibly mean too much to them. And life was already sufficiently complicated.

It was not until he thought of the fly-nets, however, that Scullard finally changed his mind. Nothing whatever had been said about fly-nets. And they would be needed, at that season, in the woods. So he hastened forth to equip himself with the necessary supply. And with a lightness of heart he took no time to analyze, he added to the fly-nets a chased silver pocket-flask filled with cognac, in case of a chill on the way, and a new type of unbreakable hot-water bottle, and a brocaded carton of chocolate-creams which brought him to the train-level loaded down like a commuter. He waited in that humming hive of parting and meeting, perplexed by the sense of the momentous with which so trivial an occasion could crown itself.

HE was startled when she stopped before him, a red-cap on either side of her. He was startled by the pallor of her face, emphasized by the dark hat and the dark suit in which her slender body stood encased. He was more startled by the change which mere material apparel could make in her, a change which seemed to close his earlier and easier avenues of approach.

"This seems to be upsetting you," he ventured, inadequately enough, wondering at the source of his newborn constraint. He had expected her to be buoyant, even triumphant; and she was neither.

"It's a long way to go," she said as her appraising glance met his. And the wintress of her smile persuaded him that her courage was costing her an effort.

"But it's all in a good cause," he proclaimed. He was thinking, at the moment, how the line that ran from her cheek-bone to the rounded tip of her chin was a very lovely line.

"I've so much, so much to thank you for," she began with a disturbing pucker of that same rounded chin. "I don't—"

"You can't help liking it up there," (Continued on page 122)

In a story such as this—and the business it reflects—Mr. Castle is playing on the home grounds, so to speak. Probably the town he refers to in the present narrative is Cleveland, Ohio, for that is where he lives and breathes and has his literary being. But he knows the rest of the country—and the cloak-and-suit business—equally well.

Cloves and Nutmeg

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

MISS ADELE GLAUB, sole proprietor of "Adele, Inc.," said good night to her two departing helpers with the saintly calm of a blind man who senses the stealthy entry of thieving fingers into his extended cup—and smiles. Then with a weary sigh she closed and locked the front door of Bigburg's newest and smartest costume shop. Through the closed door, the care-free chatter of the two drifted back to her, the contralto laughter of Miss Mercedes O'Brien and the answering giggle of Miss Marianne Schultz both as lilting and joyous as if their pay-envelopes were rightly come by—earned.

Care-free! Joyous! Earned!

With a nervous shudder Miss Glaub leaned back against the heavy door and gazed into the interior of the smartest costume shop in Bigburg with eyes that mirrored neither pride nor happiness. Ahead, in the dusk, a full-length mirror threw back the sheen of her black silk gown and the crow-blue glint in her piled

up hair. But no half-light could soften or conceal the contempt which suddenly blazed into being as the two stared, one at the other.

"You poor little fish!" hissed the one possessed of the power of speech. "When have *you* been able to laugh like that? When have *you* been able to go out of a door like that with a nice little pay-envelope and nothing to worry about but getting down in the morning a half-hour late? *When, I ask you?*"

"Rich!" Miss Glaub mocked the silent one with a laugh of utmost derision. "Simple, you mean! Childish!"

Silence.

Miss Glaub sniffed plaintively. "Six months ago you were what?" she demanded. "The best-paid buyer in dresses an' blouses in the town. Nothing to worry about! Successful! What are you now?"—with a continuation of the snuffle. "The proprietor of a smart shop that aint smart enough to make money.

Miss Glaub made out the anxious face of the watchman. "What's the trouble, ma'am?"



Illustrated by
W. B. King



And everything in the world to worry about! Rent! Advertising! Poor help! Rotten business! Cold springs! Mortgages! Interest! My God!"

The room echoed her lament. It was a long room which reflected its smart color-combination of black and gold from numberless full-length mirrors. One after the other, from many different angles, they reflected the supreme horror of it all as Miss Glaub moved languidly toward her little office beside the workrooms.

To her disordered brain each smart chair, each blouse-standard designed to give the impression of being the stem of a lovely flower, each gorgeous cabinet with its plate-glass doors, seemed to giggle its cost and the exorbitant profit it paid to its designer, the exact amount of the mortgage which stood against it, the interest mounting—mounting day and night, night and day!

With a choking sob the victim of it all fled through the door into the little office. The room was nearly dark, the dying daylight drowned in the narrow alley. Miss Glaub slumped into the chair before the table-desk staring blankly into space.

After a while, ten minutes, perhaps,—or a year,—the safe in the corner stood out. With the exception of a hundred dollars in small bills, it contained nothing but a few of the gee-gaws of the specialty shops, imitation jade and imitation pearls. Miss Glaub thought of the safe at the Mammoth Store and what it stood for! It was a real safe. Not an imitation like the jade and the pearl affair of Adele, Inc., but a real thing of finance, built—and filled—to endure.

Miss Glaub again asked her inner self—and bitterly—why she had ever been such a fool as to leave the Mammoth. With equal bitterness she reviewed the dismal history of the past six months—since the smart, naïve Adele, Inc., had burst upon an indifferent world. And the good money which had gone into trying to obtain its interest and patronage. Publicity! The value of advertising? Miss Glaub laughed shrilly.

"It certainly pays to advertise!" she confided to the darkness.

And the echo agreed—mockingly.

The letter on the desk caught her eye, and she read it again.

"Dear Miss Glaub:

"We have considered very carefully your letter of Thursday, last. There is no question in our minds of your merchandising ability. Your past history carries with it nothing but success." (Miss Glaub sniffed.) "Neither do we doubt your ability to put your new enterprise over with unlimited success. We also are agreed that it would be desirable to have a retail outlet in your wonderful city" (Miss Glaub sniffed again) "for our merchandise.

"However, we do not feel justified, because of the unsettled conditions now existing in retail lines, in making any further extensions along financial lines. We therefore must decline, most regretfully, your kind offer of partnership.

"Please accept our best wishes for your continued success and the personal regards of both Mr. August and myself.

"Sincerely yours,
"NATHAN ROSEWATER



"Miss Glaub, the man who robbed you was no common criminal. Your description proves that. He was a man out of another world. Isn't that right?"

The man laughed. "What do you suppose, Cutie?" he inquired lightly. "A game of dominoes?"

Miss Glaub decided that he was a young man—and the thing which was twisted about the upper part of his face was a piece of white silk from the fitting-room. The muscles which had contracted about her heart loosened slightly.

"What—what do you want?" she repeated dully.

He advanced slowly into the room. Miss Glaub shrank back with a shudder. The thing that had glittered in the doorway was an ugly snub-nosed revolver.

"What are you, Cutie—Adele herself, or just part of the hired help?"

"I am Miss Glaub."

"Miss Inc., herself, eh?"

Miss Glaub nodded.

"I wouldn't have believed it, Cutie."

Still gasping with terror, Miss Glaub was still a woman.

"Why?"

"Too young an' pretty—an' sorrowful. What's the matter, Cutie?"

Miss Glaub grew calmer. Frightened she still was, with the darkness and the deadly menace of the gun ever present, but her mind kept racing back to other situations such as this. For instance, there was Harold Lovestar in "A Burglar by Proxy." Only Harold had never once said "Cutie." Was Romance knocking at the door of ugly reality? Miss Glaub felt the color creep back as her lungs began to function regularly.

"My name aint—isn't Cutie."

"Sure thing," the muffled figure agreed. "Anything you say, sister. But let's get down to business."

"What business?"

"That!" The barrel of the gun turned in the direction of the safe.

"Oh!" said Miss Glaub. "It—it isn't worth the trouble."

"Suppose we take a look—eh, sister?"

Miss Glaub rose slowly. For the first time the realization came to her that the man meant to steal—to take without payment things which belonged to Adele, Inc.! Miss Glaub forgot Harold Lovestar in the fury of her aroused merchandising instincts.

"You dirty brute!" she cried. "You great big burglar thief! Picking on a poor defenseless woman! You—you—"

The gun came up with a jerk. The ugly snout stared straight into her eyes. With a whimper of terror Miss Glaub collapsed into the chair from which she had just arisen.

"Shut up!"

He was standing over her now, shapeless almost, and menacing.

"Get up."

Trembling, Miss Glaub rose again.

"Open that safe."

With long, tapering fingers which refused to retain the dial within their grasp, Miss Glaub strove to obey. Romance was a dead thing.

"Get a move on! A watchman comes on this block at nine o'clock!"

Finally the safe stood open. With a chuckle the man waved her aside with the gun. "Get over there in the corner," he commanded, "and stay there."

In mingled terror and despair, Miss Glaub watched the open space before the safe pile up with small jewelry novelties and papers.

"Where's the money?"

Dumbly she indicated a small japanned box in the recess. The man opened it with a screwdriver taken from the pocket of his

"N. B. Do not fail to see us the next time you are in New York, as we will be in a position to quote you attractively on some of the smartest lines you have ever seen."

"N. R."

Miss Glaub rolled the letter into an angry ball and thrust it from her. Friends! Miss Glaub laughed again. The narrow window out into the narrow alley turned slowly to a dark blot. A few months ago—looking back, it seemed part of another life—this was the cosy hour before dinner. A delightful hour of ease before a pleasant evening somewhere! Now it was—this! Just a poor little defenseless woman struggling against the remorseless clutch of circumstance! Miss Glaub remembered the phrase from a story read in happier days. Her head sank slowly to the table before her. Softly she began to cry.

"Good evening, Cutie!"

Miss Glaub aroused herself with a start. Her wet eyes blurred the figure standing in the doorway leading from the fitting-room. She wiped them nervously. It was dark in the room, and suddenly cold. Straining, Miss Glaub managed to make out the figure of a man. Something loose and white was twisted about the upper part of his face, and his right hand fondled something that glittered ominously. For the first time in her varied career Miss Glaub found herself voiceless. A frightened cry of inquiry strangled itself half uttered.

"Nothing like that, Cutie," the voice advised calmly.

"What—what do you want?"

blue serge coat. It was too dark to count. The man lit a match. Leaning weakly against the wall, Miss Glaub heard him curse and move toward the corner.

"Quit your kidding. Where's the money? I aint looking for the collection-plate."

Somehow she managed to whisper that there was no more, that the rest—the very little rest—had been banked during the afternoon.

He moved back to the safe, where, presently, he grunted in apparent satisfaction. Slipping back from the window, he lit another match.

In the sickly yellow flame Miss Glaub saw that he was holding up a strand of heavy imitation pearls, the ornate purple plush case held beneath his elbow. He whistled softly as the flame died between his fingers.

"Sister, are these real?"

Without knowing why, except the fear of what might happen if she answered rightly, Miss Glaub nodded.

"Not part of the rest of this truck, eh?"

"No."

"Sure?" He was standing over her again, his face thrust suspiciously forward, his breath from beneath the piece of white silk, choking her nostrils with a peculiar odor like the scent of cloves and nutmeg.

With a choking cry Miss Glaub, for the first time in her thirty-three acknowledged years, fainted gently away.

SHE came back to consciousness in a blaze of light. In the glare Miss Glaub made out the anxious face of the watchman, and the glitter of brass buttons on blue cloth.

"What's been the trouble, ma'am?"

Miss Glaub sat erect with a moan. "Thieves," she gasped. "Robbed!" She beat the floor with a small clenched fist. "Water!" she cried wildly.

When the watchman had departed, the blue and brass of the law asserted itself. From the telephone on the desk, Headquarters was called. The watchman came back with a large tin cup and held it out awkwardly.

Miss Glaub drank greedily. With the aid of the two men, she arose and reached the chair by the desk.

"Now, then, ma'am, if you feel well enough—"

The watchman was urging more water. Miss Glaub pushed it away with a touch of her old hauteur. The policeman removed an aged notebook and pencil from the inner pocket of his coat.

"Now, then—" he began.

Burly figures filled the doorway. A bull-throated voice in evident command demanded what the hell was the matter.

From her position behind the watchman Miss Glaub made her presence known. "There is a lady present," she said acidulously.

The room seemed filled with men, some in uniform and some without. The bull-throated sergeant in command mumbled an uncertain apology and advanced into the room. Miss Glaub arranged her disheveled locks with practiced artistic ease. Men stared curiously at her, and she smiled bravely. The thing was losing its ugliness under the glow of many lights and many eyes. Romance crept back.

"Now then?" It was the sergeant.

The watchman broke out excitedly. He had found the rear door jimmied on his first round at nine o'clock. Entering through the little room, he had found the lady—Miss Glaub, here—lying in the corner like she was dead, and the safe open—and empty. He had immediately called the policeman on the beat—Patrolman Curney, here—and they returned and revived the lady. She—

With a majestic gesture the sergeant shut the man off. "Now then, lady," he said, and Miss Glaub felt that his eyes registered respectful admiration, "suppose you tell us the story."

Simply Miss Glaub presented him with the facts.

"What did he look like?"

Miss Glaub thought of Harold Lovestar. In her fright had she misjudged the man? Romance whispered softly that she had, that her burglar might also have been young and gentle. A sudden thought crossed her mind. Perhaps he was a World War veteran turned into evil ways because of shell-shock—or something. She smiled.

"He was young," she whispered softly.

"Tall or short?"

"Tall."

Could she see his hair? Could she describe his features?

Dreamily Miss Glaub went on. His hair was dark, of course, and the man was masked and wore a cap, well down over his forehead. But he had an air of being something other than a com-

mon burglar—a subtle something which marked him as different. Miss Glaub paused in the middle of it. "This—would—would it be in—that is, have to—be in the newspapers?"

"I'll have to make a report, ma'am. And a police report is common property. Naturally the papers get 'em." The sergeant grinned. "And naturally, where a pretty woman is concerned—"

Miss Glaub blushed. "Oh, Sergeant," she thrilled, "can't something be done? The horror of it! Would—would they have to have my picture?"

"By hook or crook, ma'am."

Miss Glaub shook her head sadly, but her heart was pounding. The large cabinet portrait was more distinguished, but several of the snapshots, enlarged, were truer likenesses—and younger.

"An' now the rest of that description," Miss Glaub went on. His voice was soft and musical. She felt certain that his hair was light and combed straight back, that his eyes were blue—kindly,



yet piercing. An educated man, certainly. Romance deleted "Cutie" as unnecessary.

"What's been taken?"

"The cash-drawer money and my pearls."

"Pearls! Were they real?"

Miss Glaub eyed the man coldly. About to admit the joke, she remembered that this was not the end. That a police report was public property—especially if it concerned a good-looking woman. And—Adele, Inc., robbed of an imitation! Romance whispered also. It was nobody's business, after all.

"Do you think," she demanded contemptuously, "that I would have fainted over imitations?"

The sergeant moistened his pencil.

"Value?"

"To me," said Miss Glaub softly, "they were priceless."

The sergeant wrote: "Value Unknown."

Hardly had they left, or so it seemed to the time-benumbed mind of the proprietor of Adele, Inc., when the telephone on the desk jangled imperatively. Miss Glaub lifted the receiver and softly said hello.

"This is the Bigburg News. Where can we get in touch with Miss Glaub? Is she there?"

Miss Glaub smiled into the transmitter. "I'm sorry," she said calmly, "but Miss Glaub is not here. She has gone to her apartment in the Meadowbrook. But—but she can't see anyone unless it is of the utmost importance."

"But this is of the utmost importance," the voice insisted.

"But Miss Glaub detests publicity; I—I am afraid it would do you no good."

"We have to see her."

Miss Glaub laughed resignedly. "In that case," she said, "I—that is she—can probably be reached at the Meadowbrook at ten."

"You go out an' tell O'Brien and Schultz," she commanded balefully, "that the merchandise on the shelves is to sell."

MISS GLAUB gave her hair a final pat. Then, very carefully, to avoid staining a magnificent effect of black sequins on dove-gray velvet, she removed the remains of a bottle of milk and several sandwiches to the tiny kitchenette at the rear of the apartment.

It was ten o'clock, just twenty minutes after the imperative summons of the *Bigburg News*. Humming a snatch of popular blues, Miss Glaub went into her little parlor and lit the rose-shaded lamp by the piano. Then snapping off the chandelier above, she lighted the two droplights over the mantel. A cozy warm glow flooded the pleasant room. From the tiny boudoir she brought forth several large photographs and placed them carelessly—but advantageously—a bout the room.

Miss Glaub was wondering whether the *News*

just forgot all about it before we begin. It has been awful enough without—without all the terrible notoriety. Can't we, p— Mr. Barclay?"

Mr. Barclay was young and enthusiastic. Terrible? Nothing of the kind. Necessary—absolutely!

Miss Glaub gave in with a pleasant gesture of despair. "You gentlemen of the press," she cooed softly, "are—so energetic."

Mr. Barclay smiled deprecatingly. "The fact of the matter is," he began abruptly, "we are not so much interested in the details of the robbery, which we have, more or less, in a routine way. But we are interested in the pearls which were stolen. The police report said they were genuine and of unknown value. That sounds like a mighty interesting story. Won't you tell me, Miss Glaub, why you told the sergeant that they were priceless?"

It was a trying moment for Adele, Inc. What to say? What to do? Where to turn? Miss Glaub shook her head slowly "I am sorry," she said after a moment, "but I can't." Romance whispered an inspirational way out. "It—it is a secret I am not at liberty to disclose."

Barclay nodded his head rapidly. As he phrased it, it was a ball straight into his mitt. Young Mr. Barclay worked for a sensational city editor who ran a sensational morning newspaper. The "old man" had given him the idea in dyspeptic monosyllables. Adroitly Mr. Barclay worked to "hang" his story. He leaned forward confidentially.

"Miss Glaub," he said, swiftly, "the man who robbed you was no common criminal. Your description of him alone proves that. He was a man out of another world. Isn't that right?"

Miss Glaub nodded complacently.

"That man was not after a little money. He was working for something big! Perhaps he was not a criminal in the accepted sense of the word. Now I am going to tell you what the *News* thinks." His voice dropped still lower. "Miss Glaub," he whispered, "the

pearls which were stolen from your safe this evening may have come from the collection of the Russian Crown jewels!"

Miss Glaub opened her mouth—and slowly allowed it to close.

"No! No!" she cried after speech returned.

"Yet you admit the history of the pearls is a secret?" persisted the eager young man.

Helplessly caught in the meshes of Romance, Miss Glaub nodded.

"And you said they were priceless?"

"Yes!"—tonelessly.

Young Mr. Barclay nodded with deep satisfaction. "Miss Glaub," he asked, "have you ever been in Russia?"

"No."

"Anywhere abroad?"

Miss Glaub admitted London and Paris, without adding that it was not uncommon for costume-buyers to seek their wares abroad.

(Continued on page 104)



representative would be young, when the buzzer in the hall announced the caller. With agile grace Miss Glaub draped herself in an easy-chair halfway between the pink light near the piano and the soft droplights over the mantel. Quickly her face assumed the wan expression of one who has suffered deeply.

"Come in, please."

"Miss Glaub?"

A young man, certainly—attractive.

"Won't you take a chair and let me ask your pardon for not arising? The things that have happened during the past few hours—" Miss Glaub ran a slow white hand across her brow.

The young man nodded vigorously. "Certainly. My name's Barclay. Sorry to hear you are not feeling well. Pardon me if I seem to rush to the point, but I haven't much time—to do all I have to do."

Miss Glaub shuddered. "Please," she said prettily, "can't we



Illustrated by
Arthur I. Keller

If you were to visit Rupert Hughes in his home in Westchester near New York, you'd not be able to understand how he could forsake it and go to California—it is so beautiful. And if you were to visit him in his home in Los Angeles, you couldn't see how he could ever leave that estate, either. But he's solved the problem, by living in California and writing about New York—as in the present brilliant novel.

The Golden Ladder

By

R U P E R T H U G H E S

The Story So Far:

BETTY BOWEN, the prettiest girl in the Providence town of President Washington's time, was running away from her yesterdays—evil yesterdays. Providence hated Betty; and ever since as a tiny child she had seen a righteous mob pull down her notorious mother's house about their ears, Betty had hated the town. Now she was nineteen; and her last lover, the French refugee Pierre, had been killed; and she longed to get away to New York, where there were already forty thousand people. New York was young and wicked and eager; and Betty Bowen was also all three.

She took passage on a coastwise vessel; and a French mariner, Captain Delacroix, one of the other passengers, was much pleased with her; and she was much interested in his offer to take her to France with him—as "first mate. Or—no, I have a first mate that lives in France. You can be my second."

Betty stared after Delacroix so triumphantly, when their interview ended, that a certain Lavinia Ballou, who knew Betty, and who had been watching from the shadows, cried out:

"Well, I do declare, if you aint the brazenest thing! But it's all a body could expect of a girl who would run off and leavé a little—"

Betty's hand went out to Vinny's throat, and the word on its way up went back down her windpipe. Betty's voice was low and murderous:

"If you speak of that again to me, Lavinia Ballou—or to anybody—if you so much as even look it—killin' you is the least I'll do to you!"

After a stormy voyage Betty reached the New York of her dreams. There her funds ran low; and there Captain Delacroix renewed his overtures. And because Betty was—Betty, she pres-

ently found herself aboard the doughty Captain's ship bound for France, after an ecstatic interlude of shopping in New York.

But even at sea Betty could find a new man to distract her. For they picked up a shipwrecked castaway, one Elie Laloi, a refugee from the black insurrection in San Domingo; and in nursing him, her spendthrift affection again was tempted to prodigality.

France they found in the savage turmoil of the Revolution, with the guillotine busy. Captain Delacroix's grenadier of a wife found him out, and for a time Betty saw little of him, and consoled herself with two young visiting Americans. For Laloi was preoccupied with his own tragic affairs—had lived in the hope of revenge upon Robespierre and his associates, who had condemned Laloi's family to death. The arch-murderer had already escaped him; but a little later, he was able to take Betty to witness the execution of one Fouquier-Tinville, second in his hatred.

And now, when Betty had acquired a wardrobe of Parisian clothes, a headful of lawless Revolutionary ideas and a useful capital of French elegances, Delacroix returned and took her—and Laloi—back with him to America. (*The story continues in detail:*)

SHE had had three names and three souls in less than a year. She was hardly the same girl at all.

In November of 1794 the bewildered thing from Providence had drifted into New York with the shoddy name and spirit of Betty Bowen. In sheer humility she began to call herself Mlle. Capet, though she could hardly pronounce the "Mademoiselle."

New York was already famous for its beautiful women beautifully dressed. Abigail Adams had found the London women

"Why, Betty Bowen, if it aint you!" cried Lavinia. "Madame Delacroix, if you please!" sniffed Betty over the round of one shoulder.

dowdy in comparison. Betty Capet was crushed. Then a new wardrobe changed her so mightily that she sailed down the bay another person quite, a greedy adventuress, afraid of everything, ready for anything.

And now, back up the bay she came as Mme. Delacroix—no longer pretty: beautiful, now! And learned in life—sophisticated in world-politics, revolutions, crimes, slaughters, cosmic scandals, fashions! She came to New York as a princess visiting a colony. Her style-and-title now was Mme. Delacroix, though the name was only assumed. She had not been Mlle. Capet really. And yet she was certainly not Betty Bowen.

She had studied the historic beauties of France. She had lolled in her carriage in a very surf of French mob-women. She had seen sixteen heads chopped off in fourteen minutes. She had learned how the peasants had destroyed the old nobility and built up a new one of their own. She had learned to flirt splendidly, to gamble, to gain large sums and spend them recklessly. She had crossed the ocean twice. She had a new body in a new envelope, and a new mind, a new heart, a new soul.

Getting out of Paris had been the first problem. She had not finished with Paris, but she was impatient to give New York a glimpse of her new self. With zest she packed her trunks for a campaign of revenge against the Americans who had ignored her, had dealt her that most intolerable of insults, neglect.

Captain Delacroix was hurried too—because, as he explained on the way to Betty's lodgings, his wife was temporarily unable to prevent his return or to accompany him.

Madame Delacroix had been a trifle too terrible at a time when treblement had gone out of style. She was one of those unwomanly women who are always far ahead of the fashions or far behind. Betty kept just to the fore, in that first froth that runs ahead of the great billow, at the top of its forward-falling arc.



The wife of Captain Delacroix had complained of the idleness of the guillotine. She had been heard to call Fouquier-Tinville "*le pauvre homme!*" and—she was now gathered in with the enemies of the new mercy. Her head was in no danger, which was not entirely good news to Delacroix, who could have borne it bravely if they had sent her tongue to the guillotine. He was secretly advised that he might be accused of sharing her opinions and had better escape while he could. This was an irritating irony, but he was ready to go, since he had received at last the moneys due him for his cargo.

He sent his wife a letter of mock pathos and fled, rather from her than from France.

Elie Laloi was in funds too, to his great surprise. Under the



Terror his family estates had been confiscated, with the family heads. The repentant government, unable to restore the heads, gave back the estates. But they were too gloomy with memories to attract Laloi, and he offered them for sale. One of the patriots who had come up from the dregs and grown rich by speculation in grain offered him a handsome price for his property and he took it in haste.

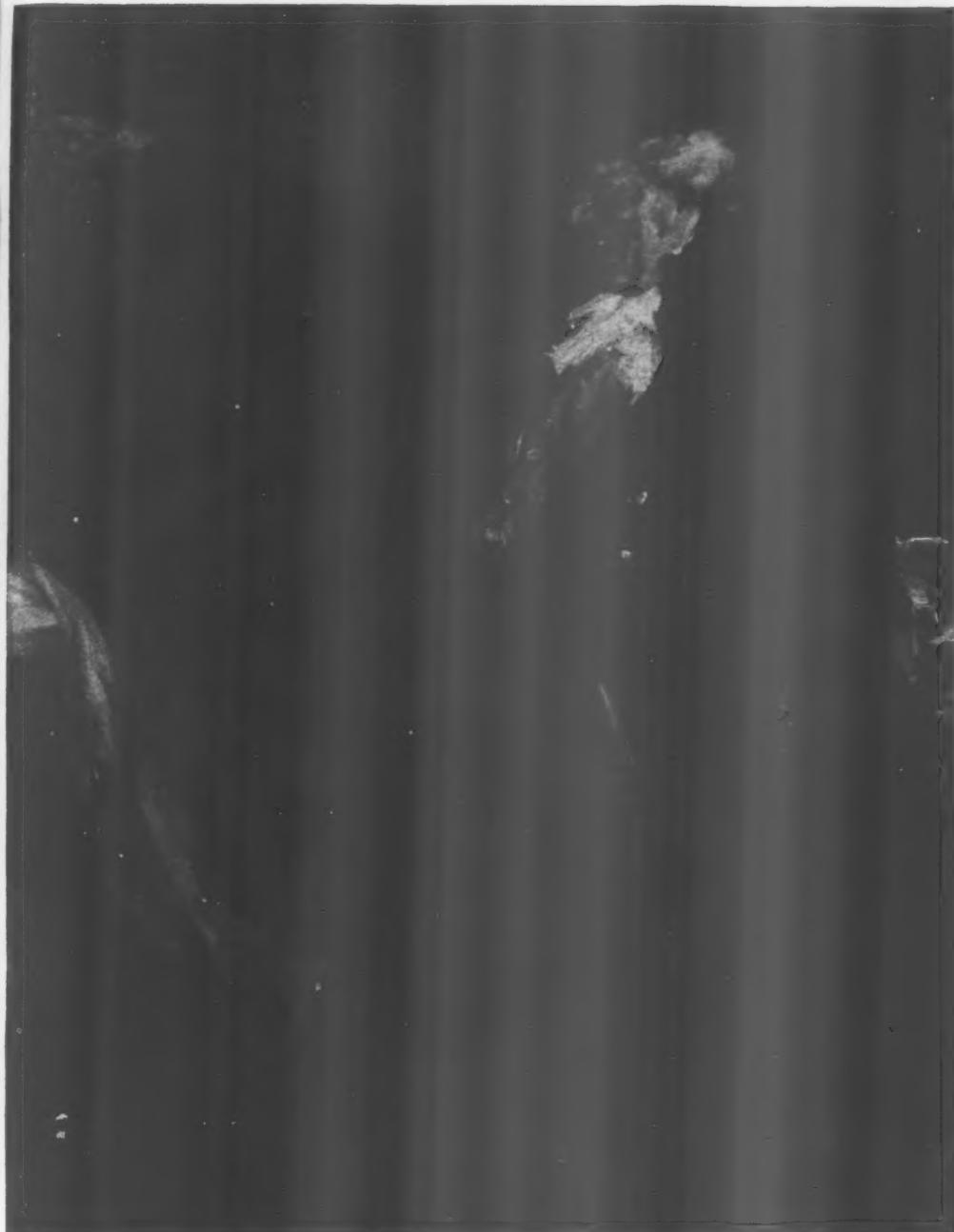
The sum was not large enough to support him even in his meek ambitions, and so he cast about for a business to embark upon. What trade could sustain a heartbroken, backward-dreaming man like him? He wandered about, reading signboards and conning shop-windows. Everything seemed to require an energy and an alertness that were no longer his. But along the walled lane where the river ambled he found bookstalls whose owners stared into the quiet current or gazed nowhere while the wind fluttered yellow pages, or idling wanderers lifted old books and mused upon them. The books did all the work. They were their own salesmen and cried their own wares tacitly. The stock was brought to the shop by unfortunate wretches glad to surrender literature

for bread. Buying from them was more a charity than a business.

This was the trade of trades for a quiet man. So Laloi resolved that he would become a bookseller in New York. He set about with an unusual zeal to gather up a stock, and knew from the pleasure it gave him to select his merchandise, that he had chosen well. He purchased mainly the books he wanted to read himself in the lotos-leisure of a bookseller. And that is doubtless the best standard of choice a bookseller can adopt, for he who honestly pleases himself is like to find that he best pleases the multitude; while he who truckles to an imaginary taste finds that he has only the snobs to deal with.

Laloi kept out enough cash to pay his fare to New York. Betty, as before, paid hers with the priceless currency of her charm. Her trunks went with her to Le Havre on the *diligence*, and Laloi's books came lumbering after in slow wagons. They arrived just in time to be hauled aboard before the vessel cleared for America.

The voyage was the same mixture of divine and infernal weathers, of waves that crooned cradle-songs and shrieked mur-



Delacroix growled: "We'll go. Wash your dirty face and put on something decent. They think you're genuine."

A breeze began to flick her curls, and the Captain bade her hasten. A last toss of the wineglass to her wine-red mouth, and she ran with him to the strand.

The mate on the ship had already hove short and loosened sail. Delacroix was bawling orders before he reached the side, and the moment Betty's feet touched the deck, the anchor came up with the floundering splash of a caught porpoise.

The afternoon was blown away before they reached New York. The city lay mysterious in a silhouette of charred embers against a revel of twilight scarlets. From a British frigate, swinging lazily with all sails furled, came the dreamy roll of sunset drums as a flag was brought in like a lassoed bird.

In the care of a gentle wind Delacroix brought his vessel straight to the wharf at the foot of Gouverneur's Lane. Betty hopped to the dock before the ropes were fast, and fell on her face, as William the Conqueror had fallen on his when he landed in England. The sailors had an interesting glimpse of silk stockings below the high-furled skirts, and then a burst of new French profanity that inspired their respect.

Captain Delacroix infuriated her by his loud laughter, and she would not wait for him to have done with all his business at the Customs. She went with Laloi in a hackney coach to the City Hotel. The Captain had thought it better not to return to the Bull's Head with Betty as Madame Delacroix, and she did not think it wise to return to her Wall Street lodgings at King's Little Tavern.

The old lighthouse at Sandy Hook rose out of the deep as a dot, as a stalk of sparrowgrass, and finally as a high tower. The wind died down as if it would never blow again. Reluctantly Captain Delacroix ordered the anchor overboard.

Betty went ashore with the Captain to feel earth under her feet again. The only inhabitants of this desert headland were the keepers of a public house, the landlord and his weathered spouse, two parched daughters, a slave and his son.

While dinner was making ready, Betty climbed the lighthouse and gazed between its lamps at the world. She breathed deep of the lofty air and filled her lungs with ambition, wondering when she would return across the seas again, and what might be waiting for her on the vast continent whose finger-tip she stood on. Then she skipped down the long stair and ate with relish of landsman's food.

The hackney coach rattled off the wharf, raising clouds of dust as it bounced round the corner of Water Street and then into Wall Street past her little inn and the City Hall, and on to where Trinity Church reared its vast barricade. A swirl to the right took them into Broadway, narrowly escaping a few belated pigs, and a cow to whose tail hung a barefoot lad.

Then they drew up before the biggest building in town, the new City Hotel. A year ago Betty would have been overawed by such a monstrous structure. Now she found it nothing to what she had seen in Paris, for all its five stories of height. Its famous new slate roof was the first in America, but slate roofs were common in France, and novelty was a thing to be despised—in buildings, that is, though not in clothes and hats.

As Delacroix had instructed him, Laloi engaged a handsome room for Captain and Madame Delacroix, and slaves carried Betty's luggage to her quarters. She was fairly installed and at home by the time the Captain came in, hungry as a bear.

The sight of Betty's cosy beauty softened him, and they had supper together in their room. She was too tired to venture out into Broadway that night, and contented herself with gazing down at the crowds and listening once more to a language that she understood without translation.

THE next morning, after the Captain had gone out to see to the unloading of his cargo and its sale at vendue, Betty made herself ready to dazzle New York. As if Fate had already made her its darling, whom should she encounter but Lady Stirling, once more in her same old chariot, talking now to a merchant who stood taking her commands. The narrow sidewalks barely permitted two lean men to pass, and Betty on her previous visit to this city had envied Lady Stirling the stiff brocaded skirts that spilled over the edges of her chariot. But now Betty was slimly garbed in the narrowest of draperies, a faint heliotrope-tinted crépe that caressed her curves and hung about her calves and knees as if she were some Grecian nymph floating out of mythology and making the creaking silken armor of the day ridiculous before the semipernal beauty of the human form. Lady Stirling, being a woman, recognized at once that straitness was the next destiny of women's covering, and that Betty's clothes were the prophecy of the future. Betty was the latest news from the home of women's news, and Lady Stirling twisted her haughty neck to watch her where she went like a sapling moving.

Without knowing just who they were, Betty realized that great ladies were studious of her. Lady Kitty Duer, and "La Marchioness" de Brehan, the Ladies Langdon, the Mayoreess and Mrs. Chancellor Livingston and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, all admired her.

Nobody had noticed her when as Betty Bowen *alias* Capet she had crept along the street. Nobody failed to notice her as Mme. Delacroix. A whisper trailed her like the rustle of an invisible train: "Who is she? Who is she?"—a kind of sneeze politely smothered.

There was an exhilarance about this vague triumph that redeemed in Betty's soul any remorse she might have felt for the false name she bore. But she almost burst into a flame with too much bliss when she saw approaching her Lavinia Ballou, shabbier than ever, homelier than ever, and all lopsided with a big pail of water she was lugging away from a pump to the kitchen where she evidently worked.

Lavinia did not recognize the sumptuous Betty till she was almost upon her. Then she gasped so wildly that the pail spilled water everywhere. Betty wet her little slipper-tips and had to cross the puddles clogging on her high heels and catching the flounced hems of her skirts above her ankles shamelessly.

"Why, Betty Bowen, if it aint you, there aint no snakes in Virginia!" cried Lavinia, who had picked up the rude language of her class.

"Madame Delacroix, if you please," sniffed Betty over the round of one almost naked shoulder.

"You don't mean to tell me you're honestly married to the Captain!"

"I don't mean to tell you anything," said Betty, hanging icicles on her syllables, though the day was stinging hot. Lavinia took her pail back to the corner pump and filled it again, while the very black wenches mocked her awkwardness. But Betty marched on, cursing Lavinia under her breath for dampening her crépe, but really aglow with her success in putting such a distance between her ancient crony and herself in less than a twelvemonth.

A LONELINESS descended upon Betty after a while, when she realized that in suppressing Lavinia she had cut herself off from the only woman in town whose name or face she knew. And she knew no men, either. Captain Delacroix was away from the hotel all day, and Laloi was seeking a place on Pearl Street for his shop.

But that night the two men came home, and the three went after supper to the Indian Queen far out on the Boston Road, where under the twinkly lights of the gardens, Frenchmen and their vivacious women discoursed above their tea- and coffee-cups.

Here Laloi hailed many an old acquaintance driven out of San Domingo by the fierce rebellious slaves. They had poured in in all the ships from the southerly waters, and the town was crowded with *pensions françaises*, and garrulous with those who talked and thought French.

weathers, of waves that crooned cradle-songs and shrieked mur-

The Golden Ladder

By R

In the gardens were dusky *mestizo* beauties, creoles like Josephine de Beauharnais, with skins of snowy pallor, hair of jet and eyes inky with love.

A few old Bourbons dared to wear powdered wigs and knee-breeches, but they carried gold-headed canes in self-defense against the revolutionists with their hair bobbed Brutus-fashion, their pantaloons with feet to them, and silk laces instead of silver buckles.

The French were still disputing the town with the British and dividing the very soul of the nation. The cotillons were driving out the English dances. Double-barreled guns and bird-hunting were supplanting the fishing-rods. Soups, salads, ragouts, fricassées and ices were reforming the country of which the exiled ex-bishop Talleyrand was even then complaining: "I find here thirty-two religions and only one sauce."

Talleyrand had shocked Philadelphia by parading the streets with a pretty negress on his arm. New York was disturbed by the Frenchmen and their half-white West Indians, and even with the all-black women who flaunted their white dominos and their madras turbans at the side of white gentlemen.

Fair-haired Betty, just up from the dregs herself, had no mercy at all upon her darker-hidèd sisters, many of whom were aristocrats in their own jungles. But she made friends at once with the white ladies and gentlemen whom Laloi hailed as old friends from Saint-Domingue. The men clustered about Laloi and Delacroix as if they were living gazettes from France; and many an old émigré, hearing that the Terror was indeed ended, wept to think that he might perhaps live to go home again.

The women almost smothered Betty with compliments and with questions about the styles. But the men were in a turmoil, and after their first toasts to Laloi and Delacroix, they fell into a fierce discussion. The word "Jay" was constantly heard, and always with wrath.

"And who is this M'sieu' Jay?" Betty asked the women. They hardly knew, except that he was some terrible traitor to America and France. One of them dragged a young man to her side and asked him to explain.

BETTY gathered from what he said that Justice Jay had been sent to England to negotiate a treaty over many disputed points. He had remained abroad long enough to sell his people to England. He had kissed the hand of the Queen, and his lips should have been "blistered to the bone." When he came back, Washington kept the perfidious treaty from the public—and with good reason, for it was an outrageous surrender of every American right and dignity.

A fortnight ago a copy of the treaty had reached New York, and the people had gone mad with rage. Washington had shared with Jay the horror of the people. Washington was another Benedict Arnold, an English hireling. There was good reason to believe that he had stolen money from the Treasury for his own use. The guillotine should be his fate. Effigies of Jay were being hanged and guillotined and burned all over the country. A great mass-meeting was called for the morrow in front of Federal Hall to denounce the treaty, dethrone the tyrant Washington and send Jay to hell.

Betty understood little of politics and treaties, but she adored Washington. She could not believe him wrong in anything, or treacherous, or ambitious for himself. She dared not challenge these violent Frenchmen who had studied the matter, but she pinned her faith to Washington.

At last the assembly dispersed; the men rolled down the moonlit street singing "Ca Ira" and "La Carmagnole." Delacroix set out for the hotel. Betty was sorely troubled. In the street before the hotel she picked up a handbill or two fluttering along in the midnight wind, and she was terrified at the abuse of Washington. It could not be true.

The next morning Delacroix set off early about his business. Betty was called to her window late in the forenoon by a racket of drums and cheers. She looked down upon a line of old soldiers marching. They carried a banner with a rudely painted face labeled "Jay." They carried French and American flags, and also the British flag upside down. They would burn and bury it later.

Betty ran into the street and followed the crowd. In front of the City Hall the throng was thickest. On the stoop of a watch-house stood a little man whom somebody pointed out as General Alexander Hamilton. He was pleading with the citizens, but they jeered him. He went on wasting his eloquence until a volley of cobblestones flew about his head. One of them caught him on the brow and drew the blood. Hamilton laughed. "If you use such striking arguments, I must retire." He wiped the stream-

By Rupert Hughes

PAGE 43



Jumel said: "Mameelle should have a carriage and make mud upon that leddy. W'at you geeve to somebody who buys you carriage?"

ing red from his face and withdrew to his own house. The meeting broke up a little later after a wild resolution to burn some more copies of the treaty. Down to Bowling Green the citizens ran and danced about the dancing flames.

That night there was rejoicing at the Indian Queen, and Betty made more friends. The ladies introduced her to their men, and she felt more interested. But she was lonely all day long, and she fell into her old habit of making acquaintances—only with more caution and more selection than of old. Very grand ladies accepted her as Madame Delacroix and chatted with her in the shops. At the hotel and in the shops she also somehow contrived to get herself accosted by polite Englishmen and by Americans from all of the fifteen States. With some of them she would saunter the beautiful park at the Battery. She ventured next to accept a phaeton ride to Aunt Katey Mintz's garden on Windmill Hill, where she drank mead and sipped syllabub.

Sometimes she had narrow escapes from discovery. She found Delacroix unexpectedly waiting for her at the hotel, and she had to lie fast to keep his jealousy from boiling over. Her stories had not only to be improvised on the moment, but varied as well. Like all people, only more so than most, she had to carry on

several lives—real ones, imaginary ones, pretended futures and pretended pasts. And like all writers she found it hard to mix fiction and fact so that they made a convincing emulsion. Both memory and invention had to be ready for emergencies.

ONE evening when Betty came in simmering with the delight of a flirtation, Delacroix regarded her from a chair as darkly as ever he had scowled at a sailor from his deck.

"Well!" he growled, and did not rise.

"I was—I was with Mlle. Artigue and Madame her mother, and with La Marquise de—de Pourras and some other ladies."

"It's odd that you never meet any men in your wanderings." He said no more, but his brows were as somber as his tone.

The next time she threw in one or two harmless old gentlemen for verisimilitude. Still he was not satisfied. He watched her as a boarhound would a kitten—suspicious, able to destroy, yet afraid to wreck so pretty and so defiant a creature.

One afternoon she was very late. She had gone four miles out on the Boston Post Road to Cato's Tavern with a gentleman who loved horses as well as Betty did. Ladies were not supposed to join the brandy-drinking racing gentry (*Continued on page 144*)

The Star pointed his cane at the august door and declaimed: "The autocrat who signs expense-accounts in there has yet to fall foul of me. But the time will come!"

The trouble with most newspaper stories is that they make most newspaper folks ill. Not so, however, with the stories of Harry Smith. For he's news editor on one of the world's greatest papers, and he's been everything else, including European correspondent. His book, "Deadlines," is the *Iliad* of the craft; and his essay on newspaper writing is used in many schools of journalism.



Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

The Glorious Throw-down

By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

THE Owner once had two brilliant ideas in one year. The first was to bring out a morning edition of the *Trumpet*. The second was to put Roscoe Harper in charge when the Old Man (the managing editor) went away to recover from trying to watch both the morning and the evening editions.

"Roscoe Harper" doesn't mean much anywhere now; but in the Northwestern city where the *Trumpet* was published, and at the time when I worked on it, all one had to do to induce melancholia was to mention Harper. He was an "efficiency man," who held two secretaryships in organizations that made huge reports occasionally—bound in vellum covers, and with parallel columns in red and black ink—and who had a very misty past as an editor. Once in a while he was hired by a paper in Cleveland or Baltimore to find out what was the matter with it, and he succeeded in discovering that copy-readers worked too short hours, or that there were things wrong with the editorial writing. This made him popular far and wide.

We of the afternoon *Trumpet* all knew Roscoe. One of us, a dreary old reporter called Flynn, had once worked under him in that epoch when Harper was a city editor. According to Flynn, he was the kind who rolled up his shirt-sleeves in the coldest weather, and kept a very neat assignment-book, and when asked a question by the Boss, stuck his thumbs in his vest and summoned an assistant to answer the question. He was a handsome chap. Once in a while he would pass through our news-room, bowing right and left, and keeping the skirts of his coat clear of the desks. He had a way of walking—with his toes turned out a little, and his back like a ramrod—that was maddening to look at. Also, he had eyeglasses pinned to his coat-lapel.

It never was known what in the world caused the Owner to

make Harper our managing editor *ad interim*. But all of us recall the way the news was received.

Fred Flint, the city editor, naturally heard of it first. He went in to see the Old Man while the latter was clearing out his desk.

"I'll be gone two weeks, maybe three," said the Old Man. (Flint himself made a rough estimate of six.) "I don't feel very good."

"Who will be in charge?" Fred made bold to ask. Of course he had hopes he would be given the desk himself.

The Old Man looked uncomfortable.

After a moment he answered: "Mr. Harper is coming in here—Mr. Roscoe Harper."

Flint, he insists, remained perfectly calm.

"I hope," he quotes himself, "I certainly hope you'll be well in two weeks."

The Old Man gazed at him through his spectacles with a flash of his customary sternness, and said: "I hope you'll see that the staff behaves itself."

Now, this was something the staff always did. It never went on strikes, or got drunk *en masse*, or expressed displeasure by means of "round robins." But it talked as much as any other staff, and some of its talkers had tabasco vocabularies. Thus, Frank Wade, of the copy-desk, whom I afterward knew on the *Chicago Press*, expressed himself as hoping that "a war would break out, so's to show that soup-and-fish how much of an editor he is." And little Jim Moore, an itinerant reporter with a gossipy habit, went about among the desks, saying: "Have you heard who's goin' to sign the pay-roll while the Old Man's away? Roscoe Harper. Can you beat it? Now be sure you wash behind the ears every morning, and take off your hat in the elevator, and put on your coat if you go into Harper's office." Shanks Daggett,

the City Hall man, predicted the installation of a time-clock in our department within two days; and Chick Murray, doing a brief term with us despite his reputation as a drunkard, remarked: "Here's where I climb the water-wagon for anyhow two weeks; I know when it's time to quit." Whereupon he got drunk, and stayed away during the whole régime of Roscoe Harper.

But no one on the staff was so horrified, no one thought of so many sarcastic comments apropos of Harper, as the Star. This young man, a sort of spoiled genius with lots of hair and temper, but an excellent newspaper man, and a charming fellow withal, had a deep affection for the Old Man and for Flint. The first day he heard of the Owner's strange lapse, he went up to the city desk and asked: "Do you think it would teach 'em anything if I turned in my resignation?" And being assured it wouldn't, he went away biting his nails and shaking his head. Later, in the cigar-store where we "hung out" between editions, he expressed himself as follows: "Tell you one thing: Mr. Finicky Harper, the conspicuous barber-shop ad, had better let *my* stuff alone. The first time he sends in a proof changing a word, I'm through. He doesn't know news; he doesn't know English; he doesn't know human nature. He doesn't know anything. If Freddy hadn't asked me to stay, I'd have quit already. But I'll tell you, fellows, I'm all ready to pack up. One little word from that patent manicure set, and—"

But at this moment he saw passing the cigar-store the form of Miss Penelope Grey, of the morning staff, his fiancée. He made two leaps out of the door, and vanished. . . .

Harper took hold at nine o'clock on Monday morning. He had laid out a policy whose first phase was an effusive cordiality. This rather took us off our guard. A staff may hate a man ever so much, but when he comes in and starts to shake hands all around, there are few men who won't get out of their chairs and offer a hand—even to a limp one—in return. That was about all Harper did the first day. He came up to the copy-desk, and said rather loudly: "I want to get acquainted with you all. Nothing like knowing the men who work for one." And he spent two minutes with the Star, remarking, "Awfully nice stuff you're writing lately, awfully nice!" and,

"I hope we shall know each other better." He had a tactful word for everyone.

What could we do? Of course, somebody expressed the general feeling in the words, "Acts as though he thought he was going to be in charge for a year," and some one else responded, with an awful inspiration: "Maybe he's going to be." But on the whole there was nothing much we could do except look pleased.

He had to make his rounds among the morning-edition crowd as well, naturally. It must have taken him until seven or eight o'clock that night to shake hands with the whole crew. He ex-

tended genial visits to the composing-room, where he chatted affably with the foreman about the need of new linotypes; and we heard that he even descended to the press-room, where he amazed old Poison Morgan, the superintendent, by introducing himself: "I'm Mr. Harper, acting managing editor. I hope things will go all right down here. I'm sure they will."

You see, it was really no small job to watch everything connected with two distinct papers under the same management. The strain of it had caved in our Old Man, who was as much of a ten-minute egg as ever lived. It involved some very cute diplomacy, combined with absolute firmness. Suppose, for example, that an important exclusive cable came in about five o'clock in the afternoon. Should it be used in an extra of the afternoon paper, or held for the morning edition? And if the latter, how explain such a decision to the afternoon editors? If the layman supposes that any humane and self-sacrificing spirit rules the relations of two staffs under such circumstances, he is in error. I don't know of any more bitter rivalry than between the executives of a morning and evening paper, owned by the same man.

Harper, having paid state visits throughout the building, apparently felt that he had solved the whole problem. After this, no doubt, if an argument came up, the disputants would go into his office smiling and say, "Look here, old fellow, here's a little question we'd like to have you settle." But somehow, nothing like this happened. Those first days, perhaps, no delicate problem arose for solution. Anyhow, the subordinate executives failed to darken Harper's door. They stayed at their respective desks and sawed wood, grimly doing things as the Old Man had said they should be done.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed thus—nothing startling at all.

Some of the boys even forgot that Harper was in there, moving stationery around the Old Man's pigeonholes. But on Thursday the boss *pro tem* began to get uneasy. Fred Flint hadn't brought him the assignment-list. Why hadn't he brought him the assignment-list?



"A hell of a lot of supposing!" retorted the Star, leaning over toward his outraged superior.

So he went to Flint's desk, elbowed his way in among the reporters to whom Fred was outlining an important story, and cleared his throat.

"Ah—Mr. Flint, I wish you would bring in the date-book and go over it with me. I may be able to suggest a few changes."

Freddy looked surprised. The Old Man never thought it necessary to check up assignments.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Harper, if you—"

"I think I must see them," cut in Harper; and away he went with that supple gait that drove us all crazy.

This failed to cause any commotion. Freddy managed somehow to please Harper and himself too. But that afternoon the Boss *pro tem* got restless again. This time he called a conference of the news editors and city editors of the two papers, together with the circulation manager, and to these he spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, although I am only temporarily in charge of the *Trumpet*, morning and evening, I feel naturally a deep sense of responsibility to Mr. Duke" (the Owner). "Now, I must tell you that Mr. Duke is not satisfied with the circulation, especially that of the morning paper. What is to be done about it?"

The circulation manager, a husky hustler who saw as much of Mr. Duke as Harper ever did, swallowed hard, but said nothing. The others just sat and stared.

"If there are no suggestions, I shall make one," went on His Highness. "I propose that we establish the practice of holding for the morning edition any stories of consequence that we can spare from the evening edition. There are naturally a number of good things that come in exclusively to the evening *Trumpet*. It would seem that they could just as well appear in the morning. What do you think, gentlemen?"

The day-side news editor and Freddy Flint glanced at each other, and Freddy spoke up, respectfully but firmly, (he says):

"A scoop is a scoop, and we're just as anxious to get it on—"

"We know you are," grinned the morning city editor.

"I shall have your coöperation, I am sure, Flint," said Harper sweetly.

"You can have my whole assignment-book, and give it to Banning," retorted Freddy, getting mad. And he added, hotter and hotter: "You can have my whole staff, too."

Harper's eyes opened.

"No doubt you mean to convey defiance, Flint," said he. "I prefer to take it only as evidence of nerve-strain—for—ahem!—I may say that Mr. Duke believes—" And so on, and so on. The conference, it seems, resulted in nothing, not even in any resignations. But a report of it drifted through the office, and there were black looks when a "day-side" man met a coworker of the morning *Trumpet*. . . .

I have recorded the fact that the Star, whose name was Lance Merrill, was engaged to one of his coworkers named Penelope Grey. Naturally, it was upon her that he bestowed his most confidential remarks; it was she to whom he confided most of his hopes, peevs and opinions. They managed to be together a lot of the time, although their mealtimes and their hours of work and sleep went by quite different systems. By dint of Miss Grey's getting up earlier than she should, and Lance's staying up much,

much later than he should, they enjoyed quite as much of each other's society as falls to the average betrothed couple.

The staff rather approved of the romance. It was the only romance anywhere about, and it gathered piquancy from the fact that the pair were employed on virtually rival papers. Miss Grey was a quite unassuming little creature, who could write a good story, but never bragged that she could write better than our Star. This was one reason we of the afternoon paper gave her our approval. It was felt that she was a pleasant little shadow for Lance, a "steady influence," some said. We even were privi-



leged to overhear her steady him. He would burst out with some violent iconoclasts, and she would gently say, "Why, Lance!" And he would laugh.

"Why, Lance!" was heard more often than ever during Harper's first week. Once, when the two were going to lunch together, the Star blew up in front of a group of fellows also going to lunch. This was before the elevator, and right in front of the closed door of Harper's sanctum.

The Star pointed his cane at this august door, narrowly missing the glass, and declaimed:

"The autocrat who signs expense-accounts in there has yet to fall afoul of me. Some benign providence has so far prevented any clash. But the time will come—unless the Old Man gets back soon. Two antagonistic temperaments such as ours—"

"Better speak lower," somebody cautioned.

"I would be glad to hasten the inevitable," went on Lance in the same tone, which, however, was not loud enough to penetrate the door. "Just let him give me a single call-down, one criticism



"There's some kind of frame-up here!" Harper blustered. . . . And he stood over the man as he called the number.

about style, one objection to an expense-item, one comment upon the fact that I smoke cigarettes in the wash-room! The man knows nothing—"

The elevator came up just then, and we stepped in.

"—knows nothing, learns nothing, does nothing. He is the most beautifully manicured, but most thoroughly cross-bred jacks ass in the Northwest."

The Star continued in this vein all the way down the elevator-shaft. Old Billy, the elevator-man, grinned, and Miss Grey said: "Why, Lance!"

And yet what had Harper done to the Star? Nothing. Indeed, he had not been doing anything much, except in a few minor matters. It is true, he had pasted some new notices on the newsroom bulletin-board, such as "Employees with business on the second floor will please walk down to the main floor," and, "An unusual number of cigarette-stubs are picked up lately in the newsroom by the night janitors. Remember the rules." And, "Poker games at any hour are strictly forbidden." It is true that he had abolished the bonus for the "best story of the week," that weekly life-saver for which the Old Man had argued so hard with Mr. Duke. One cannot deny that he had invented a system of having

the head copy-boy keep tab on arrivals in the morning, and that he had hinted to Fred Flint that late comers would "get it" in due time. It is also of record that he did a thing never before ventured by the Old Man or anybody else: He had questioned the society editor's cab bills; and when she tore up his note, he had given her two weeks' notice and had told her—her, a dignified lady of forty-five, and a friend of the Owner's wife—that she could not regard herself as privileged.

But this was all. He had not, as expected, killed any story because it offended an advertiser nor had he, after lunching at the Managers' Club, brought in a "hot tip" and then become angry because the staff could not verify it. Perhaps we should have got along without any really horrendous event, perhaps the Star might even have been cheated of his "clash," had it not been for that fundamental rivalry between the morning and evening editions. Remember, too, that Harper meant to build up the morning paper, and was terribly conscientious in his resolve.

I might interpolate here that "conscientious" is not a strong enough word to describe the state

of mind of a reporter who has found and developed a "scoop" of the first degree. There are many romantic traditions about the business which are fallacious; but this is not one of them. Even at this day, when the profession is more at the mercy of its Roscoe Harpers than it was, and when many formerly exciting aspects of the work have become obsolete, it is still true that a reporter with an exclusive tip will nurse it, fight for it, stay awake with it, and nearly die if it isn't printed.

ALL this introduces the fact that Lance Merrill, somewhere near the middle of the second week of the Harper régime, ran into a story of the variety just described, and for once became so much interested in getting the mere news that he wasted no time dreaming about phrases. The story concerned the plan of Mrs. Rothwell Montague to obtain a divorce from her husband. Lance had first heard of it from a lawyer's clerk; he had then seen the lawyer himself and encountered a smiling, "You can guess as well as I can." Finally, he had been to Mrs. Rothwell Montague's beautiful apartment on the Boulevard, had lied to the butler, and had so charmed Mrs. Rothwell Montague herself, that she told him all about everything.

To complete the bliss of it all, the Star knew that Mr. Duke, our Owner, did not like Mr. Montague very well.

Lance did not have the details rounded up until nearly six o'clock, which was entirely too late for the evening *Trumpet*. He came to the office, flushed with triumph, too happy even to

smoke; but Fred Flint had gone home an hour before. The Star, bursting with his story, called the city editor on the telephone, and began a synopsis of the scoop that lay ready for the following day.

"Are you talking from the office?" interrupted Flint.

"Yes; now lookahere, Fred—"

"Hang up and go home," ordered the city editor. "Some of that morning gang might overhear you. A night janitor or a cockroach might overhear you. If anything takes that story away from us, I'll drink hemlock."

"As for me, I'll hit the third rail," cried Lance.

"Now, don't you tell a soul till tomorrow."

"Tell anybody, you great Humpty-Dumpty!"

"Well, be careful. 'By."

"'By."

Lance moved away from the telephone, his ears ringing with Flint's caution, his emotions inclining toward anger. He tell anybody? What did Fred think he was? A fool, a poet, a tame cat, a Roscoe Harper? He put on his hat rather more jauntily than usual, and started home.

But whom should he meet at the elevator but Penelope Grey, just leaving Harper's office. She looked bright and happy.

"Oh, Lance, I've got such an elegant assignment—a scoop!"

(We had all this from the Star himself, later on.)

"Have you really?" Lance rejoined, thinking of the enormous scoop that he himself had. "Well, I hope it won't prevent you from going to dinner with me."

"I'm afraid I can't, Lance," replied the girl, looking troubled.

"You see, this is such an important story, and Mr. Harper especially picked me out to get it, and she—the lady I have to see—might go out for the evening."

"We'll telephone her and see that she stays in." And he pushed the bell for the elevator.

As they rode down, a queer sort of devil took hold of Lance. It was a mischievous idea of cross-examining his intended about her story. So easy it would be to fire at her: "What is the nature of the yarn—police, society or politics?" And it would be so easy to make her yield. But fondness for Penelope, coupled with the ordinary decencies of the profession, held him back. Let her have her scoop, and let Harper be happy. The infernal nincompoop might even raise her salary a couple of dollars.

"Now, about that telephoning," he said as they reached the main floor.

"No, I mustn't; I must go," she pleaded.

"Then we'll take a taxi, and I'll ride as far as you'll let me."

Miss Grey sighed and consented. It was really a little awkward to have Lance around just then, good reporter that he was. Still, what if he did learn her secret? He could not print it until the next day, while she, if she were lucky, would easily have two columns on the first page within six or seven hours.

IN the end they climbed into a car at the near-by Grandissimo Hotel, and enjoyed themselves in unprofessional talk for some minutes. But Lance was preoccupied. Try as he might, he could think of nothing but Mrs. Rothwell Montague and her divorce. A demand for two million dollars alimony—the great suburban estate of Silvercrest changing hands—the beautiful, beautiful details!

And Penelope said: "I'm having a dreadful time to keep from telling you my exclusive tip. But Mr. Harper would never forgive me."

"Don't think about it, my dear; your reputation as a newspaper reporter—"

They bumped on in silence.

"Now I think you'd better get out," said Miss Grey presently.

"Oh, I can keep on across the bridge," he protested. "I don't suppose you're going to the county jail."

They scurried across the bridge.

"Lance," broke out Miss Grey suddenly, "I just have to tell you. I don't care what Mr. Harper thinks."

The Star actually stopped his ears.

"You mustn't, Pen; you mustn't."

"Well," she cried, nervously laughing, "I might as well tell you as let you stay here. Suppose you went all the way to the house."

Opportunely the taxi-driver now stopped, opened his window and cried:

"Did you say the corner of Maple and Evergreen?"

"It's the Greenvale Apartments, I want," Penelope told him.

At this, Lance bent upon her a suspicious and penetrating stare. It must have been, he thinks, that he suspected the secret all along.

"Are you," he demanded, "going to see Mrs. Rothwell Montague?"

"Yes, I am, Lance."

"Damn the luck to hell!" the Star exploded.

"Why, Lance!"

The taxi drew up under the carved porte-cochère of the Greenvale Apartments. But at this point Lance asserted himself. He stuck his cane through the chauffeur's open window, and ordered: "Drive to that tea-room around the block."

He would answer no questions, and respond to no protests, until they were seated at a table. Then he lit a cigarette, and said:

"Now, Pen, since you have a part of the Montague story, you may as well have it all."

And carefully but with a bitterness for which he may be excused, he delivered into Miss Grey's astonished ears the particulars of the divorce, including the proposed alimony and everything else. At the end he gazed at his betrothed very sternly and demanded: "Where did you get your tip?"

"Why, from Mr. Harper, as I told you."

"And who the devil told him? Look here, Pen—the whole thing is fishy. Harper's got spies on me. . . . I won't stand it."

"He said a lawyer told him," asserted Penelope, pale and unhappy.

"A lawyer! What lawyer would tell anything to that mutt? I say, Pen, I'm going back to the office, and tell Harper where he gets off on this thing! I say, you won't mind, will you?"

"Mind your quitting?"

"I mean, care if you don't have the story—Oh, Lord, what a muddle the thing is!"

Miss Grey eyed her plate. Then she looked up and said, a bit sadly: "Lance, I think it was your story all along. And I'll go back with you, and help persuade Mr. Harper to hold it."

MR. HARPER was just going to dinner when the pair entered. But he graciously consented to delay a few minutes. And he sat down, and offered them chairs—that is, he offered Miss Grey one. Lance he did not seem to remember, in spite of having so highly praised his "stuff."

"I," said the Star, "am Lancelot Merrill, of the evening staff."

"How are you, Merrill?" returned Harper. "Well,"—swinging around in his chair,—"to what do I owe this joint visit?"

"Mr. Harper—" began Miss Grey miserably.

"Wait, let me talk to 'im," grandly interrupted the Star. He leaned forward gracefully with one hand on the big desk and the other gesticulating with his cane. (This is as the Star tells it.)

"Now, Mr. Harper," he said, "here is what has happened: I got onto this Montague divorce this morning. I worked it up thoroughly, nailed an interview with old Cleopatra herself, rounded up every blessed detail, and now—now I find a member of the morning staff out on the same story."

"Well, that isn't anything surprising," said Harper calmly. "We get tips the same as you do, you know."

The "we," meaning the "morning camp," helped to infuriate Lance.

"You haven't any right to this tip," he scowled.

"Why haven't I?" scowled back Harper.

"Because it's my tip, and my story."

"Really? I thought I was supposed to be in charge of both papers."

"A hell of a lot of supposing!" retorted the Star, leaning over toward his outraged superior. "Look here: I'll stump you to get this story away from the evening edition. I'll stump you to print it." By this time Lance's attitude was so insulting that Harper became nettled.

"What do you mean, coming in here and giving orders to me?"

"I'm not giving you orders. I'm daring you to print the yarn."

Harper flushed, and made a note—a note, probably, to Freddy Flint. Next he turned to Penelope Grey.

"Did you bring in this young peacock to call me down?" he inquired.

"No, Mr. Harper," answered Penelope, with proper and habitual humility; "the fact is—"

"The fact is," blustered Lance, "she's a good little newspaper sport, and she knows this is my story."

"And," pleaded Miss Grey shakily, "he and I—we—"

"Ah, it seems to me I had heard some gossip," smiled Harper. "Well, no doubt you will wait until Mr.—Merrill, is it?—has found employment elsewhere." He added to the speechless couple, soberly: "You know I make it a rule to advise against persons in the same employment getting married."

At this Lance seems to have gone utterly insane. He slapped his cane threateningly up and down on the desk, and hissed—"hissed" is the way he described it: (Continued on page 111)

Illustrated by *Walter J. Enright*



"Hereafter when you meet
me on the street, say: 'How
do you do, Mr. Foley?'"

Jack o' Clubs

By

GERALD BEAUMONT

His face was scratched from scalp to chin; One eye was closed as he staggered in. "I'm Foley, the Fightin' Cop," says he. "Will you look what a lady done to me?"

Songs of the Southern Station.

CAPTAIN MALLOY of the Southern Station looked thoughtfully at his subordinate. One more patrolman had turned in his star rather than invade the territory of the Forty Strong Gang. A new victim must be provided.

"They call this fellow the Jack of Clubs," explained the Sergeant. "He's supposed to be the best batter in the Department. The night of the stevedore riot in Cesare's place he walked in with the cuffs wrapped around his left fist, and his night-stick in the other, and before they got him out, he registered seventeen home runs. Babe Ruth can't knock 'em any farther."

"Sounds good," admitted Captain Malloy.

"Twenty-two, and built from the ground up. He thinks John L. Sullivan founded the Department, and the dove of peace is something you put in a potpie."

Malloy chuckled. "I've seen the type. Not my notion of a *peace* officer, but sometimes they turn out to be good men. These old fellows let the hoodlums play marbles on their coat-tails. Jack of Clubs, you say? I'll see will Central Station let us have him."

Thus Destiny, acting on that time-honored principle, "When in doubt, lead trumps," took a young cop by the scruff of the neck and chucked him into a game of "High, Low, Jack and the Queen!"

Gerald Beaumont is first, last and all the time a teller of tales. If he lived in Arabia, he'd be telling them in the marketplaces and passing the hat. So far as the films are concerned, he holds the unique record of having lived two months in Hollywood without meeting—or seeking to meet—a famous star, without ever having entered a big hotel or danced in one of the big restaurants.

"Young, is he?"

"Twenty-two, and built from the ground up. He thinks John L. Sullivan founded the Department, and the dove of peace is something you put in a potpie."

"I said 'disperse,'" he reminded. "'Tis the proper police term, and it means 'to cause to separate.' You can use your own judgment."

The Jack of Clubs touched his cap, and departed. But the confident grin left his face twenty minutes later when he noticed that the wooden sidewalks on Sanchez Street mounted in an eighteen-per-cent grade.

"'Up Sanchez' is right!" he muttered. "They ought to give me a derrick."

He debated the matter a moment, and then concluded he had better climb the hill in case the Sergeant should ever ask him

John Francis Foley, Police Officer 421, blue-eyed, jaunty, and with a very conspicuous chip on his shoulder, reported to Captain Malloy, and found himself assigned to a four o'clock to midnight watch in a territory with which he was unfamiliar.

"Along Fifty-fourth to Sanchez," instructed his superior, "up Sanchez to Seaview, north to Vernal, and east to point of commencement."

Then privately he explained to the new man: "Spike Kennedy's fight-club is up there, and the young pugs are inclined to congregate on the corners or in vacant lots. Keep 'em dispersed for your own good."

"Yes sir," said Foley. "Seems like I heard about that gang. I'm to bust it up, Captain?"

The muscles around Captain Malloy's lips twitched a moment.

what Seaview looked like. It was a difficult feat, but he accomplished it.

"So much for that," he commented. "Now, we'll see about this dispersal business."

At the corner of Fifty-second and Hollis, where the First Christian Church rears an immaculate white steeple opposite Pete Rizzoli's very dirty coal-yard, Officer Foley encountered the proprietor of the latter establishment, and recognized in him a brother Knight of Columbus.

"H'lo," said Pete. "What you do up here?"

"Just looking for a little exercise," grinned the Jack of Clubs. "Know anything about a gang of toughs hangin' around?"

The proprietor of the coal-yard hitched at his trousers, and swore dolefully.

"They take five ton of coal out my back-yard, and chuck every damn bit through the windows of Schmaltz' butcher-shop."

"Did, eh? You know where any of 'em live?"

"I know where they all live," said Pete. "Some day I put a bomb in each sack."

"Well, give me their addresses," suggested Foley, "and maybe you wont need no bombs."

Pete complied readily. "In that lot next to the car-barns," he volunteered. "You find 'em now. They meet there every day for plan a li'l hell."

Foley pocketed his address-book.

"I'll walk down there, and look 'em over. Much obliged, Pete."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Pete. "What kind of flow'r's you like best?"

Foley grinned, and tapped the coal-dealer on the chest.

"You remember where the lady found Moses? Well, those are the only kind of flowers for a cop."

Pete looked puzzled.

"Bullrushes!" exploded the Jack of Clubs. "So long!"

He sauntered off, cap over one eye, and lips pursed in a whistle that challenged the world. Mr. Rizzoli gazed admiringly at the officer's retreating figure.

"Bullrushes, eh?" he commented. "That's one tough young cop, all right. I think something goin' bust around here pretty quick."

The prophecy was fulfilled only ten minutes later when eight husky members of the Forty Strong Gang, seated on a lumber-pile, viewed with unfeigned interest the approach of a new cop. Most officers would have heeded the old proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie;" but the Jack of Clubs had his own ideas regarding the importance of first impressions. He vaulted the low fence and advanced stiff-legged after the manner of a terrier approaching a strange dog. The gathering on the lumber-pile was mildly puzzled, but no one moved. Officer Foley continued his advance. Still they sat there watching him. When an irresistible cop encounters an immovable tough, what is it that happens? Never mind! The Jack of Clubs selected the biggest man in the bunch.

"What you doin' around here?" he demanded.

The one addressed favored his interrogator with a languid glance; before looking dreamily off into space.

"Oh," he drawled, "I guess we can sit around here, if we wanna."

"Whang! The descending night-stick smashed a brown derby, and sent its owner rolling backward off the lumber-pile.

The Jack of Clubs grabbed two onlookers and banged their heads together. The others fled. He made no effort to pursue, contenting himself with obtaining the names and addresses of the three that remained. Then he introduced himself.

"Hereafter when you meet me on the street, I want you to say: 'How do you do, Mr. Foley!' We'll begin practicing now. Say it!"

They complied, eyes on his club.

"How do you do, Mr. Foley!"

"That's good; now go on about your business."

They departed, looking rather dazed. The Jack of Clubs checked off three names from his list of addresses.

That was the beginning of the most brilliant campaign ever conducted by a young police officer for the honor of the Department and his own pleasure. Hitherto the Vernal Heights gang had operated on the well-established policy of "starting something" whenever the mood impelled. But here was a cop who believed in starting things himself. He took the initiative, and he kept it. In vain they launched a counter-offensive. One after another



"Butt in, will you?" screamed the Queen of Hearts. "I'll show you one person that you can't bluff. Take that!"

they tried all the old tricks that had been successful in the past. They staged a fake fight in the street when they saw him approaching, and the combatants ran into a stable where the whole gang was hidden, armed with pick-handles. But Foley didn't follow. Had he done so, there would have been one more funeral in the Police Department.

Instead, he bided his time and polished them off individually, checking their names in his address-book, one by one. Many a hard-boiled citizen of Vernal Heights, meandering home at midnight, alone and unsuspecting, discovered the Jack of Clubs sitting patiently on the front steps, awaiting his arrival. These nocturnal encounters were brief but none the less impressive. They usually ended in the victim stumbling up his steps, handkerchief to his nose, and mumbling:

"How do you do, Mr. Foley, how do you do! Yes, Officer, I'll remember!"

It got so bad that they were afraid to go home. Then he varied his attack by swearing to warrants and dragging them out of bed at three o'clock in the morning. There was no chance, at that hour, to get bail—no chance to tip off an influential friend. The charge was always dismissed as soon as they got word to Sheriff Randolph, who was a brother-in-law of Spike Kennedy; but for a few hours the Southern Station had the pleasure of entertaining some of its old enemies.

Rizzoli, proprietor of the coal-yard, proffered his congratulations.

"Atta boy, Jack! I tell the worl' you *some* cop! How you like a li'l grape-juice, eh? Good, I leave something by the door when I close up."

The Vernal Heights Ladies Improvement Club passed resolutions commending Officer Foley; merchants along Fifty-fourth Street stopped him to shake hands; Captain Malloy posted a commendation on the bulletin board.

Small wonder if a young patrolman, thus honored in every direction, should reveal symptoms of that fatal pride that goes before destruction.



W.J. ENRIGHT

Stung to the quick, and humiliated beyond endurance by what now amounted to persecution, the members of the Forty Strong Gang rallied under the standard of Spike Kennedy, former heavyweight champion, and now the proprietor and match-maker for the Vernal Heights fight-club. Other quarrels were forgotten, old feuds buried, and from one end of the district to the other, old and young whispered the ancient shibboleth: "Get that cop!"

They were respectful enough when they passed him on the street, but the "How d'ye do, Mr. Foley!" held a hint of sarcasm, never sufficient to warrant his taking action, but just enough to keep him guessing.

Then for ten days there was a complete lull. Not a window was broken; not one disturbance of the peace occurred. The Jack of Clubs began to fret. He found no outlet for his energy, no excuse for maintaining his reputation. He walked the curb by day and the building-line at night, according to the regulations, but the only bit of rowdyism that occurred was a battle between a bulldog and a tomcat, and that was over very quickly.

"This is a bum beat," he told himself. "If old man Williams was out here now, he'd hang a hammock on the trolley-wires, and snore until the sergeant woke him up."

But the following night, without any warning, the storm broke. It was a girl who trumped the Jack of Clubs, thereby changing the whole aspect of the game.

Before you go any farther, you should know something about Miss Tilly Miller, who had just as much right to the title of the "Queen of Hearts," as John Francis Foley had to his *nom-de-guerre* of the Jack of Clubs. Tilly was a native daughter of Vernal Heights, which meant she was brought up on the streets, and wore overalls until she was fourteen. Her juvenile accomplishments included licking her five brothers, throwing rocks through the windows of the Chinese laundry, and hopping street-cars with a shrill, "Got any election cards, Mister? Got any badges?"

The first bit of poetry she mastered began with, "All policemen have big feet," and ended in a mad dash for safety on the part of the elocutionist. She learned how to do everything except chew tobacco.

When Miss Miller was eighteen, she made the interesting discovery that Nature had endowed her with violet eyes, lustrous black hair, and a voice of considerable sweetness. Forthwith she purchased a fur coat and a vanity box, and when certain admirers among the Forty Strong Gang hinted of their willingness to invest in furniture and a ring, she responded gently: "How d'ye get that way?"

Of course that only increased the number of her suitors. Miss Miller was uncertain whether to burst upon the world *via* grand opera or the silver screen,

but she finally compromised by singing illustrated ballads at Sid Greenbaum's motion-picture house on Fifty-fourth Street. There she became the acknowledged Queen of Hearts of Vernal Heights, and it was in this capacity that the Jack of Clubs first beheld her. The spotlight enhanced the charm of her slim figure and piquant features, and she was singing, with the enthusiastic aid of the gallery:

"I never knew till I met you,
What a beau-ti-ful world it was!"

Alas, for Police Officer John Francis Foley! He fell just as hard as though Cupid had beamed him with his own club. Night after night he dropped in at Greenbaum's Theater at the exact hour of Miss Miller's act, and there he stood, with his mouth open, peering through the lobby curtains at the entrancing vision on the stage. His applause was so emphatic, and his comments to the chief usher so artlessly frank, that the news eventually percolated back stage and reached the ears of the Queen of Hearts.

"A cop?" exclaimed Miss Miller, whose sympathies were entirely with the Forty Strong Gang. "Why, I'll smack his face for him!"

Thus matters stood on the evening when Destiny played one of those little pranks for which it is celebrated. It was all the fault of Sid Greenbaum for hiring a new organist in the person of Signor Roselli, who considered himself quite as important an attraction as the Queen of Hearts. Miss Miller thought other-

wise, and she proceeded to enlighten her accompanist in the lobby shortly after their number was over.

"Say, listen to me, Spaghetti!" began the Queen of Hearts. "The next time you try to drown me out with that bum organ, I'll bang you right on the nose!"

"Bah!" said the Signor. "Eef I drown you, it ees but to spare the audience. Too much tremolo in the voice! You and one lady goat make good duet!"

Bang!

Twenty seconds later two talented artists were engaged in mortal combat, and Sid Greenbaum was out on the sidewalk blowing a police whistle as fast as he could draw breath.

Two blocks away the Jack of Clubs heard the summons. He wheeled in his tracks, clapped a hand to his holster to keep the heavy pistol from falling out, and broke into a run. A very pretty riot was going on in the vestibule of the Greenbaum Theater. Officer Foley, pursuing the methods of a snowplow, bucked his way to the center of the disturbance, and there uncovered Signor Roselli still struggling in the clutches of the Queen of Hearts.

"Here! Here!" he remonstrated. "Cut that out! Leggo of him, lady! Leggo, I tell you!"

He pried open the girl's fingers, releasing the Professor's necktie, and thereby saving its owner from immediate strangulation. Promptly, Miss Miller's disengaged hand doubled up and came into violent contact with Officer Foley's left eye.

"Butt in, will you?" screamed the Queen of Hearts. "I'll show you one person in Vernal Heights that you can't bluff. Take that, and lemme finish this wop!"

Off went Officer Foley's cap, and his cheeks showed the scarlet trail of feminine finger-nails. It needed only encouragement like that to set fifty spectators lunging at him like a pack of wolves. The Jack of Clubs thrust the girl from him, yanked out his night-stick and backed desperately against the wall. He recognized among his assailants Spike Kennedy and other members of the gang. Then he lost his head and fought blindly, with the lust of battle raging in his veins.

Many the bitter hour he later spent in trying to recall just what happened during those next few moments, but it was all a disordered nightmare.

One scene alone was indelibly photographed on his memory. A girl's figure flashed in between him and his assailants. Over her head, the Jack of Clubs aimed a savage blow at a man who was wielding a blackjack. He thought his night-stick reached its intended mark. But it was the Queen of Hearts who went down, dropping sidewise with her hands to her head. The fear that he had killed her smote him with the sudden shock of an icicle driven into his breast. For an instant, everyone drew back. Looking down, Officer Foley saw a tiny trickle of blood moving across a white cheek toward lips that twitched spasmodically. Out flashed a police gun. He ripped forth his commands.

"Stand back, everyone! Grab that phone, Sid—and get an ambulance. Main 40! Boy, get me some water! The rest of you—get t'hell out!"

When the ambulance drew up a few minutes later, the Jack of Clubs, capless and disheveled, was squatting on the marble floor, rocking back and forth with an unconscious girl in his arms.

IT was a badly battered and very dazed young cop who wrote out his report at two o'clock in the morning, and turned it in at the desk. Captain Denny Malloy, sober-faced and gray-haired, had already been informed of the case in detail. He discussed the matter with Sergeant Davis. Both were well aware what might be expected from the newspapers and the public in general. "I'll stand behind the lad if it costs me my job," said the Captain. "The whole thing was probably a frame-up so the gang could jump him. You can tell from the marks on his face he was fighting in self-defense. I believe him when he says he didn't mean to hit her."

"So do I," agreed the Sergeant, "but who else will? His reputation is against him. They're going to operate on her tonight for a fractured skull. Can't you see the headlines in the paper? 'Pretty girl clubbed to death by a cop!'"

Captain Malloy shuddered, and threw up his hands.

"All the same if he's ordered before the Commissioners. I'll stand by him. I know that girl from way back, and they don't make 'em any tougher. Foley was only performin' his duty when they mobbed him. There ain't another cop in the city who'd have the nerve to go into that district, and if the Commissioners break him, I'll take my star off and throw it in the Chairman's face! Keep Foley on his beat, and refer any protests to me!"

Brave words from the head of the Southern Station, but they brought little comfort to the conscience-stricken Jack of Clubs. He could have weathered the storm of criticism from anti-administration newspapers; he could have borne up under the tongue-lashing from the Chairman of the Commission, and the accompanying sentence of suspension without pay, both of which were administered for purely political reasons; but all the blood in his veins turned to water when he went out to the hospital one afternoon to make his peace with Miss Tilly Miller. He was told that she was out of danger, but when he saw her, the Queen of Hearts looked very frail and white, lying there in a hospital bed, with a prim nurse standing by the window.

He tiptoed awkwardly across the room, holding in one fist a bunch of pink roses. He laid the flowers on the bed, and stood there a moment uncertain how to begin his speech. The belle of Vernal Heights recognized him. Her lips moved, and he bent down to catch the message. The low voice, mockingly polite, uttered the submissive salutation he had taught the Forty Strong Gang:

"How d'ye do, Mr. Foley?"

It cut the floor right out from under him, and he went down on one knee, ignoring the nurse.

"For God's sake," he pleaded, "don't rub it in! Don't hand it to me like that! Do I look like a fellow who would try to hurt a pretty little girl like you? The sweetest singer I ever heard in my life! Why, girl, I used to shadow you home every night to make sure that nothing would happen to you!"

WHAT girl of eighteen could resist such a speech as that? Surely not Miss Tilly Miller, who worshiped at the shrine of celluloid queens. It is never a mistake to tell a woman she is pretty. The Queen of Hearts had observed just such scenes as this enacted in the movies. She caressed pathetically the pink roses, and then laid a forgiving hand on the chestnut locks of the Jack of Clubs.

"I shall probably die soon," she whispered, "but I bear no ill will. You may come to see me again, and—and—I might accept some candy!"

Foley's face shone. He got to his feet. "I'll be out tomorrow morning with a barrel," he told her. "Don't talk about dying! You like them roses?"

The Queen of Hearts answered languidly. "Oh, yes. Did you get 'em from the Dago's stand on Forty-ninth?"

He pointed to the embossed card of Gaylord Brothers, the swellest shop in the city. Miss Miller was betrayed into an admiring, "Gee!"

"I'll see if I can get some more," said the Jack of Clubs. "Shall I take any word to your folks?"

"Ma's working," she informed him, "and my brothers are all married. They got troubles enough of their own. Never mind!"

He nodded soberly, frowned, and moved toward the door. Then he paused to look back.

"Greenbaum is going to hold your job open, and pay your salary right along," he assured. "They tied the can to the Professor. I'll be out the first thing in the morning. Good-by!"

The Jack of Clubs departed with his brain in a whirl. Downstairs, he stopped at the office to learn what the rates were for private rooms. The figures staggered him. He jotted down the name and address of Miss Miller's physician, called Dr. Cummings on the telephone, and then spent the balance of the day wrestling with a financial problem. Arithmetic was not his long suit, but he finally achieved a shortcut to the answer by withdrawing his savings from the Mission Bank, and depositing four hundred dollars that night in the wrinkled hands of Miss Miller's mother.

"Who did you tap on the head now?" asked Mrs. Miller. "Your own money, is it? And to pay Tilly's bill? Well, you're a human being after all, God bless you!"

"You don't need to say where it's coming from," advised the Jack of Clubs. "If any more is needed, I can borrow it against my salary. They're going to lift my suspension tomorrow."

Then he went down for a quiet talk with Sid Greenbaum.

"Me?" protested Sid. "Pay her salary right along? Say, do you think I'm Rockefeller? I didn't cave her bean in!"

"I know you didn't," sighed Foley, "but you're violatin' four city ordinances. You'll have to make your aisles three inches wider, and put a new exit to the left of the stage, and remove those advertising signs from the sidewalk, and—"

"Hold on!" protested Sid. "I get you! I always did think a lot of Tilly. What's twenty-five dollars a week between friends? Shall I mail it to the hospital?"

"I'll tell her mother to call," said Foley. "It's very generous of you."

(Continued on page 94)



"My husband," she tinkled, "wrote me that he simply can't make this person out."

Charles Saxby can write, first of all, because he has lived. He has lived in England, France, Italy, Switzerland and the West Indies. He knows the gold coast of West Africa. There the fever nearly got him and he was shipped to the Canary Islands, where he spent a year in hospital. And furthermore he was at one time an actor, besides being at different times a sugar-estate and coconut-plantation manager. "My writing began by accident," he says, "and it has continued that way ever since."

Illustrated by
Charles B. Falls

In Person

By CHARLES SAXBY

AS that announcement flashed again upon the screen, there was a ripple of amusement, faint, polite, with one eye upon the Viceroy, ready to cease or increase with the curl of those vice-regal lips.

His Excellency, it seemed, was pleased to be amused once more, and his smile was brilliantly reflected on the face of Mrs. Rodney Brasier, who, as the assistant commissioner's wife, occupied the place of honor at his right. A bright, birdlike creature, she made a pleasant foil to the Viceroy's gray diplomacy, stamped over with mechanical, official graciousness. All about them was an ancient hall, darkened save for the oblong of light upon the canvas stretched at one end. Moonlight and palm trees beyond the fretted arches, a warm night-wind bringing that indescribable, unmistakable reek of India. All official Agapatam gathered to do honor to this deific descent from the government machine.

Agapatam is an unimportant station tucked away beneath the Eastern Ghauts, and just then it was a little dazed at finding itself suddenly in the limelight. Uniforms, bare shoulders of women, all that pleasant and apparently unshakable British order set down in this Eastern midst! Yet there was an atmosphere, too, a subtle breathlessness which told that those gardens out there were being rigidly patrolled, that all teeming Hindustan was being soothed and watched like some sleeping giant giving symptoms of alarming awakening. In fact, this viceregal tour was in itself a part of that attempted soothing. And on the screen, in very first and private showing, passed those just-arrived, officially ordered films of the great temple of Maha-Quilon.

They slid by in silent, substanceless commotion: Brahmins and nautch-girls, great elephants pacing solemnly out of nowhere, to be lost in it again. Dancing sunlight on waters which could not wet the screen, images looming through dimness and incense,

priests stretching their arms to the empty shadows above the picture.

Then, in puzzling contrast, the subtitle: LEONARD SEARS, CAMERA MAN FOR THE COSMIC NEWS & FILM SYNDICATE, INC., NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS.

The hidden atmosphere deepened, at that. It was a departure from the usual order of things; and just then, in India, any such departure was to be viewed with doubt. But there was nothing alarming in the picture, merely a single figure slimly outlined against a blank wall—a fellow probably in his later twenties, bare-headed, his face, under a shock of rebellious hair, showing with a smooth clearness unmistakably American. His dress was hardly appropriate for even a screen presentation to a viceroy, consisting of a striped cotton shirt turned collarlessly in at the neck, a pair of ancient khaki riding-breeches belted about a thin waist, and leather puttees above worn shoes.

He seemed unconscious of it, though, his gaze coming cool and straight, right off the screen, while his lips moved as if in speech. Perhaps a full minute he held the stage: as he passed, His Excellency's tap on the arm of his chair gave the signal for a burst of ironic applause, and the turning on of the lights.

"Extraordinary!" the Viceroy exclaimed.

"Isn't it, sir!" murmured Mrs. Brasier.

She had been trained in the etiquette for the occasion, always to keep one's face fully turned toward the great man when speaking. She did so now, making much play with her eyes.

Rodney Brasier was thirty-five and still only an assistant commissioner, but his wife had read her Kipling, and she knew how a pretty and clever woman can help her husband up the official ladder. Three days the Viceroy had lingered in Agapatam, waiting until Maha-Quilon should be pronounced politically aseptic for his visit.

They slid by in silent, substanceless commotion: Brahmins and nautch-girls, great elephants pac-ing slowly out of nowhere, to be lost in it again.

In those three days Mrs. Brasier had lost no opportunity of impressing herself upon the viceregal vision. It perhaps did not occur to her that the vision of all Agapatam was also upon her, or that possibly His Excellency had read his Kipling too.

"My husband is at Maha-Quilon arranging for your visit," she tinkled. "He wrote me that he simply can't make this person out."

"That is possible," the other smiled; and Mrs. Brasier went radiantly on:

"But then, Americans are all rather quaint, are they not, sir?"

There was implied compliment in that, and the Viceroy received it with a nod.

"Undoubtedly quaint. We discovered that toward the end of the war."

"I never heard of a camera-man appearing on the films—did Your Excellency?"

"No—but then there are probably many things of which I have never heard," came the reply; and over Mrs. Brasier's face stole the heroic smile of one who realizes a social misstep.

NO railroad defiles the sacredness of Maha-Quilon; so it was in a bullock cart that Sears reached the city secreted amidst jungle and foothill. A brooding place, with an effect of having been too much used for too many thousands of years—forgotten ruins riven by banyan trees, the vast temple with its acres of monstrous fantasy carved in stone, a forest of stone pinnacles and coco-palms rising above a dust-cloud turned blood-red by the setting sun. And through it plowed the bullock cart like some wheeled, gaudy easter-egg, a pair of worn shoe-soles at one window, at the other a motion-picture camera sheeted against the dust.

It was that camera which gave Rodney Brasier the clue as the cart stopped before the rest-bungalow which was the only refuge for a white man in all Maha-Quilon. Red-haired, of a certain sanguine heat, much booted and spurred, Brasier was very conscious just then of being an assistant commissioner with an approaching viceregal visitation on his hands. In these days, with India all stirred up with this new political trash, there was no knowing what might happen. Of course there was Holmby, the crack Indian secret-service man, on the job; but if anything went wrong during the visit, Brasier knew well whose official head would fall. All of these were sufficient reasons—even setting aside the real one—for the snap in his voice as he spoke.

"Are you that photographer fellow we ordered from the Cosmic Films?"



The shoe-soles disappeared, and much like some lean fledgling breaking from a painted shell, Sears descended from the cart. Minus a collar, his khaki faded almost white from repeated washings, he looked negligible enough, but his answer was hardly in keeping with his appearance.

"Photographer?" He echoed the word as though tasting some strange savor. "I don't remember ever being called that before."

Stretching a cramped leg, he glanced at the other for the first time and went coolly on:

"But since you ordered me—I hope the goods are up to specification."

Uninvited, he perched on the veranda-rail and stuck a cigarette in a corner of his mouth. Unaccountably Brasier found himself floundering a bit.

"Oh—beg pardon, I'm sure. Perhaps you are not—"

"I'm probably what you really mean, all right," the other answered. "Len Sears, of the Cosmic: that's me."

"They sent you up here from Agapatam?" Brasier queried.

Sears applied a match to his cigarette. It instantly went out again, because he forgot to puff at it, seeming to regard a cigarette



as simply a completion to his costume. Thus properly adorned, he swung his legs and yawned a reply.

"Never heard of the place. I was down in Colombo when the Cosmic's cablegram caught me. I'd just finished filming Anaradhapura for them, and was waiting for a steamer to get back to Los Angeles."

He paused, at that, and spat over the rail with a flat weariness. "I've been waiting for that damn' boat for three years now, but they always pile another job on me before she comes in."

"How did you get here without coming through Agapatum?" demanded Brasier.

"Coast boat to Pondicherry; then that—pumpkin." With a reminiscent twinge, Sears nodded to the bullock cart. "If this is where I stay, I wish you'd tell the guy to bring my things in. I can't save their bat."

Brasier wondered, at that; the fellow must have come nearly a hundred miles across most secret India, without even a tongue to ease the way; yet he seemed quite unimpressed by it. The sun was setting now in a cleft of the Ghauts, and as though pulled by its sinking counterweight, an enormous moon lifted above the eastern

verge, the tropical night following behind it like a dark and pendant curtain. Palm-branches creaking in the night-wind; under the banyan trees a yogi's half-nude figure seated in meditation before a broken shrine; bellowing conch-shells from behind the temple walls—a beauty so strange as to be almost sinister. And against it this Sears, alien and alone, viewing it all with a detachment as complete as though it were already just that flash of light and shade across a screen into which he was to translate it.

"Good stuff, all this," he remarked with an approving glance. "What kind of a story is it you are going to put on up here?"

"Didn't the Cosmic people tell you that?"

For answer Sears produced a crumpled cablegram, holding it casually out like one presenting unnecessary credentials:

"GO INDIA FILM MAHA-
QUILON SHINDIG GET A
MOVE ON COSMIC."

"By George, what infernal cheek!"

That was Hewitt who spoke; together with Holmby, he had come up while the others talked. Much the youngest, a bit explosive, he stood there, and upon his plump pink face was already a shadow of the dyed-in-the-wool Anglo-Indian to come. Holmby was of a different type, a man who might have been any age from a mature thirty to a young forty-five, while his languid blondeness could have equally been that of a professor, a treasury clerk, or a philosophic ne'er-do-well.

"Rather diplomatic, I think," he said, catching Hewitt's verbal ball. "We are keeping the—er—'Maha-Quilon shindig' pretty quiet until it is over."

"But what's it all about?" Sears repeated. "If I'm to make the films, I'll have to know the script."

There was silence, each of the three Englishmen busy with his own ideas, but all of them equally concerned with what 'it was about.' It was Holmby who most held the ends of these differing ideas. Hewitt's reactions he knew to be conventional. Brasier's more private ones would probably remain hidden under the cloak of official duty. It was this Sears who was still the unknown quantity, and his cool exterior seemed to sprout no clues. In the hush came a wail from the conch-shells, a rattle of drums; and as though gathering those different ideas into one irrelevant answer, Holmby spoke.

"They have just slaughtered the goats before the image of Doorga in the temple of Shri Raganath—and that is largely what it's about."

"And the Calcutta crowd are going to haul the Viceroy up here to butter up this lot of beastly religious fanatics!" Brasier gloomed.

"We were burning heretics in England not so many hundred years ago," Holmby reminded him.

"It's all rot, this dragging His Excellency about India to stir up loyalty to the throne," said Brasier. "The day for that sort of thing is past."

The glow had almost faded, and the triumphing moon was painting its own wan world. Across the road the seated yogi stood out in the battle of the lights, half in silver, half in red shadow. With a glance at the stone pinnacles of the temples towering above the palms, Holmby went on:

"Twice-born Brahmins, and the millions too base to be touched—temples and filth—Allahabad cotton-factories, the stinking alleys of Benares and the world of the gods—famine and the bloody jewels of Bikaneer—just India, in fact!"

"You had better add the Rishi Ramdien," Brasier put in.

There was almost a sneer in that, the sudden savagery of a man secretly tried, but it left Holmby untouched. He did not even trouble to triumph as he answered:

"It is being kept quiet, but they caught the Rishi Ramdien up in Lucknow this morning. I had suspected him of being here; that is why I was holding off the—er—shindig; but now we can go ahead in two days."

"Two days," Hewitt echoed, strapping a plump leg with his riding-crop. "A lot can happen in that time."

He laughed loudly; probably he meant nothing; but to a man with a sore foot all the world seems bent on stepping on it, and Brasier flamed sullenly.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded, and Holmby spoke with a quick lightness:

"I hope he means dinner, for one thing. Meanwhile,"—he smiled with a glance at Sears,—"we might at least offer this chap a drink and a bath."

It was much later that Holmby followed to where Sears had wandered off toward the temple. To know what people were about was Holmby's business, and he had already been through Sears' baggage. Except for the motion-picture camera and a ukulele in a green baize cover, the fellow seemed loose upon the world with only a single battered suitcase, in which socks and underclothes were used as stuffing between bottles of photographic chemicals. With his seeming habit of strange perches, Sears had draped himself upon some carvings fallen from a riven ruin. His ukulele was upon his knees, and he whistled "The Rosary" softly to himself, dragging its syrupy sentiment from the strings meanwhile. Above the palms the moon rode high, a terrible splendor of a dead world illuminating a planet still awash with life. Spread on those fallen figures, another extinct cigarette pasted to his lower lip, Sears might have been some young genius of the modern spirit, negligently throned on the overturned idols of a past age.

"What is that guy about?" he asked, nodding to the figure of the yogi faintly outlined between the trees. "He seems to do nothing but sit."

"He's getting to his own heaven in his own way."

"I get you," Sears answered. "I must have a thirty-foot flash of that. This god-stuff is popular since the war."

"You'll have a riot on your hands if you try to photograph those Yogi fellows," Holmby warned. "Then we'd have to trot the Viceroy back to Madras for safety."

"Well, there's at least one of you who wouldn't object to that," Sears offered.

Holmby saw that for all his detachment this young man had an uncomfortably clear vision. He seemed already to have penetrated something of Brasier's state of mind.

"That would rather spoil your films, though," Holmby laughed, and the other yawned a reply:

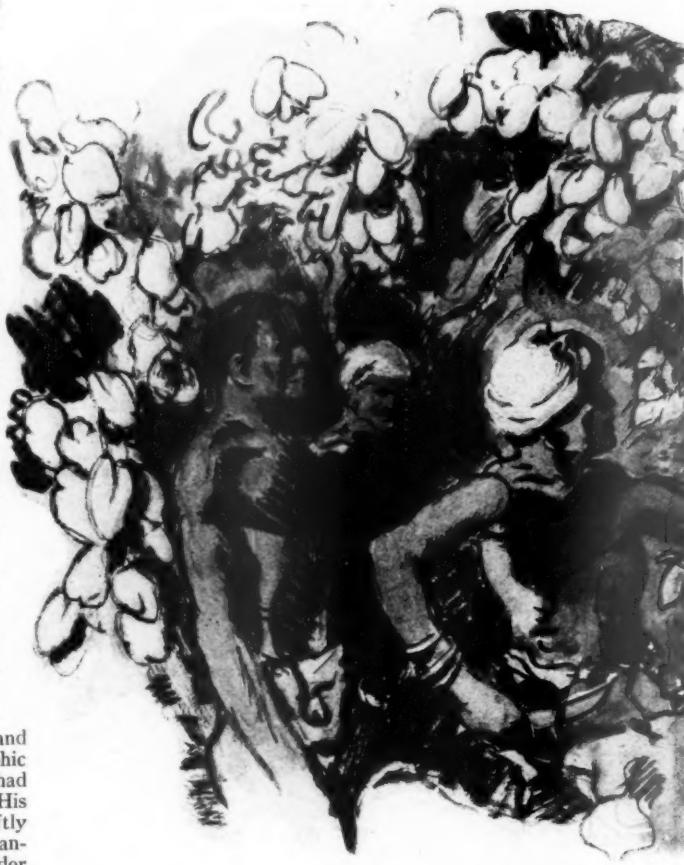
"A riot is good stuff too."

"But uncomfortable to be in."

Sears sat up, at that, and Holmby could imagine the glance coming from those shadowed eyes. A glance critically aloof, as if the magic night, that dimly looming temple, Holmby himself, and all this strangely impenetrable India, were merely a picture which he was taking.

"How could I be in it if I'm filming it?" he asked. "Did you ever see a camera-man butt in on the action on the screen? . . . There's something funny about that," he went moodily on. "Lord, the film I've taken in my time—a hundred miles of it, at least; and never once have I seen my own face on the screen."

There was a wistfulness in that, the curious longing of the artist for his public. Through it Holmby caught a glimpse, as of a different world compounded of dark-rooms and the blank viewpoint of a camera-lens, through which Sears moved in an un-



reachable place which was not of the screen nor yet of the story.

"Creation is a secret thing," he agreed. "It would rather give the show away if the maker of it appeared in person on the stage."

"There'd sure have to be a mighty good reason," nodded Sears. "Now, then, what's the story?"

Holmby was silent for a moment, considering his reply. Then it came with a brutal brevity which matched the other's detachment:

"The story for the next few years is going to be—do we continue to keep India or not?"

"And where does this Rishi Ramdien come in?"

Holmby was generally silent when the Rishi Ramdien was mentioned. A Brahmin who had renounced his caste, a product of three European universities, the Rishi now hung in a limbo of his own, between people and government—a prophet to the one, a pestilent nuisance to the other, and something of both and a really great man besides, in reality. Using the Brahmin traditions to establish himself as a holy man, he preached Marxian socialism and the self-determination of nations. Holmby admired him frankly—and for official reasons of government, cheerfully hoped that now he was caught, he would be promptly hanged. One thing the secret-service man faced flatly was that the first business of a government is to continue itself. But when Holmby's answer came it was, as usual, apparently irrelevant.

"You have seen England? London—that terrific liability to the whole world; Manchester, and the collieries and cotton spindles of the north! Fifty million mouths to feed, a *Frankenstein* monster of industrialism to be sustained by trade unless it turn and devour its own flesh. We are not as proud of it now as we were while making it. But if we lose these dominions beyond the seas, that all goes down, and its passing would shake the whole existing order of the world in one ungodly smash—your own country included."

He stopped, and there was only the night-breeze creaking the palm branches overhead, a brazen gong from some shrine within



Things began to happen in that grove. Bodies, bronzed and half nude . . . at a sign from the yogi they came rolling forward like a wave.

the temple walls, and the immobile figure of the yogi with mind and senses turned inward upon eternity.

"I'm next," Sears said with a glint of enthusiasm. "That is where your real drama lies. I can work it into the films; I have some English stuff—just flashes: up the Thames, all boats and gayety; a miners' strike in Wales; thatched cottages and Piccadilly. All right, brother; I've got my script now."

"Don't forget it is the Viceroy who must be the principal figure," Holmby warned.

"You have to hang it all on somebody, of course," Sears absentmindedly replied. "The trouble is that you never know what character is going to run away with your scenario."

"Remember that these are official pictures."

"All the same—they are just pictures, aren't they?"

That came with a blankness which told Holmby he would have to be content. He doubted if the other himself knew what that answer really meant. Looking at him, cross-legged on those fallen carvings, it struck Holmby that to appear in person on those films would mean that Sears would have to sacrifice something of that detachment of his. A queer thought; Holmby couldn't quite catch it—the maker of it all coming out from behind the veil of where he really was, to mingle in the vicissitudes of an unsubstantial play.

It was Brasier whom Holmby next encountered as he returned to the bungalow. Pacing the shadowed veranda under masses of

moon-silvered vines, Brasier made a handsome figure in his rather violent way—but as Holmby reflected, an uncomfortable one to be married to. Brasier seemed one of those men who can neither live in peace with, nor be happy away from, anyone to whom they are attached.

"More orders," he grated as Holmby came up. "That photographer fellow will have to get busy in the morning; they want some pictures sent down to Agapatam at once."

"Probably to entertain His Excellency while he waits."

Brasier paced again in silence, then shot a sudden question.

"Look here, why not bring him up and get it over with?"

"I'm not ready yet," Holmby answered. "There's something up here which I can't make out—nothing tangible, but a sort of atmosphere, something one can't pin down because your hand goes right through it."

"Then how much longer do we have to wait about, for God's sake?"

"A day or two, at most."

Holmby was sorry he had said that; it brought too vividly back Hewitt's laughing remark as to what might happen in the space of two days.

Whitely outlined against those masses of purple and silver bougainvillea, Brasier looked a man driven by inward stress. A sight of Sears crossing the road offered relief for his hidden anger.

"Is that all the clothes that fellow (Continued on page 130)

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

When Owen Johnson was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, everyone who knew him realized that he had the honor coming to him for his great work during the war, to say nothing of his literary achievements. He came by writing quite naturally, however, for his father was for many years a magazine editor and afterward our Ambassador to Italy.

Blue Blood

By

OWEN JOHNSON

The Story So Far:

TO the house of Majendie had come a double crisis: Alonzo, head of this old, wealthy and aristocratic New York family, and president of a great banking institution, had ventured an important *coup* at the wrong moment, and collapse was certain next day unless enormous funds could be found to save him. In a similar emergency some years before, Majendie's beautiful daughter Rita had saved the family fortunes by marrying Silas Kilblaine, a roué who, until his death, made her pay dearly for her bargain. Recently Dan Haggerty, a young, extremely forceful and wealthy man, whose wife was in a sanitarium, had sought to win her. She said to him: "My dear Dan, the only sensation I am capable of is the sensation of combat, the excitement of a duel, which I am certain to win, and that sensation ends when I have won. That is why, Dan Haggerty, you will never have me."

But after he had left, Rita's father told her of his danger, told also that the man who had forced the corner that was crushing her father was Dan Haggerty himself. And at once she summoned Haggerty again. She said to him:

"Don't let's waste words. You've won. I acknowledge it. I've called you here to make a bargain with you. . . . Save him, and I am yours whenever you wish it."

Haggerty accepted at once, and as president of the Sea Line Trust Company, and by the terms of her proposal, gave her a check for five million dollars.

"Give it to your father," he said. "Your word is sufficient. When I want you, I'll call you, as you have expressed it."

Six months later Haggerty returned from a long trip through Europe and Mexico. He had made no demand that Rita fulfill her bargain; but her father—unable to imagine any other terms as the price of Haggerty's aid, and further suspicious because Rita had made a European trip while Haggerty was there—refused to believe in her innocence.

And now Haggerty asked Rita to marry him, for his wife had died at an asylum. But Rita—believing that he had sprung a business trap upon her father for the sole purpose of capturing her, averred that she hated him, and demanded that he give her back her freedom. He refused—and Rita summoned her other suitor Captain Daingerfield. (*The story continues in detail:*)



She held them with a look. "How I belong to him, I wish him to tell you. . . . Look at me, both of you. You have my honor in your hands. Remember that. Decide my life."

Chapter Twelve

WHEN Mrs. Kilblaine had returned from Europe, Captain Daingerfield met her at the dock as a matter of course, attended to her baggage and escorted her to her home. During her absence he had supervised her stable and seen to it that her entries for the horse-show were kept in proper condition. It was a relationship long since established and accepted as a matter of routine on both sides.

Now for the first time his *amour propre* was wounded by the eccentricities of her moods. They had always been the frankest of chums, and if this fell far short of his hopes, it at least spared him the petty tyrannies of the ordinary sentimental attachment. To his amazement, he found himself in contact with a new Rita, a woman of indecision and changing temperament. At one moment she was all graciousness; at the next her capriciousness drove him frantic. There were days when nothing he did could



please her, when she remained moodily aloof, captious and even openly hostile. The next, she would relent and send for him in a burst of remorse, atoning for the miserable hours she had inflicted on him with a sudden return to her old cheerful *camaraderie*. Not being, as he was the first to admit, of an analytical mind, he accepted this changed and changeable nature patiently, but without comprehension, vaguely alarmed and brooding over its portent.

When, therefore, in the second week of her return—the day of Haggerty's arrival—she had suddenly countermanded her plans for an afternoon ride in the park and summoned him to the intimacy of her own salon, he was not surprised. He had gone to her from his game of bridge with a vague hope that the moment had arrived when the mystery of her behavior would be disclosed to him. When he arrived, he found her nervous and agitated. She gave him her hand in a short perfunctory way and said:

"I'm out of sorts. Do you mind if we don't ride today? Sit down."

"If you'd rather I cut out—" he said after one apprehensive glance at her face.

"No, no. I want you to stay," she said hastily. "Sit down. Smoke. Make yourself at home. Don't mind me. I'll pull myself together."

"Oh, that's all right," he said cheerfully, obeying her directions. She brought him cigars, lit a match and returned to the fireplace, her arm on the mantel, lost in a reverie that was unaware of his presence.

"Dick, I've been beastly to you," she said, turning suddenly. "Forgive me."

"Oh, well, what of it?" he answered, smiling. She came forward to the sofa and sat down by his side, looking at him.

"Dick, you've never seen me like this before, have you?" she said abruptly.

"Anything worrying you?" he asked solicitously.

She laughed, and rose again, but almost immediately returning to his side, she extended her hand and laid it over his.

"Dick," she said impulsively, "I am going to ask—"

He waited, but all at once the expression in her face changed, and she drew back, frowning.

"No, wait—not yet."

"Look here, Rita, you *are* upset," he said, astonished.

"No, don't talk. Let me think."

She sprang up nervously, made a turn of the room and then came to the sofa, standing at his side, looking down at him with such earnestness that he cried: "Why do you look at me like that?"

"I am wondering if I really know you?" she said in a low voice.

"Know me?" he replied, laughing. "What the deuce are you driving at? You've known me since we made mud-pies together."

She shook her head. "And yet—I wonder?"

"I say, I don't get that. I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "I'm afraid I'm not rather quick at getting things."

"Do we ever absolutely know anyone?" she continued moodily, as if questioning herself. "We think we do, and then a crisis comes—something extraordinary—" She answered some unspoken question with a shrug of her shoulder, and then resuming her seat, said rapidly: "Oh, yes, I know pretty well what you'll do under ordinary circumstances. I know your code. It's the code of a man of the world—of a gentleman. Of course, you've had your affairs—you must have had many affairs; yet I know you have never mentioned the name of a woman."

"My dear Rita, that's only saying I'm not a—cad."

"No, no, it's not so common, nowadays," she said, clinging to her opinion. "I like that in you. A woman's name and a woman's honor will always be safe in your hands. That's a good deal, Dick."

The intensity she put into this assertion surprised him. He glanced up, and was thrilled at the look in her eyes.

"It's an old-fashioned way of looking at things."

"Perhaps. I've studied you a long while, Dick, and I know you," she said quietly. "If you married, and your marriage proved a tragedy,—no matter what the provocation,—you would never drag before the public the woman who had borne your name."

"No, never. You know my views on that subject," he replied, wondering at this interview, which more and more assumed the tone of a cross-examination.

"Yes, Dick; and what is more, I know that you have lived up to them. I happen to know that in one case you kept your faith under very painful circumstances—when it hurt to do so. These are the ordinary things in life—the things that can be foreseen."

"I see," he said wonderingly. "Then it's something different?"

"Yes, something quite different," she answered, in a low voice, "something extraordinary."

"Look here, Rita!" he exclaimed, frowning. "It must be something difficult. You're not running true to form. You've always met things like—well the way you take a fence in the hunting field—up and over! By George, it must be damned tough if you hesitate!"

"Yes, I am hesitating," she said hurriedly. "Have I the right to put you to such a test?" she added, as though to herself. "Yes, have I the right to bring you into this?"

"I'm not quick, I know," he said anxiously; "but I've felt, I've realized, well, ever since you've come back, that something's gone wrong."

She drew up instantly, alarmed and defiant.

"How have I shown it? What makes you say that?"

"You see, I love you," he declared, troubled at the sudden antagonism in her look. "I happen to be hopelessly, head-over-heels in love with you. That makes the difference. You feel things—and I have known—well, I've known for days that you've been going through hell, somehow."

"There's one thing I want to explain to you," she returned, watching him as he paced nervously about the room. "I should have told you long before. Dick, you're an awfully good sort, and I have been beastly to you."

"Oh, a good sort?" he took up, with a gesture of irritation. "Yes, that's the beginning and end of me. Damn it! Everyone says I'm a good sort. Even Uncle Ben said so, after I'd sunk a hundred thousand dollars of his coin in that patent dredger. I'm just a little sensitive, Rita, about this good-sort stuff. It's all very well, but it doesn't get you very far with a woman—not a woman like you."

"You're wrong," she contradicted, smiling at his outburst, and impulsively added: "It's just your sort of man that isn't difficult to marry."

"That may be so—but where does *my* experience bear it out?"

"I don't know why you've stuck to me all these years," she said, looking at him profoundly.

"What the devil did I have to do with it?" he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "I couldn't help myself: that's all. Can't remember when I wasn't in love with you. Fate—that's all. After you married Kilblaine, I tried—good Lord, how I tried—to fall in love with a dozen women. No use. It's sort of born in me, I guess—to be loyal to one idea, like being a Republican and an Episcopalian."



"I came near marrying you six months ago," she declared, point blank.

To her surprise, he shook his head, unconvinced. "Never thought so."

"Why not?"

"Because you've never cared for me that way, Rita. Oh, good friends—pals—all that sort of rot! But love? No. I've known you too long to fool myself."

"You know, Dick, I'm going to surprise you," she said with a smile.

"Go ahead."

"I always meant to marry you in the end—even as a young girl."

"No!"

"Fact!"

"Even when you used to treat me rough?"

"Even then."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"You know why I didn't; you know why I married Mr. Kilblaine," she added with a shrug of her shoulders. "We've never talked about it, but of course you must have known my reasons."

sudden heat suffuse her face. She sprang up hastily and turned her back on him.

"Of course I know," he began lamely, "that there was trouble six months ago. But you went through that all right, didn't you?"

"Yes, I went through that," she said with an effort.

"Well, then?"

She started to reply and then hesitated. Seeing her unwillingness, an idea came to him.

"Do you mind if I ask you something?" he said. "You needn't answer if you don't want to."

"What is it?"

"I rather thought—in fact, Rita, I'd made up my mind you'd marry Dan Haggerty—now that he is free."

"Why do you think that?" she asked, chilled at the thought of what he might have guessed.

"Well, because I saw you liked him—very much. In fact, I'd rather made up my mind you would marry him."

"I hate him!" she cried with an involuntary outburst which she immediately regretted.

"I don't understand," he said, staring at her.

"No, no, that's foolish!" she exclaimed, hurriedly.

"I didn't mean that."

"Yes, Rita, you *did* mean that," he denied, obstinately. "This sounds pretty serious. What is it you've been trying to tell me all this time?"

"Dick, I can't!" she confessed, after a long breath.

"You can't?" He came closer to her. "Rita, Haggerty has got some hold over you or your father, hasn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, inaudibly.

"I'm beginning to see," he mused. "You went to Haggerty that night—"

"Dick!"

Her cry stopped him. They stood a moment, staring at each other. Then she made up her mind.

Do you care for me

"Dick, don't guess, don't guess, even! enough to obey me blindly, unquestioningly?"

"Yes, but—look here," he said with an outburst of anger, "you're not going to marry him unless you love him—understand that! Not for your father's sake or anyone else's sake! No matter what was promised!"

Her panic left her. At least, that was all he suspected.

"Wait a moment." She drew her hand across her forehead. "Until I see Mr. Haggerty—and I shall see him now soon—I have no right to say anything further. Afterward—"

"Well, afterward?" he took her up, quickly.



There was a crash, and a saucer broke on the floor as Rita rose. "I'm afraid my nerves are bad too," she said. "Your story is rather gruesome, monsieur."

"Well—your father's position was pretty well understood," he admitted.

"Did everyone realize that?"

"Yes, rather."

"I suppose so," she said, lost in a moment's reverie.

Suddenly he seemed to see light through the obscurity of this interview.

"Rita, is there anything to prevent you now?" His voice trembled a little; he took a step forward, then stopped. "There is. That's what you've been trying to tell me?"

She looked at him, and to her own astonishment, she felt a

"Afterward," she said slowly, "it may be just possible that I may have to ask of you as much as any woman has a right to ask."

"I don't understand."

"I don't want you to—now."

"But you were going to tell me—"

"I was. I can't. I'm asking you to trust me completely and to leave everything in my hands. If I am forced to it, if there is no other way out, you shall know everything without the slightest reservation. No—don't question me any further. I'm dreadfully in need of your loyalty and your trust. Am I asking too much, Dick?"

"No, no, of course not."

"Mr. Haggerty is probably coming shortly," she said slowly. "Can you come back in about an hour—and wait for me in my sitting-room until I send for you? Oh, it's nothing melodramatic," she assured him at his movement of surprise. "We don't do things that way. But I wish to see you immediately afterward."

"I will."

"And you will be absolutely guided by me," she said, "even if—"

"Even if—what?"

"Even if I ask you to forget everything I've said," she finished, slowly.

"I know you are in a devil of a hole," he declared, abruptly. "You need something from me. That's sufficient."

"Thank you," she said as she gave him her hand. "I know now that I can count on you for anything."

Chapter Thirteen

THE moment Captain Daingerfield entered the room, that fateful day when Rita summoned him to join Haggerty and herself, Haggerty perceived by the questioning look in his eyes that he was not entirely in the secret. Up to the present, then, no deliberate trap had been laid for him. What she had done, she had done on the inspiration of the moment as a final threat. For he did not believe for a second that she had any intention of proceeding further.

"What a woman! What nerve!" he said to himself grimly, with an involuntary movement of pride in what he loved.

"You sent for me, Rita?" said Captain Daingerfield.

She turned, indicating the third with a slight movement of her eyebrows.

"Mr. Haggerty."

"How are you?" Daingerfield said without emotion; and gravely he advanced, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Wait!" Her voice stopped him. "It is not necessary to shake hands."

He turned, nonplused, and stood frowning. Haggerty had not moved, waiting developments, smiling and expectant.

Rita came forward, and with a gesture indicated to each a chair.

"Sit down." She waited until they had taken their seats, the desk between them; then she came forward until she stood near them, and when she spoke, it was quietly and with a studied gravity. "I am about to do an unusual thing. I am going to do it, because I am driven to do it." She waited a moment, looking at Haggerty for some sign of relenting. "Because this is the only possible way out of the situation in which I find myself! Each of you has asked me to be his wife. If I were free to choose, I would marry you, Dick—tomorrow."

"Free to choose! What do you mean, Rita?" exclaimed Daingerfield, starting up.

"Sit down, Dick," she replied, without departing from the tired, unemotional quiet of her voice. "Don't interrupt me. And this must be thoroughly understood: You are not in the slightest bound by anything you have said in the past. You are absolutely free of any obligation until you know the facts—all the facts."

"The facts!" he cried, and suddenly his glance went to Haggerty.

"I have brought you two together to decide my life," she continued, "because you two have the right to make that decision. I shall expect you both to remember that my good name—that a woman's honor—is in your hands. You will both remember that you are here in my home, and that under no circumstances, no matter what the provocation, can there be the slightest scandal. You are men of honor. I shall trust you."

For the first time Haggerty spoke.

"Both?" he asked with his ironical smile.

"Yes, both!" she replied, after meeting his glance a long moment.

"Thank you for that."

"There is only one thing to be considered," she resumed, averting her glance again. "It is my life that you two, here, between you, are to decide. —Mr. Haggerty," she said, suddenly turning on him, "I have decided to marry Captain Daingerfield, but only if after a full knowledge of all the circumstances he does me the honor to ask me to be his wife. You understand what that means. I wish everything to be told. I wish nothing to be withheld, in justice to me—in justice to him."

"One moment," Haggerty said, sternly. "I happen to be a little concerned in this, too. If the truth is to be told, I warn you I shall tell all the truth."

"That is what I wish."

"That means from the beginning to the end, omitting nothing."

"That is your right," she said coldly.

"But damn it, what has Mr. Haggerty got to do with your right to decide?" exclaimed Daingerfield, rising. Haggerty also had risen, drawn to his feet by the challenge in the other man's eyes.

"Because, Dick," she said slowly, "—because I belong to this man."

"By God, Haggerty,"—Daingerfield leaned forward over the desk, "—what does she mean?"

She put out her hand between them, and held them with a look.

"How I belong to him, in what way and why, I wish him to tell you without sparing a single detail." Then as she felt the electric tenseness of the moment doubly charged with danger, she commanded, sternly: "Look at me, both of you. You are in my home. My family is here. You have my honor in your hands. Remember that. Decide my life. I shall be waiting in the next room."

She left them and went slowly to the great Picci doors at the back, stood a moment contemplating them, and then passed beyond.

For a moment they stood rigidly watching each other until the click of the door released their taut nerves. Instantly Haggerty hand shot back to his hip pocket. But no answering movement came from Daingerfield.

"That's one thing I didn't expect from you," he observed, disdainfully.

Haggerty laughed. "Just an old instinct," he returned, quietly, "a habit of finding out what the other fellow may have on him. You see, the situation is rather unusual."

He brought forth a revolver, broke it and flung the cartridges carelessly on the table.

"Sit down," he said abruptly. "This is going to be a rather serious conversation. Now, Daingerfield, let's get at it."

Chapter Fourteen

BEYOND the great Renaissance doors Rita Kilblaine entered her father's salon. To her dismay, she discovered it already tenanted by her sister. She closed the doors quietly and leaned back against them a moment, thinking. Mrs. Chalfonte was at the tea-table, where Phillips was arranging the cups. Evidently she was on her way to the bazaar and could be counted upon to leave shortly. But how shortly? The situation in the other room was tense, and might come to the snapping-point at any moment. At all risks, she must hurry the departure of her sister. She made these observations, quickly and without departing from the stoic decision which had controlled her actions for the last half-hour.

"You haven't brought any lemon, Phillips," said Mrs. Chalfonte, who had not entirely recovered her equanimity.

"Here is the lemon, madam."

"Oh!" She turned to the butler and said fretfully: "Phillips, I just won't wait for Mother any longer. Send word to her that I am leaving in five minutes!"

"Yes, madam."

"Phillips," she said with a sudden inspiration, "tell her the Vicomte de Chapdeloupe and I are leaving in five minutes!"

"Not gone yet?" said Mrs. Kilblaine, coming forward.

Her entrance had been so quietly effected that Mrs. Chalfonte gave a little start of surprise.

"When did you come in?"

"Just now. I expected you'd be at the bazaar."

"So did I," said Mrs. Chalfonte crossly.

"You've made it up with Mother?" said Mrs. Kilblaine, stopping at the table for a cigarette, which, however, she held in her hand without lighting.



"Father!" she cried. "I'm not lying to you. I swear it to you. Won't you believe me?"

"What can I do? Mother is too absurd for words! Really, if you'd speak to her and make her realize that she is a grandmother and not a débutante—"

"No, I sha'n't do that—"

"The only reason Pompon lets her order him around," went on Mrs. Chalfonte irritably, "is because he thinks she's going to find him a rich wife. He is a mercenary little brute, but he says the most delightfully outrageous things and does dance divinely."

"I thought he was coming," said Mrs. Kilblaine.

"I won't wait for *him*," declared Mrs. Chalfonte. "He can jolly well follow on. The way women throw themselves at him has quite turned his head. And here I've been waiting half an hour! You know how Mother is—perfectly impossible. Tea? And all she has to do now, goodness knows, is to put on her hat. A cup of tea?"

"What?"

Mrs. Kilblaine had not heard her. She had been walking thoughtfully about the room, passing and repassing the Picci doors, listening and wondering.

"Didn't you hear me? I said will you have a cup of tea?"

"No—no, thanks."

She went to the table, took up her needlework and sitting down, tried to concentrate on it.

"And if I don't wait for her, there'll be a scene," continued

Mrs. Chalfonte. "Really, you know Mother is getting more difficult every day."

"Oh, Mother's all right if you know how to humor her," said Mrs. Kilblaine absent-mindedly.

"Humor her? That's all right for you to say," her sister retorted. "You impress her with your grand manner. I get the brunt of it. If anything goes wrong, she takes it out on me. As if I didn't have enough to worry about at home! What do you think has happened now? The second governess is leaving, just as the whole kitchen is walking out! Why? Because they can't agree on the Irish republic! That's what we've come to nowadays! Every revolution in Europe upsets your kitchen here! Now I'll have to spend weeks in filthy-smelling intelligence offices. Nice prospect! Rita, you're not listening!" she added suddenly.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Kilblaine, coming out of her abstraction.

"You can be *so* indifferent!" reproached Mrs. Chalfonte. "But of course you've never shown any interest in *my* troubles." She sighed and added: "Tommy's down again with a bad cough."

"Have you had a doctor?"

"Of course I've had a doctor! I live with doctors and trained nurses! How absurd of you to ask that! As if I neglected my children! Really, you can be *so* unsympathetic!"

"I didn't mean to be."

(Continued on page 112)

Illustrated by Harold Anderson

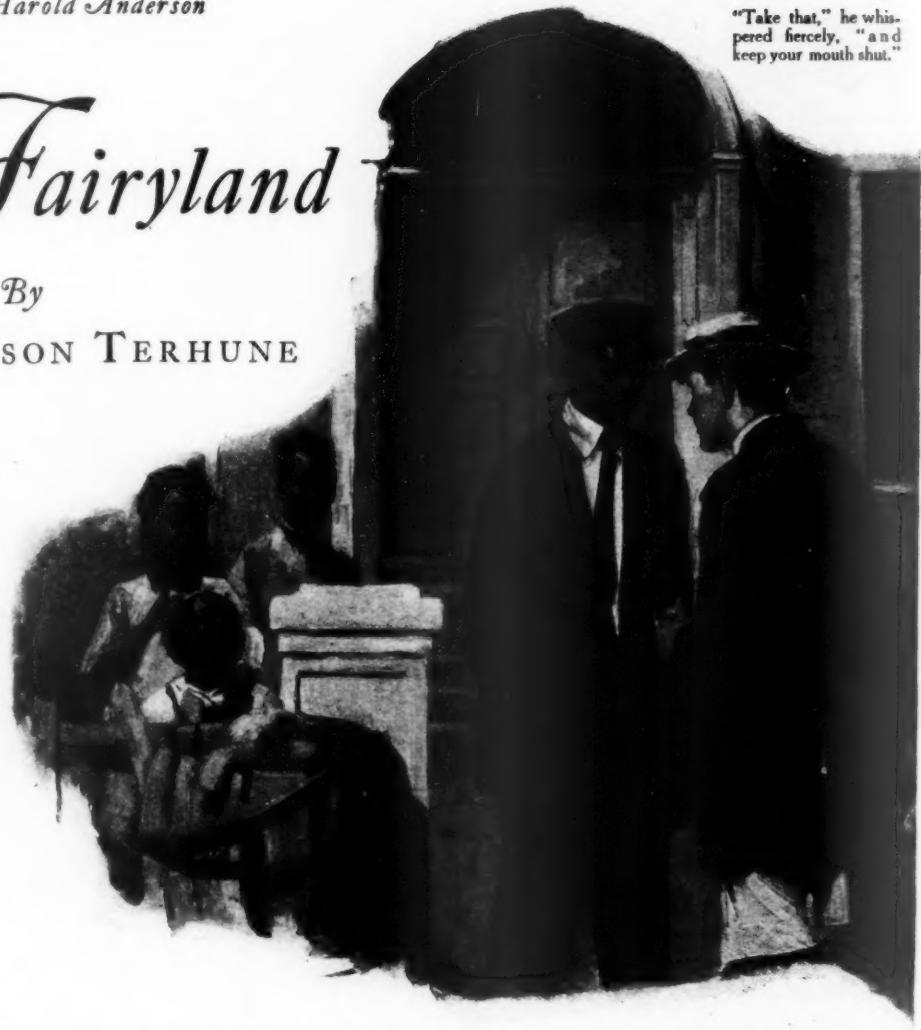
"Take that," he whispered fiercely, "and keep your mouth shut."

Ghost Fairyland

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

If any writing man has done more different things than Bert Terhune,—and done them all well,—he's still undiscovered. The champion amateur heavyweight of New York State, one of the foremost daily journalists of the metropolis, a breeder of prize-winning collies, a wanderer in the Arabian desert, with a voice that starts in his boots and a handclasp that makes you wince—he's real, all through, which is probably why his stories are.



FAUQUIER STREET had the same queer quality which immortalized Frederick Lemaitre's costume in "Robert Macaire." *Macaire*, as your elders will tell you, used to make his first entrance at the top of an up-stage flight of stairs. There he stood, seemingly clad in the height of elegance. But invariably the audience's murmur of admiration merged into a snicker; for on closer study, his ultrafashionable clothes were seen to be a cunningly sewn agglomeration of patches and of darns. He was in rags. Yet until one studied the details, he was appareled as a man of fashion.

So with Fauquier Street. Turn into it—say at dusk—from Beauregard Avenue or from Lee Street, and you behold a wide thoroughfare, bordered by stately double houses of mellowed brick or stone, all set well back from the sidewalk—houses with quaint fan-lights over their broad front doors, with gracious Colonial hallways, with long French windows and deep "galleries" and fluted columns.

Take a closer look,—or view the three-square street in merciless sunshine,—and the ghost of bygone elegance flies affrighted, leaving only a wretched expanse of negro tenements, dump-filled front yards and stuffed paper splotches where window-glass has been shattered by folk too shiftless to repair the damage.

Fauquier Street, years ago, had been the most conservatively pleasant highway in the most conservatively pleasant neighborhood in the ancient Southern metropolis. There had been no logical reason for the sharp wrench of public favor which shifted the residence district across the river and along the slopes and crest of the Cavaliers' Hill development. But that shift had been the deathblow to Fauquier Street and adjoining thoroughfares.

Fashion had departed. The neighborhood was too far from the business district and from the trolley for clerks to take advantage of the slumped prices. For a time Fauquier Street had lain desolate. Then, despairing of paying taxes in any other way, the agents had induced negro families to move in. They came in throngs.

At the new Powhatan Hotel, a mile to eastward, Dick Brennon was registering. He registered himself, his mother, and his mother's trained nurse.

Madam Brennon bore her seventy-one years as most women would be proud to bear their fifty. The long northward journey from Florida had not weakened or tired her. She had made the break in the homeward trip to New York through no fatigue. But the whim had seized her, as she boarded the train in Florida, to stop off for a day at this mid-Southern city of her birth.

Here she had been brought up. Here her long-dead Northern husband had met and won her. Here she had been married; and from here she had fared to New York, which for the next half-century or more was to be her abiding-place. For a decade or so after her marriage she had made yearly visits to the town of her birth. Then the last of her family had died, and the drowsy old Southern city became to her a place of ghosts—a place more full of heartaches than of reminiscent pleasure. And for many a year thereafter, she had shrunk from the twinge of reawakened associations.

Indeed, for the past forty-odd years she had not set foot in her native city, until the present caprice had assailed her as her son and her nurse helped her aboard the train at Miami. At seventy-one such a woman as Madam Brennon can afford caprices.

especially if she has an only son who rejoices to humor them. There was something vaguely pathetic, to Dick Brennon, in his mother's return, under such conditions, to the city of her girlhood. There might have been a thousand of her early friends swarming its streets, for all the good their presence would have done her now.

A year earlier, old age had exacted its first and crudest toll of the brisk little lady, by depriving her of sight. Madam Brennon bore her black affliction not only pluckily, but gayly. She developed a rare genius for finding her way about her home and along hotel verandas, and she still insisted on her Florida winters and her Adirondack summers.

Dick Brennon deposited his



mother and her attendant in their suite at the Powhatan, then went down to the desk to engage a car for the afternoon. For disdaining any idea of a rest, Madam Brennon insisted on spending the remaining daylight hours in driving. She wanted to show Dick her dear birth-city; and she was as excited as a child at the prospect.

Her son shared none of her enthusiasm. Indeed, though he masked the fact from his mother, he felt no enthusiasm, just now, over anything, except the possibility of dying suddenly and soon.

Leaving the desk, he started gloomily across the lounge toward the elevators. Midway he came to a halt, and sought instinctively to step behind a high-backed circular settee he had just rounded.

Yet there was nothing fear-inspiring—certainly nothing repellent—in the sight which had checked his progress and which had made him grow beet-red and shuffle backward in his tracks. On the far side of the settee, in an attitude of none-too-resigned waiting, was a girl. She was graceful and tanned. Most men would have involuntarily paused at first sight of her, instead of starting back as had Dick Brennon.

But if he showed awkwardly masculine signs of dismay at the encounter, the girl gave no hint that it interested her in the least.

"Oh, hello, Dick!" she greeted the red and scowling youth, casually. "I thought you people were going straight through."

"We were," he made shift to mumble. "Then Mother decided she wanted to stop off here. She was born here, you know."

"I didn't know," answered the girl, adding with a tinge of real interest: "I hope the trip didn't tire her, too much."

"No," said Dick, and fell silent.

The girl went on with elaborate carelessness:

"Our train was held up five hours by a washout. You came through a day later, so I suppose you weren't delayed by it. We missed Dad's board-of-directors date, in New York, and so he thought he'd stop off here and horrify his branch office by an unexpected visit. He found things no end tangled, he says. I'm left to amuse myself any way I can. I was just sitting here, wondering whether to go upstairs for a nap or out for a walk. Don't let me detain you if you're in a hurry."

The man nodded miserably assent to the dismissal and took a step toward the elevators. But again she halted him, this time with a question.

"Have you told her yet?" she asked.

"No," he replied glumly, hesitating in his departure. "No, I haven't. I—"

"You promised you would," she accused.

"I know. And I'm going to. But—But—"

"Well?" she challenged coldly.

The young man shrugged his thick shoulders in vexation at her implied charge.

"Look here!" he said with more vehemence and less hangdog sullenness than he had shown. "Here's the idea: The day we left Miami, Mother said it had been her happiest winter for ever so long. She said the whole trip had been 'golden.' The weather and the people and the good times and—and 'a million times most of all,' my engagement to the only girl on earth she had ever been able to endure thinking of as a daughter-in-law."

"I think—" interrupted the girl stiffly.

But he drove on in the same savage self-defense:

"She cares an awful lot about you, Madge. She always has, you know. I think our engagement made her happier than she's been since my father was alive. She said it made her young again, and all that. On the way up from Florida she's been torturing me by—"

"Is it necessary to go into all that?" queried the girl.

"Yes," he returned roughly, "it is, if I'm to answer your question. It'll seem silly to you. But that doesn't matter, now. I wanted her to get home, still childishly delighted about everything, before I make her unhappy by telling her you've canned me. It'd spoil the memory of the whole winter's trip, if I told her now. And it'd make her home-coming a frost. The home-coming, she always looks forward to. After we're back in New York, and the whole outing is a complete memory and can't be

spoiled for her—then I'll tell her. And," he finished, scowling afresh, "I'm not going to tell her till then."

He glowered like a sulky child who braces himself for a scolding. But she did not scold. For an instant she did not speak. Then she said:

"Just as you think best. Perhaps you're right. I—I love her as much as you say she loves me. And I hate to think of making her sad. I'm even cowardly enough to shrink from thinking how she'll hate me when she finds I can't marry her adored son. So I'm rather glad she can keep on being fond of me for a day or so longer. Still," she caught herself up, with a return of her ill-fitting Napoleonic manner, "she must be told, of course, as soon as she gets home. That's only fair. She mustn't be allowed to go on thinking—"

"No," he retorted, "she must only be allowed to go on grieving."

"Is that my fault?"

"No," he said, "it's my misfortune. And hers! I told you, three days ago,—when the break came,—I told you I didn't blame you. Let it go at that."

He started afresh for the elevators. But again she spoke, perhaps with feminine yearning for the treasured last word.

"Of course you don't 'blame' me!" she flashed, her studiously cold manner warming to indignation. "What right would you have to blame me? Any self-respecting girl would have done the same thing. There was nothing else for me to do, when I found what a mistake we had made."

"I didn't say—"

"Down there, under the palms, with the moonlight and the blue water and the sweet laziness and all that tropical stage-setting, and the warm sun and the singing tradewinds," she continued, "it is easy enough to imagine oneself in love. It's easy enough to dream oneself into an engagement. And we'd known each other so long, too. But when one wakes up, it's different. And I was lucky to wake up when I did. I might have gone on till it was too late, till I—"

"Till you woke to find yourself married to a demon of selfishness?" he growled. "Quite so. Oh, you had a narrow enough escape! If you hadn't happened, by accident, that last evening, to mention that we were going to live with your father after our marriage—and if I hadn't said we weren't going to do anything of the kind and that I intended to make my own home for my wife and not be a hanger-on in my father-in-law's house—"

"Please don't rehash it all again," she forbade. "Surely there's no need. You made your views quite clear, at the time. It wasn't only your not wanting us to live on in the home that's always been mine. It was the spirit of utter selfishness that underlay it. The disregard for my wishes and for Dad's! The willingness to take me from a more comfortable home than you can give me—at once. I saw in a flash what my future life would be with a man who wouldn't even consent—"

"Consent to live in a richer man's house and not to know what

Her face still illuminated, she pointed out at the yard. "See!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it exquisite? Never did I see a garden as lovely as this."



a real home of our own was like?" he suggested. "Well, if it's selfishness for a man to want to build up a home for himself and for his wife, then I—"

"I'd rather not talk about it, if you please," she interposed. "We settled all that. Neither of us could hope to see the other's viewpoint. And that, by itself, is enough of a bar to any happy married life. I'm going, now. If you can keep your mother from knowing Dad and I are here, I hope you'll do it. It would be more

than the contract calls for, to have her talking to me as if—as if we still—we—"

She choked, and turned abruptly away. The motion brought her face to face with Madam Brennon.

The blind woman, piloted by the nurse, had just emerged from

the elevator. The nurse had caught sight of the girl, and had explained to her charge. The result was a gladly eager advance toward where the startled and discomfited maiden and youth were standing.

Too late to avoid the outstretched hands of the woman smiling so fondly upon her, Madge glanced in piteous appeal to Dick and then returned the mother's greetings with a really excellent assumption of pleasure. Both talking at practically the same time, each explained to the other her own presence in the city. Presently, Madam Brennon turned to her son.

"Is the car ready?" she asked, a thrill with the adventure on which they were to embark. "Because, if it is, Madge must go with us. She'll love to see where

In another five minutes the three were seated in a livery automobile, driven by a dusky chauffeur, and Madam Brennon's nurse was standing on the curb, watching them disappear down the dusty avenue.

"First of all," ordained Madam Brennon, as thrilled as a flapper at her first ball, "first of all we are going *home*. After that we'll drive out through—"

"Home?" repeated Madge, puzzled.

"Oh, I forgot!" Madam Brennon caught herself up. "You weren't with us when Dick and I planned the drive. 'Home' is the house I was born in. My father built it. I grew up there. And I was married from there. I—I'm ashamed of myself for being so excited over going there again and showing every bit of it to you children! Why, Madge, I haven't set foot in that house for—for—let me see—why, it must be more than forty-five years! Yes, it was just after Arthur was born. Arthur was my second baby, you know. He was fifteen years older than Dick, here He would be—he would be forty-six years old, the ninth of next July, if he were still with us. And Amy would be forty-nine in the fall—on September sixteenth. It doesn't seem possible. I feel so queer and—and young—to be here again in the old town where I lived so long ago."

In her eagerness, she had groped for and caught a hand of each of them.

"And now I'm seeing it all again—through you children's eyes!" she declared, her little hands trembling with excitement as she grasped theirs.

A million lavender-sweet memories were surging in the old brain—memories of youth and of youth's home, long blurred by the years, but vividly clear again at her approach to old surroundings. To her it seemed a glorious thing that she should be able to impart these golden recollections and associations to the two people she loved most in all the world. Back into her gentle past she was carrying this man and girl of the present. The thought stirred her imagination as might some clear dream of her own youth.

Beside her the two young folk sat in silence. Madge drew back, ever so little, as her hand, in Madam Brennon's, chanced to brush momentarily against Dick's similarly imprisoned fingers. The two avoided each other's gaze.

The car slowed down. Leaning back, the chauffeur addressed Madam Brennon.

"Yo' tol' me to drive across to Lee Street, fust-off," said he. "We're at Lee Street, now, ma'am. Weah next, ma'am?"

"Drive down Lee to Fauquier," directed the delighted old lady, "and then to 47 Fauquier Street. Stop there. We're going in—if the people who live there, now, will let us. I think they will, when they know who I am."

This last to Dick and Madge. The girl had been glancing in no favor at all at the increasing meanness of the neighborhood they had entered. Now she caught a grin of derisive wonder on the driver's black face.

The chauffeur opened wide his expansive mouth at Madam Brennon's demand to be driven to 47 Fauquier Street. On second thought he said nothing, but turned the corner into the thoroughfare to the right. Yankees were funny folks, at best. But these were the first Yankees to ask to be taken to such a street. He was curious. Straining his ears, he sought to catch what the blind woman was saying to her companions.

"Our house is the fifth from the corner of Lee," she expounded. "It's that big old gray-stone house over there to the left." She pointed with accuracy toward a rookery from whose windows hung samples of wash, and in whose refuse-littered front yard a swarm of pickaninnies played.

Madge eyed the place with disgust. It was dirty and sordid and contemptible, past words. Under the merciless afternoon sun-glow there was no wistful ghost of past glories to soften its ugliness.

"My father built that house, to endure," Madam Brennon was prattling. "He said it would not change in a hundred years. Of course, I suppose the different furniture, now, will make some slight change in the look of the rooms. But the dear old house and the dear old rooms themselves will be the same. We—Here we are!" she broke off as the car drew up at the refuse-strewn curb.

"Wait, just a minute, dear!" Dick sug- (Continued on page 98)



her sweetheart's mother passed her girlhood. Oh, wont it be a lark, to show you two children over the city—my city! I—"

"I'm afraid," stammered Madge, "I'm afraid I've an engagement this afternoon that'll—"

She checked herself at the look of almost child-like disappointment which clouded the unseeing old eyes, and the tiny tremor of the firm old lips. On impulse, the girl hurried on:

"But I can break it. And I'll be ever so glad to drive with you."

She was rewarded by the smile that made sunlight in Madam Brennon's blank face, and she knew all at once that the keen sacrifice of her own desires was well worth while. Yet she favored the confused Dick with a stony frown of the most uncompromising sort, mutely warning him that her action was due to a regard for his mother's happiness and that his own presence on the drive would be as distasteful to her as ever. The young man read the look aright and nodded silent comprehension.

Illustrated by Gustavus C. Widney

The author of this lively picture of today's youth ought to know what the public likes. Born just a little way down South, she got a job on a newspaper as a youngster and a few years later found herself filling a responsible position on a great magazine. There, at odd moments, she wrote stories. At last came the day when she could say good-by to routine work. She's her own mistress now—else she wouldn't be traveling in Europe at this moment.

Lucia *Wants a Car*

By
SOPHIE KERR

LUCIA JONES—she would slaughter you if you did not pronounce it Lu-chee-ah—sat at her mother's desk and wasted her mother's best stationery in making a list of Hates, which was the very newest and most popular occupation of her set for the moment. Indeed, Lucia had started the fad and had already compiled several lists which had received considerable applause. This, however, was a private list, not destined for the eyes of the public:

- 1—Middle-aged women who wear picture-hats and fluffy frocks.
- 2—Bootleg liquor.
- 3—Men who call me "Little Lady."
- 4—Ungenerous parents.
- 5—Grafters and Poor Sports.
- 6—Old cats who think they are still kittens.
- 7—Dyed yellow hair.
- 8—People who think they can put something over on me.

"There!" said Lucia, half aloud. "There! Why aren't I honest? Why don't I write down the truth? Why don't I say in bold black letters, 'Hates, Numbers One to One Hundred—Mr. and Mrs. Burney?' A pair of snakes; that's what they are. We'll—" Lucia yawned, stretched her legs and regarded them with approval, tore up her list, sauntered over to her mother's dressing-table, sampled that lady's latest lip-stick, and touched a drop of perfume to the lobe of her left ear, surveying meanwhile her own image with considerable approbation.

Not that Lucia was pretty! She was sandy-haired, and her eyes were vivid greenish-gray; her complexion was inclined to freckle, and her nose was snubby. Nevertheless it was conceded



Something in Lucia's tone made Pat look at her hard. "Has he been getting fresh with you?" he demanded.

by all who knew her that there was something about Lucia. She had an air. She could and did wear the most daring clothes of all the flappers who flapped so gayly in the younger crowd of Kenott, the very smart suburban town where the Joneses abode, and she did it exceedingly well. Moreover, Lucia was knowledgeable. Outside of her age, which was seventeen, there was nothing really youthful about her. She looked as if she knew everything, and she pretty nearly did, though she didn't brag about it.

Moreover, she possessed some exclusive peculiarities. She "didn't go in for petting or pawing," to use her own succinct phrase. She didn't carry a flask, and she didn't drink—much. She played a wicked game of tennis—holding a three-year record as champion of girls' singles in the junior matches of the Kenott Country Club. She went where she pleased, and did as she pleased, and had always kept both her parents, Henderson and Roberta Jones—Lucia called them Hendy and Miss Bob—in utter and entire subjection. But now—now—well, it was unthinkable! An interview with Hendy this bright summer morning was what had sent Lucia to writing hates, and indulging in the unaccustomed habit of deep, concentrated thought.

At last even the examination of Miss Bob's latest investment in make-up palled, and Lucia loafed downstairs, looked viciously into the library, where she had left her obdurate parent, and found it empty.

"Hendy's a coward," she muttered. "He's skipped."

In the hall she picked up an honest-to-goodness Blue Devil tam-o'-shanter, pulled it on her head and descended moodily to the drive where her own little roadster was parked. She slid

into it, folded herself up so that her tam-o'-shanter was just visible from the front over the radiator, stepped on the gas and let go.

Four minutes of breaking the speed-laws brought her into the Country Club gate. The roadster was put in line, and Lucia made a survey of the veranda, the courts and the first tee. There were a good many of the usual boobs about, she thought gloomily, but nobody alive. Presently she heard a hail: "Hi, Lucia!"

Without turning her head she answered: "Hi, Pat! Come on over. Where's Dick?"

Another voice answered: "Here, me. Hi, Lucia!"

To which Lucia responded briefly, "Hi!"

Two tall boys sauntered across the veranda and joined her. Pat Conover was red-haired and merry. Dick Ladd was brown-haired and calm. They were Lucia's special pals. An elderly bachelor of the club had nicknamed them, feelingly, "Satan's Trio," and they liked the advertising it gave them.

"What d'you know?" demanded Lucia.

"Nothing," they said. "Dead as old Tut around here."

They sat in companionable silence for a few minutes. Then Lucia sprang her news.

"What do you think? Hendy's jibbed. Says I can't have a new car. Yelled, got red in the face. Waved his arms!"

"But he didn't mean it," said Pat. "You can manage him."

"I thought so," said Lucia. "But this time—no. Little Lucia's lost her magic wand or something."

"Taint possibill," murmured Dick soothingly.

"It is, alas, too true. I know when I'm licked. What do you think of a parent that'll let his only child go about in an old boat like mine—a teakettle, a road-louse, if ever there was one! All to smash inside, and outside looking like the wrath of Heaven. I said to him: 'Why, the thing's not safe!' And what d'you suppose he answered?"

They made sympathetic sounds, but did not ask, knowing Lucia did not want them to. She continued her saga: "He said: 'It's safe enough if you drive carefully.' That to me!"

"My gosh, he must mean it," said Pat, deeply moved by this story of the patient Hendy's revolt against authority.

"But there must be something behind it, Lucia," offered Dick. "Hendy's not a tight-wad, whatever his faults. He's a very good egg, as fathers go. I only wish mine was in his class."

"You said it, old bean," said Lucia. "There's something behind it. Little Hendy's had his bank-roll nicked, and he's making me the goat. I've doped it out every way, and I'm almost certain."

"What's he been doing? Playing the market?"

"Market, nothing! He's been sitting in that fast crap-game down in the grill. He's been trimmed; that's what."

"Yeah, but who—" began Pat.

"Who—I like that. Nothing above the ears is your trouble," said Lucia sternly. "Who could it be but that little snake Mr. Albert Oliver Burney, Esquire? Who started those crap-games? Huh? Who but that Burney? Who wins all the money? Burney. I heard that old Mr. Mortimer dropped over two thousand last Saturday night. Not that I care how much he loses, the old crab, but when it comes to trimming my own father, and the consequences being that I can't have a new car when I want it and *need* it—well, something's got to be done."

"Always did think that Burney pair were bad eggs," said Dick sympathetically.

"They certainly have jazzed things up around here, though," suggested Pat. "You must admit that, Lucia."

"That's the trouble. They've jazzed things up—but who's doing the jazzing? All the old dead ones who used to be contented with their golf and their bridge, and a decent little high-ball down in the locker-room, are simply hitting the high spots. Those Burneys came here, and they found a nice, respectable quiet community with no more than two or three scandals going that everybody was used to and didn't notice any more. I mean like Mrs. Evans and Gifford Frost,—or Bill Davidson's rows



"Don't you fool yourself," said Mr. Jones. "Lucia's biding her time for some piece of deviltry."

with his wife,—just little things like that that gave people a chance to talk about something when they couldn't think of anything else."

"I never can believe in that Frost-Evans thing. She's so fat!" This from Dick, ruminating deeply.

"Maybe he's got Turkish blood—Turks like 'em fat. Well, as I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted: along come the Burneys from nowhere at all, so far as I can find out, and they've met the Mortimers on a ship sometime crossing from Europe, and they size up the place, and they rent the Hewlett house, and they locate. They hire a lot of servants; they get into this Club; and then—what?"

Realizing that it was only a pause for dramatic effect, Dick and Pat again preserved attentive silence.

"I'll tell you: They begin giving cocktail parties; the booze flows like water. They entertain, oh, never was there such a kindly, hospitable pair! At first they play bridge—but after a little they begin to say bridge is slow. They start a game of Red Dog, and you boys know that when they get a lot of these old heavies in, and fill 'em up with Bronxes, taking very little themselves, a good industrious host and hostess who watch the percentages can clean up a fair little stake by the end of the evening."

"That's so," chorused the listening twain. "That's certainly right."

"And then, after they've been golfing around all day, Mr. Burney gets three or four birds down in the locker-room, and he hands out some Scotch from his private stock, and then he says:

"Oh, Lord, Lucia—you're hitting the pipe. Women don't do that sort of thing except in the movies." This from Pat.

"All right, Mr. Smarty, if you know such a lot! But somebody's getting Mr. Stanley's money. Jane Stanley was complaining bitterly no later than yesterday how he'd been roaring over her bills. Simply roaring!"

"That's very unnatural," conceded Pat.

"Unnatural! It's unprecedented. Jane was very much upset over it. Now, maybe the Burneys aren't to blame—but then again, they are. The point is, that since they've moved here they've demoralized the whole neighborhood. All of the older set, instead of sitting round the bridge-tables and minding their own business, have taken to the gay life: they're drinking too much; they're dancing too much—"

"You said something there. Last Club dance you could hardly get on the floor for the dreadnaughts."

"Yes, and they're acting awfully skittish. They drink too much, and then they get to kissing and petting and twosing out in the dark in the automobiles. Now, I've always been a good daughter to Hendy and Miss Bob. I let 'em flirt around a little; I let 'em drink in moderation; and I've been perfectly willing for 'em to lose money at bridge, though I've never encouraged them to play a ten-cent-a-point game. They're not good enough players. But if they think they can tear loose and disgrace me in their old age, they're all wrong."

"Yeah—but what you going to do, Lucia? You can't try any *Desperate Desmond* stuff on the Burneys."

Mr. and Mrs. Burney were sitting with set smiles on their faces—stiff, unsmiling, terrible smiles.



"What say we roll 'em a couple minutes?" And at the end of an hour, after their wives have sent down four times to know if they're *never* coming up to the dining-room for dinner, Mr. Burney puts the bones away and says, 'Sorry to take your money. You must have your revenge on me sometime soon,' and everybody hands him the bulk of their ready cash, and their I. O. U.'s, and the little séance is over, till the next time."

"My gosh, isn't he slick!" said Dick.

"I shouldn't wonder if he had a pair of crooked dice," said Lucia darkly. "Well, that's him. And meanwhile Mrs. Burney has not been idle. She's been honeying around all the old has-beens and never-wases in this neighborhood, till it's a shame. I've watched her operate. Nobody need tell me she really is smitten with Mr. Greg Stanley, or old heavyweight Clayhurst. No sir! But they've been so put upon and overlooked and suppressed and shushed by their respective wives, that if they're offered a kind word and a little attention by any reasonable-looking woman, they could cry like a child with gratitude. I don't know, but I think she'll either borrow money of 'em and not pay it back, or else she'll get 'em to write her a compromising note or two, and then blackmail 'em."

"Who said I was going to? I've got to think it over. Oh, I just hate Mrs. Burney. She runs up to all the men and kind of lays her hands on them and says: 'You have the most perfect taste in ties—I do wish Bert could find such lovely ones.'"

Pat gave a loud laugh. "Gee, Lucia—I heard her pull that line to your father the other day."

"She'd better leave Hendy alone," flashed Lucia. "If she goes breaking up my happy home, she'll land in a hornet's nest. Oh, she's a snake."

"She's not so bad-looking, though," said Dick.

"You poor goof, where do you get that stuff? She's older than your mother, and she dresses like little Dora, the child wife. Ruffled organdies and picture hats! Makes me sick. And as for him!"

Something in Lucia's tone made red-headed Pat look at her hard. "Has he been getting fresh with you?" he demanded hotly. "If he has, I'll push his face clear through to the back of his head."

"For your own private information," said Lucia, "and if you ever tell this I'll murder both of you,—and you're not going to push his face in, either,—the Honorable Bert did try to get fresh



There was a song by Mr. Burney,
accompanied by a comic dance
of the Chow and Mrs. Burney.

with me; and—well—once was enough. What d'you think he called me? This is too good to keep, even if it is on me. He called me 'Dear little lady,' and 'Wise little woman-child!' Do you get that—to me?"

In spite of his anger, Pat was obliged to join in her laughter.

"That's magnificent!" he declared. "That's classic! Dear little lady and wise little woman-child! Give me leave to hit that guy just once."

"No," said Lucia, grinning. "Not a lick. I want to be more subtle in my revenge, old dear. Nothing crude—nothing rough. But take it from the Dear Little Lady, she is going after the Burneys, and she is going to get them—right."

"What you going to do?" asked Dick the practical.

"I don't know; but whatever it is, you've both got to help me."

"You bet you," they declared. "Anything from arson to mayhem," added Dick, whose father was a lawyer.

"I'm not going to have my parents depraved, and this whole community turned into a Cytherean park. It would be annoying. Talk about the younger generation—when the old folks get going, we're simply not in the picture."

"You said a mouthful, Queen," confirmed Pat. "I suppose they figure that it's their last chance, and they've nothing to lose. It's a funny thing, Lucia, but this very morning I was thinking that there were some mighty swift goings-on around here this summer. Everything seems terribly jazzed up and hectic. I didn't *chercher* the villain, though, the way you did."

"I've *chercher*-ed him, and I've got him," said Lucia. "And now the thing is, how to eliminate him. While I'm laying my plans, you two can Sherlock around and see what you can pick up. Tell me everything you see 'em do. Once I get something good—*kiwaow!*" Lucia drew her forefinger across her throat and made a horrible noise suggestive of a death-rattle.

"Now we got our orders, what say to a little tennis?" asked Dick brightly. "Pat and I want to enter the junior doubles, Lucia."

"Well, if you do, you've got to practice. You haven't got a

thing, Dick, but a pretty fair service; and Pat's got nothing but a smash. As to placing, or speed, or anything—you haven't got it. I guess I'll take you both on this morning, and see what you can do."

"That's what we hoped you would," said Pat with becoming humility.

They moved off down the green alleyway shaded with mighty sycamores that were the pride and glory of the Club, toward the courts.

"There's the Burney outfit now," said Pat in a low voice. "Over in the third court."

"Who's with them? My gracious, it's Wilbur Parnell. Is he going in for tennis? Say, what'll Mrs. Etta think of that? This might be a lead. Get the next court, and we'll look 'em over."

Wilbur Parnell, a wealthy and austere bachelor, had just been mustered amongst the ranks of the engaged by skillful work on the part of Mrs. Henrietta Bayfield, a determined and exceedingly attractive young widow whose little country place was situated some six miles from Kenott, and who had, therefore, found it easy to make the Club her happy hunting ground. She did not play tennis, and she was keeping a very tight string on Wilbur until the final knot was tied. Hence the surprise at finding him on the courts! Golf was admittedly his game, as matrimony was Mrs. Bayfield's. And now here was Wilbur, agilely leaping about the court, partnered by Mrs. Burney, opposed by Mr. Burney and one of the Aston twins, who did not, it must be confessed, seem very happy. She waved her racket at the party in the next court.

Mr. Burney, a black-haired, lithe, youngish man, with a tiny black mustache, nodded in most friendly fashion, and Mrs. Burney smiled and shook her yellow curls at the newcomers. To these salutations Lucia responded amiably, but not warmly. In the interval of changing sides Polly Aston stopped beside Lucia.

"I was roped into this," she muttered. "It's deadly. Can't you fix it up so I break away and come over with you?"

"Sure," said Lucia, and accosted Mr. Burney: "Oh, Mr. Burney—let me commandeer Polly to help train these boys for match-

play, wont you? I'll run into the clubhouse and get some one else for you."

"All right," agreed Burney. "But we hate to lose Miss Polly."

"I'll go," said Pat.

"Nix," decided Lucia. "Wait here. There's a reason."

She ran back to the clubhouse, but instead of looking for would-be tennis players, she flew at once down toward the first tee. As she had anticipated, there sat Mrs. Bayfield, accoutered for golf, her foot playing a tattoo on the turf, her mouth set in grim lines.

"Hello, Mrs. Etta," said Lucia. "You waiting for Wilbur? He's on the courts, tennis away for dear life."

"What?" said Mrs. Bayfield. "Why, he was to meet me here half an hour ago."

"Maybe he's forgotten the time. He's with the Burneys."

Mrs. Bayfield's determined little round chin stuck out ever so little. "Yes, maybe he has," she said, visibly holding back vivid speech. "Thanks for telling me."

Lucia sped on her way. "But what are the Burneys after Wilbur for?" she questioned mutely. "He's a perfect T. W.; he doesn't drink, and he doesn't gamble. Well—maybe they're teaching him some new tricks."

Presently she spied Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Winslow heading for the courts, rackets in hand. She caught step with them.

"The Burneys are looking for a couple to make up a double," she told them. "Ever played Bert Burney? He's good."

She headed them toward the third court, and was rewarded and enlightened by the scowl, instantly suppressed, with which the Burneys greeted them. The Winslows were notoriously impudent, but everyone liked them. Lucia put on a smile of dissimulation.

"Wilbur's got to go because Mrs. Etta's waiting for him," she announced, "so I made up your set for you."

Virtuously she retired to her own court and started the game, with Polly beside her. For once Lucia permitted her to talk even as they played.

"Mrs. Burney's vamping Wilbur something ferocious," announced Polly breathlessly. "Wish you'd have heard some of the stuff she pulled. Telling him what lovely shirts he wears. I was going to shout out, 'How're his socks, Mrs. Burney?' but then I remembered that discretion is the better part of something or other, and I kept still—for once."

"What else d'you know?" asked Lucia. "This is good."

"I gathered that Wilbur's been in on some of their parties. He's on the loose. Isn't it funny, Lucia, how the Burneys have been waking up the dead ones? They don't pick anything live to play with—but they're always choosing the old dodos and jazzing them up."

"It's funny, all right. You stick around and have lunch with me—I want to talk to you," agreed Lucia. "Let's play the game now. We've got to lick those boys into shape."

She proceeded to play a concentrated professional game, apparently ignoring the match in the next court. Yet she was not too occupied to notice that the Burneys soon disappeared and their places were taken by another couple.

"It's only the people with money they're after; that's flat," was the mental note that Lucia tucked away.

When the game was over, she dismissed Pat and Dick summarily.

"You two go get your showers and rubdowns," she commanded. "No, you can't lunch with Polly and me. But you remember what I told you to do—sleuth-stuff, you know."

As she and Polly dressed, they came in contact with Mrs. Burney. "Giving Wilbur a

helping hand with his tennis, aren't you?" asked Lucia cheerfully. She concealed her distaste of the airy batiste and wide floppy hat which had replaced Mrs. Burney's tennis flannels.

"Isn't he a dear?" gushed Mrs. Burney. "A charming man!"

"He's charming, all right," said Lucia. "Lovely taste in shirts, too. And oodles and oodles of dough—we call Wilbur around here the Original Doughboy."

"How very clever!" But Mrs. Burney began to back off from Lucia's knowledgeable green eyes. "He'd be awfully good at tennis if he only had a little more confidence."

"You can give him some," Lucia assured the lady, with so naive an air that Mrs. Burney was unable to decide whether it was impudence or innocence. She murmured that dear Bert was waiting for her, and hastily withdrew.

"That was a hot one," commented Polly. "I nearly choked."

"She didn't get it. You'd have to hit her in the head with a club before she'd be willing to admit that you maybe didn't quite like her. Come on, Polly. I want a good table."

As was her wont, Lucia got a good table, and took care that it was not too near any of the other lunching members. Briefly, and in the tone of a general, Lucia repeated the story of how Hendy had welshed on giving her the promised new car, and her suspicions of the reason.

"And it's up to you," she concluded, "to help. I want you and Connie both to make a point of keeping tabs on these birds, and tell me everything you hear. Don't be conspicuous, but sort of hang around. If they're at tennis, take the next court. If they're lunching, take the table alongside. If they're lapping tea on the veranda, lap some tea there, too—in earshot. But watch your step. They're nobody's morons."

Polly Aston's blue eyes became rounder and bluer: "I'd like to do something to them," she declared vindictively. "I don't like the stuff he pulls."

"He been getting soppy with you?"

"Yes, he has. And what d'you think he called me, Lucia?"

"I know the answer. First he called you 'Dear little lady,' and then he called you 'Wise little woman-child!' And he tried a little petting and pawing."

"Oh, Lucia, how did you guess?"

"I'm good at guessing. What did you do?"

"I ducked. I do *not* like mushy middle-aged men, Lucia. He's as old as Papa. He ought to have more sense."

"He's a cradle-snatcher."

"Yes, he is. He's always trying to play with some girl in our set. He tried it on Connie, too." (Connie was the other twin.)

"What'd Connie do?"

"Connie was even more abrupt than I was. She told him to go roll his hoop. I don't think he's nice—but some of the girls take him seriously and think he's fascinating. Flo Maitland told me she thought he looked ever so much like Valentino, and you know how she just raves over Rodolph."

"High time I took my snickersnee in hand and went after him," mused Lucia. "High time, I'll say. Chicken-chaser! He's worse than I thought."

"Oh, Lucia, what can you do?"

asked Polly eagerly.

"I haven't the least idea," confessed Lucia, "but it's going to be awful."

"Connie and I'll both help," promised Polly. "Who else can we get?"

"I'm not sure. I don't want too many, or somebody'll blab."

"Some of the boys would be useful."

"I've got Dick and Pat. Maybe I'll tell Fatty Grosvenor—he looks such a dumbbell nobody'll ever suspect him of anything. And he's *not* a dumbbell—he's very clever."

"He'd be good," said Polly. "He just loves intrigue, because he wants to go into the diplomatic service."

(Continued on page 154)



"Hendy dear," she said gently, "I didn't put you into my little skit."

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore



"Bust loose with it, Cutie,"
Bill urged. "Jar it out—some-
body hand you the razz?"

The other evening, motoring on a lonely Wyoming road, Courtney Ryley Cooper and his wife were attacked by Indians; and if it hadn't been for rescuing cowboys, no one knows what might have happened. It was all a frame-up, of course, arranged for the Coopers' entertainment by a famous circus animal-trainer who has a ranch up there. "But for a few minutes," Ryley says, "I thought the calendar had gone back of '87."

The Best of Enemies

By

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

AS "fixers" go, Mr. William Mason—although he wasn't called that—was the grand master of them all. And fixers go far.

In the first place, the fixer is a circus institution. He is more than a job; his is an encyclopedia of tasks that may range anywhere from ameliorating the angry citizen whose garden has been tamped flat by a roaming elephant, to arguing a city council into permitting parades where parades aren't permitted. He is the bland gentleman, for instance, who shows the chief of police the error of his ways when that person wants to arrest some one for overcrowding the tent—or makes Little Osmund happy with one ticket, a glass of lemonade and a visit to Clown Alley when a circus sprinkling-cart ruins Osmund's clothing and Osmund's mother's temper. The fixer arranges for the license which permits the circus to exhibit, and manages to pay less for it than the city ordinance defines. He settles the innumerable "squawks"

which arise every day about the show-grounds, arranges damages in case of accidents, placates performers, eases uneasy tempers, finds the lost child for the hysterical mother, and forms the dumping-ground, so to speak, for everything from attachment-suits to lost umbrellas. He is the man who smooths the way, and through the constant friction of it, naturally becomes a bit smooth himself. Therefore it is saying a good deal for Mr. "Fixer Bill" Mason of the Grand United Shows in declaring that he was the smoothest of them all. In all the show-world only one person nettled him, balked him or thwarted him—and he wasn't a fixer.

All of which, perhaps is beside the point. Fixer Bill was the best in his line—good enough, in fact, to handle his own work and that of some one else when occasion required, and give a good account of both. Which, right now, happened to be a task involving a plentiful burden of work! Fixer Bill was filling in as

A workman yanked a nutless rear wheel from its axle. The street was blocked. Yells arose; fists clenched.

manager of the Grand United, while the Old Man was abroad shopping for elephants. This worried Fixer Bill not at all; one or two jobs, or three or four—it was all the same to him.

Bland, smiling—rather cherubic, in fact, in spite of his size—round-faced and fat, Fixer Bill had the appearance of being able to assimilate. You've met his type, perhaps: the tall, beaming fat man, placid yet full of activity; amiable, yet able to fight on an instant's notice; unruffled, except when it becomes necessary to be excited—and glad that the world is full of troubles so that he can straighten them out. Fixer Bill did this regularly and consistently. He even invited troubles.

All of this made his usual morning round of inspection on the Grand United lot a thing of many tales of woe, from canvasman and razorback, porter and candy-butcher, animal-man, kinker, side-show spieler and big-top performer. This morning had been no exception. White-clad, the yellow diamond of his shirt-front gleaming with a bit more than its customary enthusiasm, his big fingers toying with a watch-chain in harmony with the heaviness of the hand which fondled it, his fancy, wide-brimmed, beribboned Panama slanted back on his partly bald head, Fixer Bill was full of work and satisfaction. From one department to the next he went, to hear the customary wails of the flunkies in the cook-house, the troubles of a Skinner atop the hippopotamus-den which had just knocked over a city water plug, bringing cuss-words from the fire department and a half-dozen passes from Fixer Bill; the troubles of the concession department, lot superintendent, boss hustler, and lastly:

"Well," he beamed as he came face to face with a doleful-appearing individual who just had made her exit from the menagerie tent *via* the side-wall, "what's eatin' on you, Sweetie?"

The woman sighed—which in itself was enough to invite inquiry. Mlle. Midgie, "The Lady of the Lions," as the billboards called her, wasn't exactly the sort of person from whom sighs come naturally. There was just a hint of leather under her rouged features, a trifle of steel about her mouth: Mlle. Midgie had walleted lions and tigers for a living for fifteen years, and her face showed it. Nevertheless she sighed again, and—

"Bust loose with it, Cutie!" Fixer Bill urged sympathetically. "Jar it out—somebody hand you the razz?"

Mlle. Midgie allowed her drop-forged lips to droop. She dabbed her handkerchief thoughtfully at the corner of one eye. "I—I just got a feelin', Mr. Mason," came with a hint of tears, "that I aint goin' to be here long."

"You?" Fixer's consternation suddenly became genuine. "Hey, lay off on that stuff! You've got to be. You're the star act!"

"Um-humph." She touched her eyes again. "But I'm awful lonesome. I just been thinkin' about it, Mr. Mason. I oughtn't never split with Bert. I oughtn't never done it."

"With that ham? With that bum lion-beater? Say, come on off, Sweetie, come on off. Anyway, you've been off o' him for a year now, aint you? Besides—"

Mlle. Midgie found another tear.



"That's just it. I've stood it about as long as it's standable. Specially with 'em pesterin' me to death the way they are."

Fixer fumbled for a moment with his watch-chain, and then, a familiar motion in times of stress, assured himself of the safety of that yellow diamond.

"Look here, Midgie," he said at last, "is that the reason why you aint ever signed a contract with this trick? Because you've figured you'd hook up again with that bum lion-mauler of a husband of yours? Is that it? Well, lemme tell you something, Kiddo: You be in the wagon at two o'clock this afternoon and fasten your little mitt to one of them whereas and wherefore things. Suppose he's contracted up wherever he is, for the rest of his life?"

"No, he aint."

"Been hearing from him, then?"

"Me?" Mlle. Midgie looked up belligerently. "I wouldn't write no letter to him on a bet—not after the dirt he done me. But I do love him, Mr. Mason," she added with a suddenly different intonation. "He was a swell guy to me, lots o' times. If I could just get him where I wanted him once—but I don't guess there's no use talking about that. No, I aint been writing to him. I've just heard—indirect. I got an awful lot of friends on his show."

"He aint contracted, then?" Fixer Bill blinked with a sudden idea. "That's good. As for you, you show up this afternoon, and we'll settle this—"

But Mlle. Midgie had drawn back in sudden alarm.

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Mr. Mason! I'd lose too much money."

"Lose—what? You're getting seventy-five a week, aint you?"

"Yes." She hesitated then, as though she hated to break the news. "But they—they've offered me a hundred."

"Who's they?"

"Bert's show. For me an' Bert to work together again, whether we get along or not." Mlle. Midgie raised her handkerchief as though to have it in readiness. "That'd be a swell chance for me—I could get him just where I wanted him, bein' around him, you know, and not bein' on speaking terms, and knowin' every-thing he done, and—"



"Lay off that!" broke in Fixer. "Anyway, a hundred aint enough. You come in at two o'clock, and we'll make it a hundred and a quarter. As for that Captain Bert Gubardi guy, leave him to me! What show is he with, anyhow, to go stealing acts off another guy's opera?"

Mlle. Midgie hesitated.

"It's an awful good one," she said at last. "Shoestring Charley's World Famous."

"Huh? Whose?" Fixer Bill asked the question in spite of the fact that he had heard perfectly. "Shoestring Charley's? That guy? Him? Tryin' to steal you off this trick. You be in that office-wagon at two o'clock!"

Whereupon, one fat hand clinging excitedly to that yellow diamond, Fixer Bill Mason whirled and hurried for the executive wagon, there to sit for a long moment in thought. A vague sense of uneasiness was upon him—a hint of dark things in the background which he could not fathom, of forebodings, of evil times in the distance. The name of Shoestring Charley meant a great deal to Fixer Bill—and most of all it meant the one person in the world whom he never had been able to outwit or defeat. Nor was there much consolation in the fact that Shoestring Charley never had been able to defeat him, either—that to each other they meant the immovable and the irresistible, a stalemate in shrewdness, which after many a battle and many a double loss, with advantage to neither side, had resulted in an unmentioned truce which had existed now for three years. If Shoestring Charley had broken that truce, it must mean that the little dark-haired, keen-eyed owner of the World Famous had some-

T.D.S.

thing up a sleeve—or perhaps both sleeves. Fixer Bill Mason thought on, heavily, ponderously. Finally he snapped a finger for the show-secretary.

"Take a telegram!" he ordered. "Take two telegrams. First one: 'Captain Bert Gubardi, the Man of a Thousand Scars, care of World Famous Circus'—look up their route in the *Billboard*. Offer you fifty a week raise over present salary and two-year contract, immediate engagement with Grand United. Midgie needs you here. Wire reply. —William Mason, manager."

The secretary's pencil flew over the paper.

"Ready for the next one, sir."

"Umph! 'Shoestring Charley Grenolds, World Famous Circus,' same address: 'Where do you get that stuff, stealing my acts? Lay off Mlle. Midgie, or I'll make it hot for you. —Fixer Bill.' Guess that'll hold him," he grunted. "Anyway, he'll know he aint putting anything over." Then to the secretary: "Flag me wherever I am around the lot when those answers come!"

Whereupon he went back to his duties of the day.

The one thorn that could make his path unpleasant had jabbed itself deep under his skin. Shoestring Charley, known from one end of the country to the other as the shrewdest little circus-owner in the business, had elected to come forth to battle again—and the war-lust surged high within Fixer Bill as a result. Here and there about the show-grounds he went, with little interest in anything save for the time when the secretary should emerge from the executive wagon with a yellow message. At last that moment arrived. Fixer Bill tore open the telegram; then he gasped. It was from the Man of a Thousand Scars:

"Sure would like to come over, but don't see how I can. Have raised your offer here to one-fifty a week. Do you want to beat that?" —Captain Bert Gubardi"

The breath issued from between Fixer Bill's teeth with a whistling sound. He felt for his watch-chain and his yellow diamond. Then he turned to the secretary.

"Wire him 'Two hundred,'" he ordered. "Aint worth seventy-five—but that aint the point now. If Shoestring Charley thinks he can step on me, he's got—"

"Here's another message," said the secretary. Fixer Bill took it with a sure and angry foreknowledge of its sender's identity. He was right:

"Go find yourself a well and put that fat head of yours in it till the swelling goes down. Who do you think you are, the circus trust?" —Shoestring Charley."

"Take a telegram," bellowed Fixer Bill: "'Shoestring Charley Grenolds, World Famous Circus: You lay off my acts, or I'll

tear your show loose from its business. I'm not going to stand for this butting in. —William Mason."

Following which Fixer Bill pulled his Panama down over his eyes.

"Shoot that, quick," he commanded, "and then draw up a contract for Mlle. Midgie at a hundred and a quarter a week. Have her in the—"

The secretary swallowed hard, with the knowledge of a rough sea ahead.

"I forgot to tell you, Mr. Mason, that I don't think it would do much good. She just got a wire offering her a hundred above that."

"A hundred above what? Who from?"

"The World Famous."

SOMETHING within Fixer Bill gave an imitation of a balloon inflating, then bursting. For one of the few times of his life, he merely gurgled. There was a mystery about it all, a darkness which he could not understand. With anyone else, he would have been able to sit down and reason it out calmly, to figure the other man's moves and combat them—but not so with this particular show-world enemy. Shoestring Charley, he knew, accomplished things by devious methods. His objects were reached by roads which bore no signposts, or detour-warnings. And when Shoestring Charley came into the open, it meant that something was going to happen.

That Shoestring might be thinking the same thing about him, did not enter the mind of Fixer Bill. That the little owner of the World Famous Circus might be holding many conferences with his cadaverous general agent Slats Warren, and rolling innumerable brown-paper cigarettes, while his sharp features bore the wrinkles of wondering worry, was something which Fixer Bill neither could see nor divine. All he knew was that Shoestring Charley had started something—and that when that person began a thing, he finished. Therefore there was only one thing to do—to begin that same thing also. And what else could it be but that one thing which spells the every emotion of the show-world—fear, hate, love, pride, joy, sorrow and everything else—"opposition!" Fixer Bill glowered with the sudden frenzy of conflict.

"Shoot a wire to the general agent to meet me in Chicago as soon as he can make it!" he ordered: "We've got to switch our route! Where's he at now? Fort Worth? Three days before he can get there. Never knew it to fail—the advance is always where you don't want 'em at. Send that wire to Cap Gubardi. And shoot the one I dictated to Shoestring Charley. And have that woman in the treasury wagon at two o'clock."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Aint that enough? Go do what I've told you!"

Whereupon Fixer Bill Mason hurriedly left the show-grounds, piled into the circus flivver and went bumping across vacant lots and railroad tracks to the show-train and his private car. There he studied maps and confidential correspondence. He looked up dates on the calendar. He consulted railroad guides and made masses of figures on anything which happened to come within his reach. The car-boy served luncheon: Bill Mason ate it—and kept on figuring. Then, with a sudden flash of memory, he hurried back to the circus-grounds.

The crowds were massing through the front gates for the matinée; the band was playing the last of its pre-performance program in the big top. But Fixer Bill did not hurry forward to take his position under the marquee, where he might pinch little children on the cheeks and ask them if they were going to see the elephants, or take care of baby buggies for flustered mothers, or intervene when the fat woman with three boys, all over long-pants age, tried to smuggle them through for half-price. Fixer Bill had something else on his mind—a sharp-eyed little man who smoked brown-paper cigarettes, and who didn't often tell what he was going to do until he'd done it. Two o'clock came, and with it the entrance of Mlle. Midgie to the executive wagon. Fixer Bill jabbed forth a fat hand.

"Let's see that telegram!"

FIXER BILL glared at it. "Look a-here! You aint going to stand for this bird robbing me of one o' my star acts, are you?" he asked.

"Who? Me?" Mlle. Midgie sneered. "I should say I aint! Not unless they's a lot in it for me. I been thinkin' it over, Mr. Mason, and I don't know whether I'm so crazy to go over to that trick or not. It just happened to hit me that maybe Bert'd start pullin' his stuff again—and I wouldn't stand for it; that's just all; I wouldn't stand for it. Of course,"—the drop-forged lips

trembled slightly,—"I aint goin' to lie about nothin'—I'm nuts about him, and I always was. I—I guess that's why I aint went farther in the show-game. If I thought it was really him that was behind this, an' that he really wanted me back with him, I'd go in a minute. That's just what I would, Mr. Mason. I'd go to him if he was dyin'—that's the real way I feel about him. But if Shoestring just wants me as a plain, ordinary actor—"

"What else does he want you for? Huh? Now, listen—" He bent forward confidentially. "I'm the little fixer on this ol' show-game. I'm the one that does the straightenin' out. Aint I? Didn't I bring Lottie Marks and her husband together after they'd been separated three years? Remember that? Aint I always been the bright little boy to square everything up? Now, you leave it all to me. I'm working on something—don't ball it up. And in the meantime, sign this contract."

Mlle. Midgie hesitated. A peculiar glint came into her eyes.

"You don't mean you're trying to get Bert over here?"

"Just what I'm doing."

"Who's going to be boss?"

"You are. Put your mitt on that contract. No—give it the look-over first. It's for two hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. Fifty bucks more'n that bird's last offer! I aint going a cent higher, and what's more, that other show's going to be in the ditch in two months, or my name aint Mason. So, if you're a wise little broad, you'll gum that all up with ink. Eh? At's the girl!"

He watched her as she signed, and stood in the doorway of the big wagon, looking after her until she had faded into the depths of the menagerie tent. Whereupon he turned again to his secretary

"Wire to Shoestring Charley," he ordered. "Send all the telegrams you want to. Midgie under contract with this show for two years!" —No answer yet to that message I sent Gubardi?"

"Not yet."

But two hours later, as Fixer Bill turned from viewing the graceful leaps of the casting acts, there was a different story. Again he tore at a yellow envelope—and again gurgled. It was short, and to the point.

"Do the same thing with Gubardi. I've got him hog-tied. What is your next funny little joke going to be? —Shoestring Charley."

Fixer Bill's mouth worked uncertainly. He started the dictation of a reply and canceled it. He stared into the heights of the big top and received no inspiration. Then somewhat blankly, he turned for the outdoor—

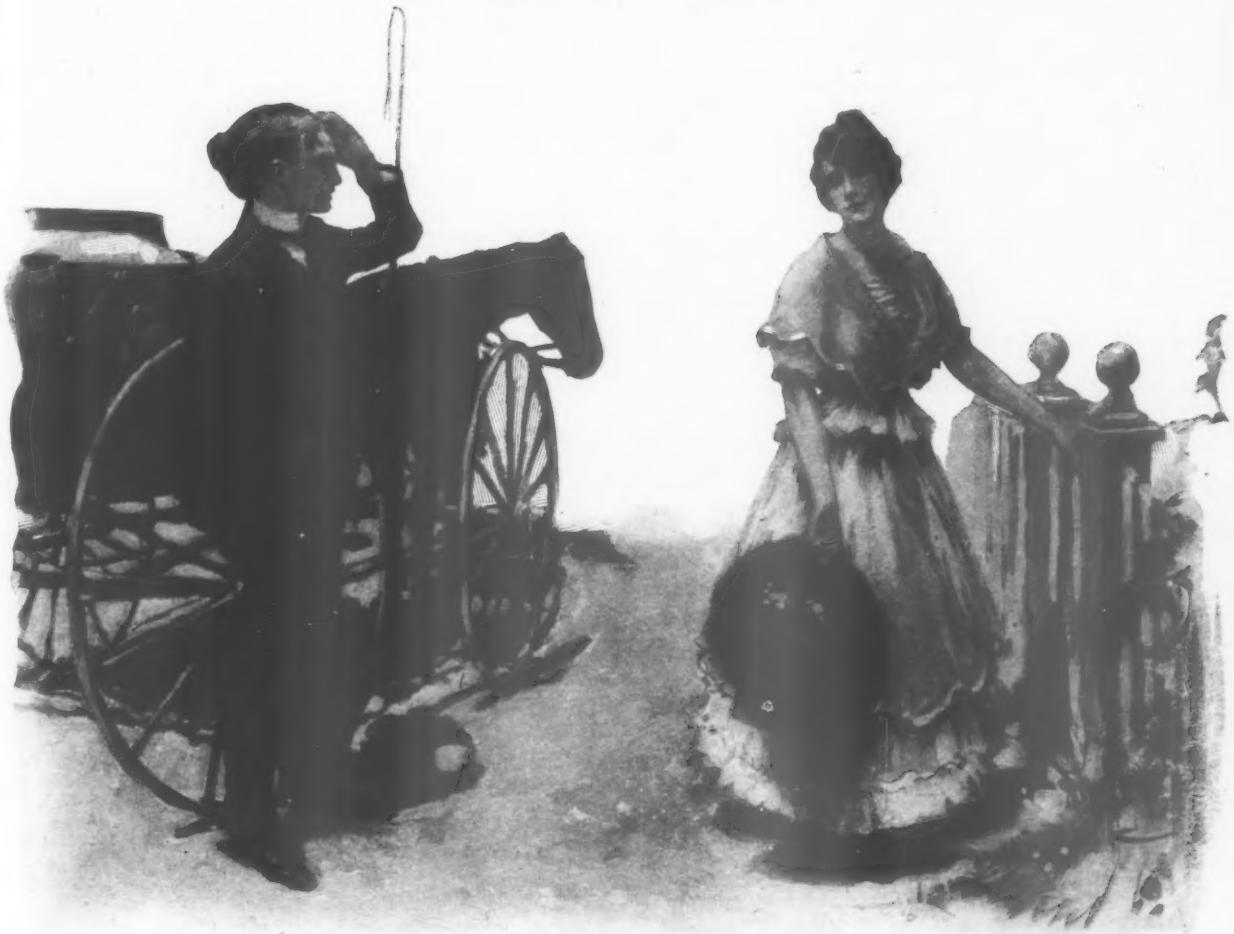
For Fixer Bill Mason had been balked in his favorite game—that of patching up the torn threads of a circus romance. If there was one thing which the fat, big-hearted man loved to do, it was to stand grinning in the background while two persons flew into each other's arms and resolved never to quarrel again. It had been this which had popped into his brain with Mlle. Midgie's first tearful statement, this behind his offer to Captain Gubardi, this, indeed, at the base of some of the resentment toward Shoestring Charley, that he should seek to bring the Lady of Lions to his own show, there to be a supplicant at the feet of a man, when, as everyone knew, the man should go to the woman!

VAGUELY Fixer wandered the midway, nor heard the barking of the spiers, the squeal and blare of the side-show band, out on the kid-show platform for the midafternoon ballyhoo. That night he packed his grip and took the first train to Chicago. Two days later he sat in the office of a lithograph company, ordering one-sheet, three-sheet, eight-sheet and sixteen-sheet "opposition" dates, meanwhile reading wires from his general agent, and talking excitedly over the long-distance telephone to his traffic manager in New York.

The work of "opposition," as a circus fight is known in the canvas world, had begun. Fixer Bill was taking no chances. Shoestring Charley had stepped on him once—it could only mean that he would step again—that this was the forerunner of a number of queer things which could have but one ending. Better that the fight should come at once, then, than to be the butt for a hundred and one impositions, all carefully designed to lead him into opposition when Shoestring was ready for it. Better, far better to bring that opposition about as swiftly as possible, before the other man should suspect it, and before he, therefore, should be fully prepared.

So the ordering of extra printing went forward, while hurrying lithograph representatives bawled orders over the phone to equally frantic press-rooms, while advertising-car managers, in far distant parts of the country, stared vaguely at telegrams, then cursed enthusiastically at the an- (Continued on page 90)

Illustrated by Joseph C. Chenoweth



"John David, don't you ever dare to ask me to go anywhere with you again!"

The Appropriate Word

By

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

IT was late in the summer of '84 that John David first appeared in our Vermont manufacturing town of Paris. Many elderly people remember him, a raw-boned country youth who had left a hillside farm to prepare for college in our local academy. He wore collars a size too large for him, and his hair was always rumpled. Our older residents do not remember John David for his physical clumsiness, his collars or his hair-cut, however; they remember him for a quickly acquired reputation of inability to open his mouth without putting his

The author of this and many other notably attractive stories is a hardy New Englander who lived for years in the very Vermont town he writes about, only it isn't Paris. For a long time he was the owner and editor of the St. Johnsbury Caledonian, the very paper on which the Ambassador to England, George Harvey, received his early newspaper training as correspondent at Peacham, Vermont, the town of Colonel Harvey's birth and early education.

foot in it. If anyone had desired a jinx at a party or public gathering to say the wrong thing at the wrong time, John David would at once have been chosen.

It is queer how some young fellows are cursed that way, and cruel—doubly cruel—when such a youth falls in love. John David hadn't been in Paris a week before he was introduced to the Haskins girl, and had angered her so deeply with his tactlessness that she acquired an interest in him which endured, even down into Indian summer.

It happened at a lawn party at Calvary

church. "I'm awfully glad to know you," he said worshipfully, when he had been presented. Then, thinking to pay her a great compliment and gain favor, he added: "I been admirin' you ever since I first set eyes on you; that's the truth. There's lots o' fellers don't like red hair, but I'm just crazy about it."

Now, if Elizabeth Haskins had really been possessed of red hair, maybe she would not have minded, for most red-haired girls are proud of their locks. But Beth's hair was golden, with a hint of burnished copper, and to have it called red infuriated her. She cut the David fellow cold, and the village told the anecdote gleefully for a month and a day and a generation.

That incident, in a nutshell, describes John David. The fellow was born unlucky in speech; and as time went on, it became fatal.

He wrote the Haskins girl a letter of such abject apology that she relented and allowed him to take her "buggy-ridin'," to give him another chance. Although the season was still summer, on several occasions that ensuing afternoon he found himself on ice that was dangerously thin. He got her home in safety, however, and there were promises of other pleasant outings yet

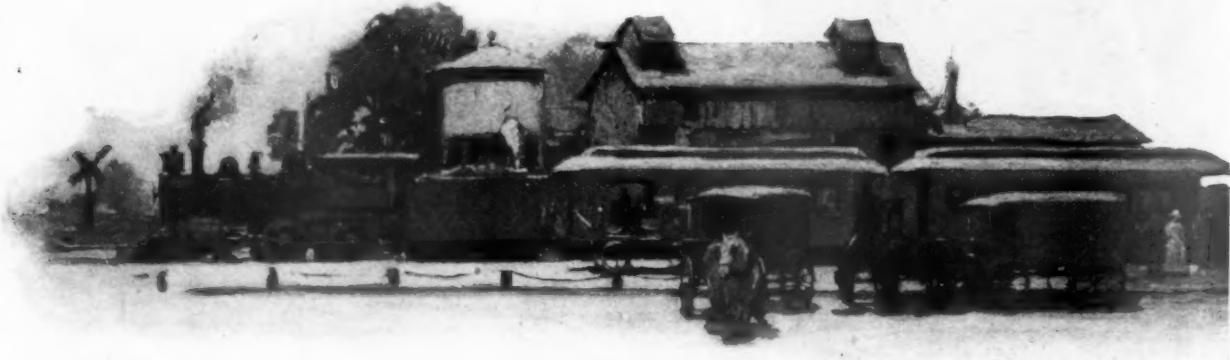
"You've got to take into account that they are sensitive. You mean well, John David. Your heart's in the right place. But you lack a sense of the appropriate, that's terrible. It'll either get you ostracized—or make you end your days on a desert island."

On that long walk out to the Bottoms, she argued. It was useless. John David had gone through some vital soul experience which could not shake his determination to enter the ministry.

"You're against it just because you don't want to be a minister's wife!" he retorted brokenly.

The girl gasped; then she exploded.

What she said to him is immaterial. The fact remains that even this contention was the height of indelicacy. For its gross assumption amounted to a surface conceit that was intolerable. He had never proposed to Beth, never mentioned love to her. For the three years with its painful ups and downs, they had simply kept company, after a fashion. To speak in this manner now only went to prove the correctness of the girl's judgment and her sense of discretion.



to come. But while being helped down from the high buggy, her foot slipped. So did David's. With the grace of the bovine cavalier, he laughed tolerantly as though he had not noticed.

"Pshaw, now!" he declared. "That aint anything. My mother fell out once, and broke three ribs. Nobody expects a woman to get out of a buggy as gracefully as a man, anyhow. I suppose it's their skirts!"

Now, the Haskins girl prided herself on her physical charm and athletic prowess.

"John David," she choked, "you're—impossible! Don't you ever dare ask me to go anywhere with you again!"

Poor John David!

Three years he spent in Paris, Vermont, graduating from the academy in '87. And during those years his progress in the favor of Beth Haskins was an everlasting repetition of these two incidents. The girl must have loved him,—a little bit,—because on so many occasions she forgave him and really tried to help him. But it was a thankless job.

Then came the night when he gave it out that he was going to enter college the following September and study to be a minister. Some academy students were returning arm in arm from a strawberry festival down the river. Beth Haskins put her hand to her mouth quickly.

"A minister! You! John David, now what stupendous break are you making?"

He reaffirmed his intention, but when those in that company saw his face, nobody laughed—at least not as Beth Haskins had. For plainly he was serious in what he said, and had not made his decision lightly.

He walked home with Beth that night, to her father's place out beyond Kennedy's Bottoms. And she reasoned with him.

"It requires more tact and diplomacy to be a successful pastor, John, than to succeed in almost any other profession. And you just haven't got it. With people who do not understand you, with strangers, you make enemies everywhere. For three years now, I've been watching you—or rather, listening. And not once in all that time have I ever heard you make a neat remark or say one appropriate word."

"I don't mean to hurt people's feelings," he contended in his misery. "But they're so sensitive!"

But John David went back to his boarding-place that night still decided to enter the ministry. He felt he did not have a friend on earth; and for some reason the idea of becoming a clergyman offered solace to his wounded spirit.

He went to college and afterward to theological school. As for Beth Haskins, she studied music. She took piano pupils in the village, and corresponded intermittently with John David. It was noticeable, however, that no other young buck kept company with her with any degree of regularity during David's absence. The local boys "left her pretty much to her preacher." In the back of her head and heart, perhaps, she sensed his ultimate need of her and was saving herself for him in a spirit of maternity which was strong within her.

John David came back from college, at length—gave it out about his intent to go as a missionary and convert the heathen.

NOW, ever since we ordinary Yankee folk have been old enough to know right from wrong, or the reason for keeping the Sabbath, or why the higher criticism is something to be viewed with fear and trembling, we have been more or less feasted with our responsibility toward the heathen.

It was a foregone conclusion that the heathen needed conversion. He was utterly lost in distant lands of misery and sin. Socially he ranked somewhere between the beasts of the field and the foreign element down below the freight-yards who had been delivered to them regularly each week-end and got into fights on Sundays.

All of us can recall how stereotyped the thinking of a generation ago was, about the heathen. It was regarded as gratitude to the Almighty for the light wherewith we had been favored, that certain among us should journey afar at great personal inconvenience, learn the heathen's code and jargon, fight his idolatry, fleas and flavors, look, act and talk apostolic, awaken him to what depths of depravity he and his folks had descended into, and rescue him from his fatal teetering over the everlasting pit up into the great white illumination of wife-loving, knife-and-fork eating, hymn-singing salvation.

It was all very vital, very serious, very tragic. It comprised as much a part of the consistent Christian life as sitting through a two-hour sermon by a presiding elder who earned his money

by quantity of service if not by quality, singing in a chorus choir during the winter revival, teaching a Sunday-school class of Infant Terribles the horror of eternal damnation, or baking a pot of beans for the Friday-night sociable and then keeping one's temper when asked brazenly for an additional pot of pickles and frosted cake in addition.

When, after great spiritual travail, one of our number announced that he or she was "going" as a missionary, we held prayers for the unfortunate and went about with funereal expressions on our faces. We sympathized with the relatives. Secretly we lamented our own lack of Christian altruism, sighed over it, ultimately recovered and went out and beat our neighbor in a horse-trade just the same as ever.

And this is the strangest part of our unthinking concepts about



John David came back from college—gave it out about his intent to convert the heathen.

missionaries: the moment these same local folk set foot on foreign shores, in the back of our minds they became quite different people. The men all turned into lantern-jawed, frock-coated, plug-hatted individuals given to carpet-bags, side-whiskers and dyspepsia. The women were popularly conceived as austere parties in poke bonnets, with bangs frumping out at the edges, caustic manners, and personalities of lost romance so doleful that the heathen must have succumbed in sheer fellow-commiseration. We could no more humanize the heathen and the missionary who went to "save" him than we could humanize our God or the theology whereby we did Him reverence.

Yes, it jolted us badly when, after one Sunday evening song-

service in Calvary, John David gave it out that he was "going" as a missionary. He had been back from divinity school about a fortnight. He had learned to wear the proper-size collar, part his hair humanly and speak easily. Still, he fell far and grossly short of the expected rehabilitation.

"I'm going to Japan," he said quietly when the young minister of Calvary asked after his immediate prospects for getting a "call." Then he continued: "I'm persuaded that our church needs missionaries among people who have never heard of the gospel, far more than ministers here at home to preach fruitlessly to those who have always had salvation and been suspicious of it because it is free."

This sounded like a knock against the young minister. For a moment the latter took it as such, and grimaced. Then remembering the admonition to love one's enemies and do good to them that persecute you and spitefully use you, he recovered from his gloom and asked pleasantly about John's time of departure.

"I received a favorable reply from the Board last evening. I'm sailing from San Francisco on the twentieth," was the answer.

The country newspaper man who records this chronicle stood a few feet from John when he made this declaration, but he could not see the boy's face for the group around him. It was another face which met his glance, that of old Proctor Haskins' daughter Elizabeth, who now played the organ in Calvary. She had some sheet music under her arm, and as John voiced his declaration, the music fell to the floor. As it spilled along the worn green carpet, the girl turned pale.

The news had a different effect upon each of those who heard it. The minister warmly congratulated young David. Some of the business men seemed disgusted. The women were tragic.

John stooped to help Elizabeth recover her music. The girl tried to thank him, but her voice was husky.

"You'll let me walk home with you?" he asked when he had finally separated from the crowd and overtaken her in the vestry.

"If you care—that much," she retorted, for she had recovered her poise.

They left the church together. It was a moonlit night in May. Our town was very quiet in the hush of the Sabbath evening. Three miles intervened between Calvary church and her home on Kennedy's Bottoms. At the corner of Pine Street, John took the girl's arm to help her down a curbing. They moved on down Walnut Street under the sleeping maples. They had turned into Cedar Street before either broke the silence.

"So you're going—to Japan?" the girl said. "I had been resigned to the idea of you being a minister. But a *missionary*—oh, John David!"

"Why not a missionary?" he asked her.

"How long do you imagine you'll last as a missionary?"

"What do you mean—last?"

"With your fine tendency for opening your mouth and saying things that always get you into fixes—how long do you imagine you'll last as a missionary?"

"A longer time than I'd last here at home among people who are always expecting the worst of me," he said bitterly.

"That's a finished, polished, gentlemanly insinuation to make! Oh, John David, you haven't changed much, have you?"

"Let's not quarrel, Elizabeth."

But a little reserve sprang up between them in that moment which remained until the end. The girl was piqued. The entire Haskins family was noted for a strain of stubbornness, and Elizabeth had never wholly forgiven John for going to theological school. She had wanted him to enter the People's National Bank and become a financier. But to John David, a banking career meant the selfish accumulation of dollars. Despite the handicap of his tactlessness, he had it in him to do something higher and better. She had grimaced when confronted with the possibility of becoming a minister's wife, though she had finally accepted the circumstance with philosophy; but to exile herself away in a foreign country among heathen people with a man who just wouldn't get on because of his utter lack of diplomacy—that was quite another matter.

"I think," she snapped, "that you're as tactless and undiplomatic about choosing your life-work as you have always been in your speech. If that hurts, make the most of it!"

"I can't help it, Beth. It just seems to shape up as my duty," he told her sadly.

Few local people realized how greatly John David loved Proctor Haskins' daughter. Ever since high-school, as she had continued to blossom out into the maturity of her womanhood, she had been the one big thing in his life—aside from his studies. Frequently they had quarreled, but those quarrels had always been over petty, remediable things. This decision, however, was a really big thing. They had walked almost a mile in silence when the girl finally remarked quietly:

"Well, John, we might as well understand one another here and now! I'm not going off to any foreign country and leave my folks and friends behind forever. You weren't counting on that, I hope."

"Beth!"

"That's my last word, John David!"

The country lay white beneath the moon. Apple-trees were still in bloom. Strange, sweet scents came across the country night. The various night insects sang in the roadside shrubbery. About them rolled the Vermont country, glamourous with the springtime. On many nights in the years that followed, John David lived over again that last walk with Beth Haskins out to her home beyond the Bottoms.

"But Beth—I love you! Don't you know what that means? I love you! It would soften much of the hardship of that self-denial, to have you with me. Somehow I came to think of the ordeal as a great and everlasting adventure, a perpetual honeymoon across the seas. And—it seems to me that you are failing me!"

They had come to a parting in the road before them as well as in their lives. Off to the northwest the highway ran up to Barre. They took the other thoroughfare. Beth complained of being tired. They stopped to rest, sitting on a hoary boulder. A cherry tree grew close to a pasture fence above them. Its pale white blossoms made the night exotic with fragrance. Beth reached up and broke off a forked sprig of the flowers. This sprig she divided. Half of it she intertwined in her own hair. The other she fastened in the lapel of John David's coat. When she had the tiny task completed, she did not take her hands away. She sat there beside him, looking up into his face, drawing him down close to her.

"John dear," she begged, "don't go! For my sake, John, don't go! Oh, John. You'll break my heart!"

HE talked to her then, used all his boyish eloquence upon his effort to win her over. The girl was almost persuaded, for she had her own heart to fight against also. But just when he had her persuaded and she was ready to turn sobbing into his arms and surrender herself and go with him anywhere, his jinx overtook him again.

"After all, Beth," he said, "—it's a man's *work* in life that really counts, more than his private affairs, his heart-hopes, even the woman he may marry—"

The girl stiffened.

"So that's it?" she snapped, angrier at his clumsiness than at the man himself. "Your work is more important than I am, is it?"

He knew he should not have said that. Yet he blundered onward:

"If it wasn't, I'd be staying here in Paris with you, wouldn't I—and taking the job in the bank?"

"John David," she cried hysterically, "this is more than I can stand. If I tied myself to you, your lack of—of ordinary tact would drive me mad. No, John David! You can go your way, and I'll go mine. Be a missionary if you want, but count me out. When you've reached the place where you can weigh your words before you speak them, then you can come back and ask me to marry you, and perhaps I will. But not till then."

And with that declaration she left him.

John David did not attempt to follow. He sat down on the rock again and lowered his head to his hands. There beneath the moon, he fought his fight again; and he won it, as he had won it before. He may have been a social vulgarian; he may have erred in an overdeveloped sense of moral responsibility; but John David was no coward.

The night before he left town, the young people gave him a farewell party in the church vestry. It was supposed to cheer him up and permit him to leave with pleasant memories of the town and people. But it was a lame failure, mostly.

One of the incidents which made it so was the notable absence of Beth Haskins. One of the Harrison girls remarked that she

understood that absence was due to illness, but it was not—for the girl John David had loved since boyhood was at a dance over in North Foxboro. Whether it was to hurt him intentionally or not was debatable. Her escort to that dance was young Billy Cogswell, whose father was president of the Paris Savings Bank & Trust Company. Some day young Cogswell would inherit the family money.

Nine o'clock next morning found John David taking leave of parents and friends at our local station. Going abroad seemed a tragic undertaking, in those days, and this was a doubly pathetic leave-taking. Several times the young man's eyes wandered over the crowd of home folks, searching for one face, but he was disappointed. At ten minutes after nine o'clock, Luther David and his wife beheld the last car of the train disappear around the curve in the lower railroad yards. And John was gone—out to the Orient which was old when the world was young, which knows all the sorrows to which human flesh is heir, and bears that suffering with philosophy—where life is as vast as the sands of the sea and fleeting as a summer breeze.

And in a little manufacturing town back in Vermont, on that first night and for scores of nights thereafter, a girl wept upon her pillow.

A TWELVEMONTH afterward Beth Haskins married Billy Cogswell. She wedded the scion of the banker's house with much pomp and ceremony. Some said she did it to spite John David. Others said she did it because old Jeremiah Cogswell was growing poorly, and as Billy was due to get his money, some other damsel might get Billy. Still others claimed that the girl's heart was bowed down; she had married the banker's boy because she saw herself a last rose of summer left blooming alone and was consequently miserable. We in this newspaper office were inclined to say that all were correct.

But the moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on! Presently into the home of young William Cogswell a child was born. It was a man child—Beth's first son. And thereafter Beth had too much to occupy her time to give much thought to morbid loneliness or wondering after John David.

Three months after the birth of that son, Jeremiah Cogswell the banker wrapped his cloak about him and lay down to eternal sleep. And in that cloak must have been secreted seventy-odd thousand dollars of the bank's money, for that is the sum his executors discovered him short in his accounts when their reckoning was done, and it was never discovered elsewhere. Of inheritance for Billy and Beth there was not a farthing—nothing but debt and odium.

Billy went into the sash-and-blind mill and ran a buzz-planer for sixteen dollars a week. Beth went into her kitchen and took to her dishpan and washboard for what she could get as pin-money when the household bills were paid. Seven years later, when the fourth son was born, Will Cogswell got a better job down in Bridgeport for twenty-five dollars a week. He moved his family down there, got them installed with reasonable comfort in a shabby-genteel tenement, promised Beth a new hat and coat in the spring, then went out and stepped in front of a street-car, which attended to his indiscretion with neatness and dispatch.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

The years sped onward, and the girl who had been selfish enough to believe that a fellow like John David would surrender his finer self for love of her—who had put him to the test and discovered how little she really counted when it came to a choice between duty and heart's desire—laboried at the age-old task of raising her sons. And forthwith the Recording Angel wrote in much fine penmanship on the page devoted to Mrs. Elizabeth Cogswell's record.

NIGHT and the stars and the sleeping sea. Night and the eternal hills and the firmament which God has made, and the earth which yields her increase where He has looked upon His work and called it good. Night and the mystic calm of the Orient, the flickering lanterns on queer-sailed boats afar across the dark, the serried lights of seacoast cities where many sparrows may be sold for a farthing and be noted of the Almighty, but where humankind is beyond census, and God alone knows their number. Night with its whispers and poignant fancies that warm the hearts of young men and make them eager to run life's race, but which bring old men only the memories of dear dead days that have gone, an increase in the essence of things hoped for but not seen—night, and one who was called Dr. John David (*Continued on page 136*)

When William Mac-Harg was a freshman in college, he used to lie abed and read Stevenson when he should have been delving into a Greek grammar. But he knew what he was headed for, at that. He wrote a story of the Great Lakes, which was at once accepted by the editor of a distinguished magazine—and Mac has been a writer ever since.



Illustrated by

Dudley Gloyne Summers

"That will be about all from you," he said to Martin stall.
"The lady don't want to know you. Aint that clear?"

Rubber Ice

By

WILLIAM MAC HARG

MRS. WELLARD stood on the deck of the steamer, thinking of the letter which she had written to her husband.

"Dear Robert," she had written, "I hope you will not feel badly over what I have decided is the best for both of us. It has been a very wonderful experience to be married to you, but of late I have kept asking myself: 'Is this all?' I do not mean that I have as yet decided definitely on separation between us. Perhaps I am merely tired of seeing that the puppy has his bath, of shopping always at the same stores, of seeing always the same people and doing always the same things. I still love you—that is, I am almost sure that I still love you. But I am now nearly twenty-four years old, and I feel that, outside of what we do and have, there is a great world in which you and I are not getting our just share. It is time, I feel, that I found out. As yet I have not any very definite plans. I have the thousand dollars which you sent me. When I have found out what I mean to do, I will let you know. Meanwhile it will not be of any use to look for me."

At this point in her writing Mrs. Wellard had paused. Robert, her husband, was on business in the South. At some indefinite time in the next two or three weeks he would reach Chicago. She—or at least this had been his plan—was to meet him there at her mother's. She would want, he had written, to do some spring shopping before he arrived; it was for this that he had inclosed his

check for a thousand dollars. Suddenly, after the receipt of his letter, the little Dakota city where she had spent the almost two years of her married life had seemed unbearable to her. Without notifying her mother, with hardly a word to her neighbors as to her destination, she had taken the Chicago train. After that, what had happened gave her a feeling of fatality.

She had reflected for several minutes, biting the end of her pen, and then had added:

"I know that you will do me the justice to be sure that there is no other person. Of course there is not. If there were, I should tell you frankly. It is just that I am in so much doubt whether we are getting what we ought to out of life."

Mrs. Wellard had debated where to send her letter, and had ended by addressing it to him in care of her mother. It would be better, she had decided, if he did not get it until he reached Chicago. He would wonder, in the meantime, why he did not hear from her, but she could not help that. She did not want to hurt her husband; he was about ten years older than she, and she had married him as soon as she had left school.

It was in the diner, after leaving Minneapolis, that the fat man had sat at the next small table to her, facing her. He and his companion, a light-haired man, had evidently struck up one of those sudden intimate smoking-compartment acquaintanceships. The light-haired man was going to New York. Why, the fat man

had inquired of him, go by way of Chicago? Why not leave the train when he did, cross Lake Michigan by boat, catch the Ann Arbor railroad on the other side, connect with the Michigan Central somewhere in Michigan and cut off in this way nearly three hundred miles of travel? They would make the crossing, the fat man had promised; the occasion for a "party."

Mrs. Wellard had finished her dinner while they were still discussing this proposal, and had gone back to her compartment. What she did afterward, she had seemed to do almost in a dream. At the town which the fat man had mentioned, she had left the train, carrying her handbag and abandoning her trunk. She had taken a rattling horse-cab to the small hotel. She had registered there under a name not her own, and had spent almost the whole night in composing her letter to her husband.

In it she had told him the exact truth—she had no plans; all she knew now was that she was going to New York. So, this morning, she had come aboard the boat.

FROM her place on the deck, Mrs. Wellard looked down on a score of men who were trundling trucks loaded with flour from the dock into the gangway of the steamer. The fat man, the stranger whose overheard words upon the train had brought her where she was, was down there on the dock below her. Occasionally he looked up at her, as if the fact that they were again fellow-passengers meant that he had the right to speak to her. He was quite evidently a traveling man. Aside from this, he was the sort of man for whom she felt a certain sense of repugnance.

Back of him were the huge letters along the front of the long warehouse which, she had just discovered, when pieced together by disregarding the intervening doors, spelled the boastful sentence: "WE RUN OUR BOATS EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR." Further on both sides of the narrow river were freight carriers, tied up, their decks hidden under two feet of snow. And all about was the snow-covered Wisconsin village where, under a leaden January sky, she could make out among a row of red-brick fronts, the post office where she had just mailed her letter.

The sight of the fat man, aside from her feeling of repugnance at his personal appearance, brought her only the realization that he had evidently failed to make his companion change his plans. The deep sound of the whistle, announcing the steamer's departure, had a sense of finality for her. She perceived that the procession of men trundling the flour had stopped, and that the fat man was coming aboard across the gangplank. She turned and went back into the cabin.

Mrs. Wellard was accustomed to Lake steamers only in the summer season; she had already guessed that there were not many who crossed in winter time. A stout stewardess sat reading a paper-covered novel. The only other figure in the cabin was Mrs. Wellard's own reflection in the numerous mirrors—so completely clothed in furs that only her slim silk-clad ankles, high-heeled shoes, attractive nose and rather excited large blue eyes were visible. She stopped beside the stewardess.

"Are there any other woman passengers?" she asked.

The stewardess looked up.

"No'm; this trip we're the only ladies on the boat."

As Mrs. Wellard passed down the cabin, the fat man was coming up the companionway from below. He stopped at the head of the stairs and seemed about to speak to her, but she went quickly past him and entered her stateroom.

The stateroom, now that the steamer was in motion, was filled with an unusual and rather terrifying sound. It was a moment before she comprehended that this came from the great chunks of ice floating in the river which, striking the steel sides of the steamer, set it to reverberating like a drum. She could see through her stateroom window that they were passing between the pierheads out into the Lake. The piers and shore were incrustated high with glistening white ice; she could see floating ice in a long line on the horizon. The Lake was gray and sluggish-seeming. In Minneapolis it had been very cold; it was less cold here, and there was a heavy feeling in the air. The cabin and stateroom were bright and warm.

Mrs. Wellard took off her hat and coat. She fixed her hair and put on her hat again, but not her coat. She knew that she could not read, but to give herself an appearance of occupation she took from her handbag the novel she had been reading when the strange impulse to leave the train had overmastered her. The trip across the Lake, she had been told at the steamship office, would take seven or eight hours; she would connect, on the other side, directly with the train. The cabin now was entirely empty; she saw no one until, after nearly two hours, a white-jacketed steward came to summon her to luncheon. Then she put away

her book and moved forward past the mirror-covered bulkheads which inclosed the stack, into the forward cabin.

All but two of the small dining-tables which in summer filled this forward cabin, had been removed. Several men, who plainly were officers of the ship, sat at the table nearest the bow; the other table had been set for the passengers, who, as the number of places at the table showed, were four. A sallow youth was already seated at the table, and Mrs. Wellard took the chair opposite him. It would be better, she had reflected, to have the fat man at her side than to face him. The passenger who presently took the seat at her right appeared to be a lumberman or lake-man of some sort. The fat man, as he took the remaining chair, looked at her lengthily.

"Saw you on the train," he offered.

Mrs. Wellard made no answer; to assent would have been to admit that she had recognized him.

"Tha's right," he continued. "Saw you in the diner. I was with gentleman from New York. Met him on the train too. Like old friends to see you here."

Suddenly Mrs. Wellard understood the look on the face of the youth across from her. The fat man, balked of staging his party with the gentleman from New York, was staging it alone. He was quite evidently drunk. Mrs. Wellard perceived dimly the logic of this proceeding at the same time that she recognized its unpleasantry; he could be drunk on the steamer, go to a hotel ashore for the night, and the next morning his head would be clear for business. Meantime he was determined to pursue her acquaintance.

"Name's Henry Martinstall," he introduced himself. "Home, Grand Rapids."

Mrs. Wellard looked straight ahead of her. The lumberman at her right spoke quietly.

"That will be about all from you," he said to Mr. Martinstall. "The lady don't want to know you. Aint that clear?"

Mr. Martinstall stared at him resentfully and seemed about to retort belligerently; but he changed his mind and thereafter devoted himself unsteadily to the contents of his plate. Mrs. Wellard looked at the lumberman—if he were that; she wanted to thank him, but did not know how to do it. He had not glanced at her or, except for his direct reference to her, even seemed conscious of her presence. Her look went past him to the officers' table. It encountered there the direct gaze of a young man, and something unexpected, exciting and electrical went through her.

There was nothing definitely nautical about the appearance of the three men at the officers' table, even about the one whom she knew to be the captain. They wore no uniforms, but serviceable-looking clothing, each of a different style. The visored caps which hung above their heavy overcoats against the bulkhead were the only evidence that they were seamen.

The man who was looking at her was twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. He was tall, and the shoulders under his loose-fitting coat were unusually square and broad. His features were irregular, but he gave the effect of that masculine ugliness which is almost handsome; his skin was like leather; his hands were powerful and well-shaped.

Mrs. Wellard had never in her life felt less flirtatious than at that moment; but the gaze which the man fixed on her was not flirtatious. Indeed, as soon as he realized that he was looking at her, he looked away. She did not look at him again, but she was peculiarly aware of all his movements. He rose presently, and without again glancing in her direction, put on his overcoat and cap and went out. His place, after a few moments, was taken by another man who came in from the deck. The cap and overcoat of this second man were sprinkled with great big flakes of snow.

"Snowing!" the lumberman said to the youth who sat across from Mrs. Wellard.

SH~~E~~ could not tell why the word as he spoke it seemed to have importance and significance. In the warm shelter of the cabin, snow outside was a matter of no moment. She had finished her luncheon, and as she rose, was undecided what to do next. If she sat in the cabin, Mr. Martinstall would probably seize the opportunity to pursue her acquaintance; but to keep to her stateroom just because Mr. Martinstall was drunk did not appeal to her. Finally, she went to the stateroom, got her coat, fastened its fur collar high about her neck, and stepped out on deck.

The snow, in great wet flakes, was falling straight down, with no lateral motion except that which it borrowed from the movement of the steamer, and so thickly that she could see only a very little way. The loud reverberations of the floating ice strik-



She was aware of Mr. Pickett coming toward them. "Get that fur coat of yours," he directed, "and anything else that's warm."

ing against the steel hull, which had stopped while they were in open water, had commenced again. They were following, as nearly as she could make out, a sort of channel which had been broken through an immense ice-field and which was filled with floes and ice-chunks which the steamer thrust aside in its slow progress. The windows of the pilot-house were open, and the man who had looked at Mrs. Wellard from the officers' table stood by the pilot-house ladder. She could see now that his cap bore the legend "*Second Officer*."

She moved slowly along the deck in his direction. She was glad as she stopped beside him, of the convention which permits conversation between officers and passengers.

"It's snowing pretty hard," she offered.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. He had a manly, vibrant voice.

"How can you see where you are going?"

"We can't see very well just now," he said.

"There seems to be a lot of ice."

"Yes, ma'am; it's a bad winter for ice."

He explained to her that the ice was always forming and reforming; it drifted, windrowed. Sometimes it was stretched along one shore of the Lake; then a change of wind would move it over to the other. Only once in a dozen years did the Lake freeze completely over, and even then it did not always put an end to navigation.

"The boats work together, ma'am," he told her, "and so keep a channel open. We're going through now where the *Tuskogee*

went through about five hours ago, and in about four hours more the P. M. *Number 9* will be going through where we are."

She went to the rail with him, and they looked down through the snow along the black steel sides of the steamer. The round portholes which in summer let light into the lower part of the ship were covered with steel plates; the steel doors to the gangways had been screwed tight and reinforced by beams.

She was queerly excited while he talked with her, though he did not joke and did not smile. When she went back into the cabin, she stopped beside the stewardess.

"What is the second officer's name?" she asked.

"Mr. Pickett, ma'am."

"What's his first name?"

"I think it's John."

The stewardess showed no surprise. Suddenly Mrs. Wellard felt that the question was ridiculous. The whole situation was ridiculous. In a few hours she would land and then be on her way to New York. She would never see Mr. Pickett again.

Mrs. Wellard went into her stateroom, took off her coat and hat and dress, slipped on the kimono from her handbag, took up her novel again, and lay down in her berth. In spite of the loud noises of the ship, she went almost at once to sleep; she had been awake all the previous night. What awoke her was a subconscious sense of a change in her surroundings—she felt this before she perceived what the change was. Then she realized that her stateroom was now perfectly silent. There was no noise of the ice;

there was not even the steady shake of the propeller. The steamer was not moving.

She switched on the light and looked at her watch. It was seven in the evening. The conclusion from this, of course, was that they had reached harbor. The stewardess, she decided with irritation, had forgotten to call her, and unless she hurried, she would miss her train. She sprang up, dressed swiftly and repacked her handbag. The boat evidently had its other side to the dock, for when she peered out her stateroom window, she saw only darkness. Carrying her handbag, she hastened out into the cabin; she saw no one, and to get her bearings, went out on deck.

She stopped there in amazement. They were not at a dock. It had stopped snowing; she could see stars. By the dim light from the cabin windows she perceived Mr. Pickett.

"What is it?" she demanded of him.

"We got lost in the snow, ma'am, and took a blind channel," he replied. "Now we're stuck."

"Stuck?" she repeated dazedly.

"Yes, ma'am. We've got ice thirty feet thick ahead, and nearly that behind."

"How long will we be here?"

For the first time she saw him smile. "No telling, till we get daylight and see how the steamer lays, ma'am. We might get out tomorrow morning; it might be a week or two. The ice is bad, but Captain Jennison says he's seen it worse. He was froze in once till spring."

"But good heavens!" she exclaimed angrily. "That is impossible! I'm going to New York."

"Not right away you aint, I'm afraid, ma'am."

"But it's important, Mr. Pickett."

"Well, pretty soon we'll get in touch with shore by wireless. If it's prime important, it might be you could hire an airplane to come out and pick you up. That has been done, but it's expensive; besides, it's not to be risked unless there is real need."

She stared at him blankly. Her first thought was of her husband; she could wireless Robert. He had not yet received her letter. But he *would* receive it! She was here under a name not her own. The thought of him died as it formed.

"Are we in danger?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am. We got coal to keep us warm. We got food; besides, we got a load of flour. If it gets dangerous, we'll get out on the ice and walk ashore, but just now that's more dangerous than to stay where we are."



He took her bag from her and led the way back to the cabin. She went with him with the feeling that she was in a nightmare. As they entered the cabin, Mr. Martin stall, in his shirt without a collar, and with a purple face, was expostulating with the lumberman. He broke off at sight of Mrs. Wellard, seemed to forget what he was saying, and smiled fatuously at her. She took her bag from Mr. Pickett and went direct to her stateroom.

The situation appeared incredible to her. Whenever she had previously taken a train or a boat, it had got her to the place she meant to go, though of course it sometimes had been late. She had recognized in Mr. Pickett's mention of a week or two a tone which indicated that in winter Lake travel it was not an unexpected occurrence. The conclusion was forced upon her that she was imprisoned in this steel hull for what might prove to be an indefinite period. It was less important that one of her fellow-prisoners was a drunken man ambitious to force his attentions on her, than that another of them was Mr. Pickett. She was rather frightened by the eager, expectant excitement which Mr. Pickett stirred in her. It forced her to keep her mind on Robert. She had the stewardess serve her dinner in her stateroom.



Pickett helped Mrs. Wellard to rise. "You got to walk straight ahead," he told her. "Keep moving. If you hear anyone go through, don't even turn to look."

themselves to each other and to anything else which offered—would have built themselves onto the bottom of the hull and down and down, until they reached the bottom of the Lake and set the steamer on a solid column of ice.

Mrs. Wellard scrutinized the Captain to see whether he was spoofing her. She decided he was not. His attitude and that of the other men was discomposing to her. They seemed mentally prepared for being stuck in the ice, and were contented not to try to set any time-limit to it. He showed her, around the horizon, several almost undiscernable clouds which, he told her, were the smokes of distant cities. Far south, a thin, trailing grayness meant to him the presence of another steamer.

"That don't do us any good," he stated. "There can't anything get near us."

Mrs. Wellard, returning to the cabin for breakfast, found the lumberman already at the table. It was impossible, under such circumstances, to maintain aloofness, and he introduced himself. His name, he told her, was Jacobs. Martin stall did not appear for breakfast. He showed up at luncheon, very unsteady and with empurpled face, and informed Mrs. Wellard that in case of any unexpected develop-

IN the morning, when Mrs. Wellard came out on deck, she perceived in all directions nothing but ice.

Captain Jennison was standing at the rail; she joined him there. The sky was clear; the ice, stretching in glistening hummocks and windrows as far as her gaze could reach, shot back the rays of the morning sun with a brilliance which dazzled her.

"We're out of sight of land," she offered breathlessly.

"No," he denied. He pointed. The shore was discernible only as a far-off silver line of snow-clad bluffs; it was, he told her, some twenty miles away.

The Captain was watching members of the crew, who under command of Mr. Pickett, were cutting a six-foot channel all around the ship, close to the hull. If this were not kept open, the Captain said casually, the ice, continually forming on its under side and lifting in the water as it formed, would ultimately raise the steamer clear out of the water and lay it on its side. He added, with evident satisfaction, that they were in deep water. "Not less than five hundred feet." Except for that, the anchor ice—those millions upon millions of floating tiny crystals with which the water was filled, whose object in existence was to attach

ment, she could certainly depend on him. He was prevented from saying more by Jacobs. Only on the third day did Martin stall make his appearance with no suspicion of liquor on his breath; his supply evidently was exhausted. It developed now that, in sobriety, he was embarrassed and self-effacing in the presence of ladies. He stared sheepishly at Mrs. Wellard as though he considered apologizing for having annoyed her, then quite obviously decided that it was better not to speak of it.

The incredibility of the situation was growing upon Mrs. Wellard. The steamer was in wireless communication with the shore, and a list of those aboard had been furnished to the shore station. It probably had been published in the newspapers. Robert could hardly have got her letter yet; even if he had, the false name under which she appeared in the list would mean nothing to him. It would not, she reflected, mean anything to anybody. Would he, she wondered, trace her by the postmark on the letter?

The routine of life aboard the steamer was maintained exactly as though the vessel were in motion. There was always a man in the pilot-house, and another pacing back and forth upon the deck as lookout. The sole change seemed to (Continued on page 165)

When you read a story by Wilbur Hall that "touches on or appertains to" the West, you may accept it at face value, for the author is the last man in the world to betray his own neighbors. Mr. Hall lives about as far west as one can in this country, and his affections are torn between the mountains and the sea. No American writer has come to the front more speedily than he—largely for the reason that he never tells a story unless, as here, he has one to tell.

The Storm

By
WILBUR HALL

OUTSIDE, a deluge of rain, wind-driven, beat against the old house; detonations of thunder shook it, and the flashes of blue-white lightning threw on the east windows an occasional panorama of tossing trees that groaned under the fury of the gale. The sullen roar of Smith Creek, chafing against its rocky banks and breaking savagely on the boulder-filled cribs supporting the Downie bridge, boomed with a rising bass.

Within was peace and quiet. The kitchen was warmed by the old stove where a teakettle sang; a grave-faced clock beside the hall door measured time with a friendly ticking; the hanging lamp, with its dull red shade, cast a gentle glow over the table, its faded blue cloth comfortable to the eye. There was a row of blue plates above the cupboard that gleamed like pleasant old faces. Tippecanoe, the gray cat, rose lazily, stretched, turned around with a finicky air, and settled himself again in the chair that had been Ma Weed's. Odors of coffee and bacon were faint in the room.

Absalom Weed finished sweeping, returned the broom, took off the big checked apron that had hung from his neck, and washed his hands at the sink. He dried them on the roller towel, then crossed, with a little stirring of anticipation, and brought to the table the old family Bible and the package that had come that day from Poole, the artist, in the city.

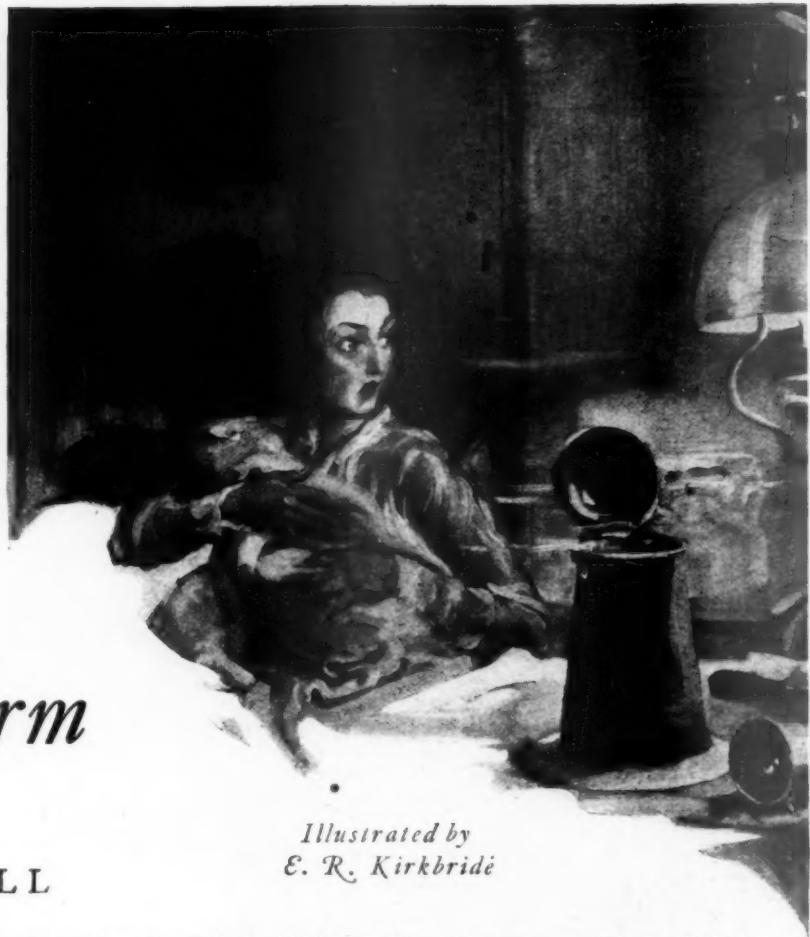
Old Ab Weed had been looking forward to this moment ever since Poole had stayed with him, a month before, and had told him how to etch a plate to replace the board above Ma's grave on the knoll. He had put off choosing the text, even, until the materials Poole had promised should have come. It was all to be begun this evening.

Old Ab sighed, smiled a little, and opened the Book.

"Peace." That was the word that must be somewhere in the text he used. Ma had longed all her life for peace. Not for rest! She had never rested, was never happy resting. But from the trials, the anxieties of life, she had always prayed for release. Absalom paused, one hand on the first page of the Concordance in the back of the Book, and raised his head to the storm.

The night without was not unlike life—turbulent, driven,

Illustrated by
E. R. Kirkbride



crashing with elemental struggle. The room within—he looked about him—was at peace. The old man pondered. Ma had found peace, long before her death, and she had taught him to find it. How was it the minister pronounced the benediction? "And now let the peace that keeps your hearts and souls—" Words like that. Were they from the Book?

He found it presently. Philippians!

Thumbing the pages of the volume, he came on the Family Record—paused. The marriage certificate, copied in: "Absalom Weed, of Zenith, aged 26, and Martha Dodd, of Yarmouth, aged 24." Then the births: "John Henry, April 7, 1880—David Dodd, October 11, 1882—Jasper Haynes, June 4, 1885—Myra Elizabeth—"

For the moment the old man's thoughts stayed with his daughter. She had never known peace—the peace that keeps your heart. . . . A bad bargain, hers! The only girl, guarded, and fended and jealously reared, she had gone off with that flashy Milt Bagley, and been married in Sacramento. Milt was smart enough—too smart, perhaps. County auditor now, and said to be in on the Corinth and Vacaville irrigation business, and certain to make a heap of money. But Myra and the boy—the little fellow—well, much good it did them! Old Ab frowned.

He turned to the deaths. "John Henry, aged nine," David—"Major David Dodd Weed, in Belleau Wood, France, aged thirty-six," and, "Martha Dodd Weed, aged sixty-one, died December 13, 1922." Only Jasper left, doing well in the East, and Myra. . . .

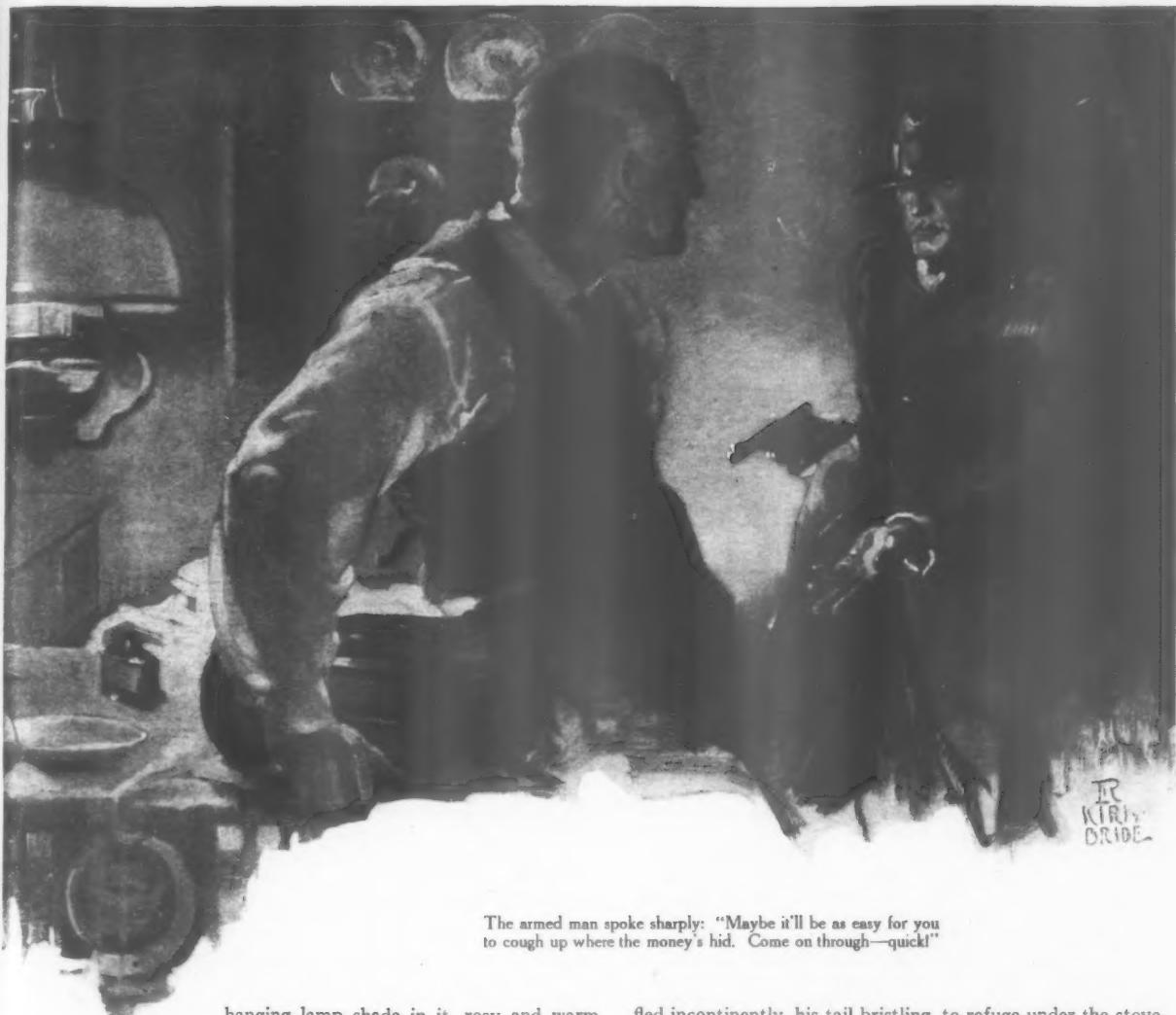
He set himself to his appointed task with another gentle sigh. Philippians, fourth chapter, seventh verse:

"And the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

That was it. "That passeth all understanding."

The old man's face lightened. He opened the artist's package.

Inside the stout wrappers was a cardboard box. From that, carefully, he removed a cake of wax, a thick bottle of acid, a small, flat-nosed tool like a stubby awl, and then the brass plate. Old Ab looked at its dull surface, saw the red gleam of the



The armed man spoke sharply: "Maybe it'll be as easy for you to cough up where the money's hid. Come on through—quick!"

hanging lamp shade in it, rosy and warm, saw his own image darkly. He rubbed the plate carefully with soft paper.

Then, with the Bible open before him and with frequent references to the letter Poole had sent describing the simple etching process he was to follow, Absalom set to work.

He softened the wax at the stove, worked it on the plate carefully—a thin coating over the brass. He took up the tool, a trifle apprehensively—ruled the wax—began slowly to cut from its soft face the name "*Martha*." All went well. His big, roughened hands were made skillful by affection.

"*The peace of God, that passeth all understanding.*"

That was what he had decided on.

He finished inscribing the dates and began on the text. . . .

The furious pounding of the storm seemed to increase; now and again he lifted his head to listen, ensconced thus warmly—safe from its tearing hands. It was shut out.

"*The peace of God—*"

Abruptly old Absalom straightened in his chair, alert to a foreign note from without. He lost it, picked up the tool again, and set it on the wax.

There was a sudden rush of wind through the house, and a door slammed with a startling crash. Ab Weed rose, took a step toward the hall door.

It was flung wide, and through it rushed Myra, his daughter, stumbling—clinging to her baby boy.

"Dad! I'm in terrible trouble! Help me! You've got to help us. . . . Milt!"

She began to cry, violently. She weaved across the kitchen, and her dripping garments left a wide trail of water on the shining floor. She lowered the boy to a settee under the window, dropped heavily into her mother's chair, from which old Tippecanoe had

fled incontinently, his tail bristling, to refuge under the stove. The woman's entrance had brought something of the fury and struggle of the storm into the peace of the room.

"What's wrong, Myra, girl?"

The woman lifted a drawn face to him. It was streaked with rain, and her hair hung damply about her ears and neck. She was pretty, in a faded way, but her remnants of beauty were twisted now by fear and pain.

"I don't know it all! Milt was planning to leave me—to leave Downie. He was running away. With county funds!"

"County funds." Old Ab repeated the words without inflection.

"Yes. Some other man was to go to the courthouse tonight—to Milt's office—and wreck the safe. The bridge funds were there. I didn't understand it. I only had a minute. Something went wrong. Milt had a terrible fight, with the man who was working with him on this thing. He's coming here—to hide."

"Coming here? Why?"

"The other man gave it all away—somehow. Sheriff Bain is out—all the roads are closed. Milt got to the house, and at eleven he's going to drive out here. He sent me ahead to get you ready—to find a place for him."

She broke down.

Old Ab looked helplessly about him. His eye caught the open book—the wax-coated plate. Mechanically he reached for the brass tablet, placed it on the open page, and closed the Bible on it.

"*That passeth all understanding.*"

Myra collapsed, half fainting. With gentle hands he took off her streaming coat, her sodden shoes and wet stockings, and carried her to the bed in the middle room. The baby wakened, crying out sharply; the old man quieted him with milk warmed with boiling water, and rocked him until he fell asleep again. He put the big coffeepot on and presently took a steaming cup to his

daughter. She sat up, clutching at his shoulders—clinging to him. "You will hide Milt—wont you, Dad?"

"Drink this, child. . . . Myra, I can't hide your husband here—from the law."

"Don't be cruel! Think! If he stays—if he's caught—"

"He's a thief, Myra. Isn't he? Yes. Well, he belongs to the law now—not to you."

"But he didn't get the money."

"He didn't?"

"The other man got it. That was what the fight was about. He said the other man tricked him. Anyway, Milt said he didn't get the money—the county bridge funds."

"He tried to."

"Oh, I know, Dad. Don't be hard. If he is caught—put in jail—I can't stand that! I hate him. I hate him! But he's my husband, and he's little Dick's father."

"Would you go with him—take little Dick?"

She gripped his arm with amazing strength.

"Don't you see?" she cried eagerly. "If he got away, he couldn't come back. I'd be free!"

Old Absalom was silent for a moment. There was a great weight of pain in his heart, but his face was quiet—at peace.

"If the law gets him, you can be free too."

"I couldn't. Not in Downie! People would expect me to be faithful to him—to wait for him. Remember Mrs. Swanson? If he gets away and is never seen again, they will forget. It would be terrible—but I'd be free."

HE saw that she might be right. Downie could forgive the abandoned one, but never one who abandoned a mate. He searched his heart. He knew what he should do, but he did not know that he could do it.

"The peace of God . . . shall keep your hearts and minds." But if one connived to effect the escape of a criminal—a defaulter—a thief of public moneys? Absalom rose and walked the floor.

There was no more that Myra could tell him. The question was a stark one—no details mitigating the offense, no light on the incidents or circumstances that had led up to this tragic—this amazing crisis. She only thought that Milt had plunged too heavily in the irrigation scheme—been caught.

The girl rose, wrapping a blanket about her, and followed her father into the kitchen. The storm tore at casements and shingles. Some of its rage seemed to have been brought into the peaceful room. The Bible still lay under the lamp on the blue-clothed table, beside it the bottle of acid and the little broad-nosed etcher's tool. The fire whispered softly; Tippecanoe purred beneath the stove; and the clock ticked now with an anxious note. The gale beat through the sturdy walls and whipped at the old man's heart.

There was a staccato, mechanical sound from the road; a flash of lightning showed the bending trees—a small machine floundering desperately toward the house. Absalom stiffened. He hurried through to the front door—ran out into the driving rain.

He came back alone.

"I sent him on, Myra. I had to send him on."

The girl choked and fell at his feet.

Lines of pain were on Absalom's face now, as he ministered to her. He revived her, and she fainted again. He put warm cloths at her feet, forced a little hot coffee between her blue lips. She slept. Time passed.

Old Absalom went out to the kitchen again. There came a pounding at the rear door. He opened it, standing tall and rigid, in the frame doorway.

Milton Bagley pushed by him into the room, and a great dirty pool formed about his feet when he stopped. His extravagant clothes hung heavy on his thin frame; water ran from his mustache and small, pointed beard; his eyes darted from place to place. Absalom closed and bolted the door against the storm—but it was in the room still.

"The Downie bridge is out," Bagley muttered, almost eagerly. "I stopped the machine just in time. I pushed it over into the river. You've got to keep me here, Weed!"

Absalom returned slowly to his chair by the table, but did not sit down. He stood gripping the chair-back with his big hands.

"I'll have to give you up to the law, Milt," he said in a slow, steady voice.

"You can't! You don't dare!"

"Where is the money now?" Absalom asked quietly.

"Here." Bagley slipped off a money-belt that bulged with notes hastily placed. "I took it from Mor—from the crook that

tried to throw me down. I've got to hide it here!" He looked around hastily. He saw the Bible and started toward it.

Absalom moved forward. "No!" he cried ringingly.

Bagley fell back. He crossed to the cupboard, stuffed the belt into a teapot, and closed the cupboard door. Absalom, watching him, made a step forward.

Bagley snatched out a revolver.

"Keep away, I tell you!" he cried, beside himself. "I'll make you take care of me—you and your whining daughter!"

Myra herself came from the bedroom, her eyes sick.

At that instant they heard, above the roar of the storm, the sound of hammering at the front door. Bagley ran to his wife.

"Hide me somewhere!" he cried. "It's Bain! Now! Quick!"

But before any of the three of them could move, the hall door was kicked open and a lithe, dark man, armed with a revolver, rushed in. He swung on Milton Bagley—fired point blank. Myra cried out sharply and stepped back into the bedroom. Bagley leaped toward the newcomer and struck at him with his own gun, then fled past him. The man struggled for balance—followed down the hall.

THE wind, screaming through that opened door, suddenly blew the hanging lamp out. Only a dull glow from the stove, playing on the wall, could be seen in the room. Little Dick, the baby, lay crying affrightedly in the darkness.

"Myra!" Absalom called, feeling for matches. "Are you all right?"

"Yes. Oh, Dad!"

The lamp chimney was hot; Absalom burned his fingers. He fumbled for his handkerchief and another match. As the lamp glowed again, and Myra picked up the baby, there came a muffled shot from without, dull in the confusion of the storm. Absalom, standing with the lamplight on his lined old face, stopped and listened intently.

Nothing more could be heard but the howling of the wind and the threshing of incessant torrents of rain underlaid by the sullen booming of Smith Creek.

"Who was that man, Myra?" Absalom asked.

"Morris," she said. "The man Milt brought in from San Francisco to cover up his—stealing."

Absalom wiped his face with a big handkerchief.

"It's a bad night," he said, "—a stormy night, Myra. Smith Creek's up. The bridge—"

A voice—a heavy blow on the kitchen door.

"Who's there?" Absalom demanded, turning slightly—holding his place with dignity.

The reply was unintelligible. There was a brief pause; then the door was splintered with an ax, and the stranger, Morris, leaped in, his revolver held ready. The wind drove sheets of rain around him into the room. The floor was stained and smeared with mud that came from his sodden shoes. The lamp flickered—sputtered.

"There's one member of this sweet family wont bother anybody again!" Morris cried. "That double-crosser is croaked!"

MYRA stifled a cry—sank down on the settee, holding her boy against her body. Old Absalom stood by the lamp, shielding it from the wind.

"You'd better go, stranger," he said calmly.

The man stared, struck by the quiet of the tone.

"You take things pretty easy," he said half-admiringly.

"The peace," Absalom thought swiftly, "that passeth understanding!"

The armed man spoke sharply:

"Maybe it'll be as easy for you to cough up where the money's hid? Come on through—quick!"

"You will find out nothing from us," Absalom said. His voice was serene, his face placid.

"I'll find where Bagley put it!" Morris cried. "He had it on him when he left me, and it isn't on him now. He wouldn't lose it—not him!"

Absalom was silent.

Suddenly infuriated, the man leaped at him—seized Absalom's throat like a hound—pressed the revolver against his body.

"I'll give you three! One. . . . Two. . . ."

"Father, is it here?" Myra leaped up—started to cross.

"It's here," Absalom said. "But this man will never have it. It belongs to Downie County."

"I'll find it!"

Morris pushed the old man angrily against the small table, over which the lamp hung, and stepped back, his eyes roving. He

MANY A MEAL IS MADE ON SOUP

Soup for health— every day!

Soup for health—yes every day—
Gives you strength for work or play.
Appetites get fresh ambition,
And your food yields more nutrition.

Good hot soup nourishes and invigorates. It tones digestion. It is both food and appetizer. Eat it every day. Physicians will tell you how good it is for you. But prove it to yourself with Campbell's Vegetable Soup—that hearty and delicious blend of thirty-two different ingredients, including fifteen tempting vegetables, strength-giving cereals, invigorating broth of fine beef. Here is real food in plentiful measure, a treat to your taste—a tonic wholesome dish that benefits as much as it satisfies. Countless people make it the main dish of their luncheon or supper. And, of course, it is a big part of any dinner.

Luncheon Dinner Supper



21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

saw that something was closed into the Bible. He laughed exultantly and took a step.

ABSALOM turned swiftly and blew out the lamp. He moved after Morris. Myra heard an oath and the collision of bodies. She called to her father again and again.

His calm voice rose above the turmoil of the storm without, that swirled and beat in through the splintered kitchen door.

"I'm all right, Myra. Be quiet, girl!"

The old man had reached Morris at the table; the two had clutched the Bible and were struggling for it. Absalom had some vague notion of prolonging the conflict—hoped to catch, in his powerful grip, the hand that held that menacing revolver. He had no fear, no anxiety. He was scarcely breathing hard.

Myra, groping backward, and shielding the boy in her arms, heard footsteps and cried out. Her nerves were on edge. She fought weakness and a new terror. For

some one else stood in the room. She felt a presence.

The round path of light from a pocket flash-lamp leaped across the kitchen from the hallway door, and in its center Absalom and the stranger were seen struggling, the big family Bible between them.

Morris wrenched one hand free. His revolver blazed out with a roar.

Absalom staggered back into his chair, still clutching the Bible to him. Morris, pivoting, lost his balance. Two men leaped through the hallway door at him—brought him down, crashing, with heavy blows.

Myra, steeling herself, flew to light the lamp.

It showed the kitchen disordered, storm-swept. Morris was overpowered—mouthing curses, there on the floor. The sheriff and his two men wiped rain from their eyes. One crossed to the rear door and secured it against the storm. The quiet of the room was restored. The fire whispered; the teakettle sang softly; the clock lifted a brighter voice. The lamp—

light played on the blue plates atop the cupboard—on the faded blue tablecloth.

Old Absalom Weed, his face calm and quiet, laid the big Bible on the table and fingered his chest with one hand.

"Are you hit, Ab?" the sheriff cried.

Absalom shook his head. Without turning to them, he opened the Book, a smile breaking on his face.

The front cover and the pages he turned were bored by a gaping wound. He came to the brass plate that he had closed away there.

An ugly, flattened lead slug dropped to the table; there was a dent in the middle of the plate where that billet of death had been stopped.

Almost as though musing on something ponderable only by himself, he said, with his smile warming:

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding—passeth all understanding!"

Only drying pools of water—splintered doors—showed where the storm had passed through the quiet room.

THE BEST OF ENEMIES

(Continued from page 76)

nouncement of a change of route, while billposters and "opposition squads" prepared for fights, hurling paste-buckets, flying brushes and faster-flying fists when they should meet the squads of the World Famous, and while a great, otherwise smooth-working organization, prepared for war! So goes the life of the circus. A figurative straw—and the battle is on!

ONE by one the orders were gotten out of the way. A final report came from the general agent, announcing his arrival in Chicago on a morning train. Fixer Bill fumbled his watch-chain and caressed his diamond, meanwhile staring again at two long sheets of paper, bearing names and dates.

"Taint bad, at that," he announced. "Got 'em so they can't run—no way for 'em to get around me. Week ahead of 'em in Independence, Caney and Pawhuska. Five days in Oklahoma City. Three in Enid. Four behind 'em in Ochelata, six at Carthage, and day and date in Joplin. From then on, she's a sweet battle!"

Following which, he strolled from the inner office, to pass a pleasantry with the telephone-girl, salute the office-boy, start toward the outer door—and then bring up short. A small man stood just within the waiting-room, the string of a tobacco sack between his teeth, while his hands were occupied with the careful rolling of a brown-paper cigarette. He too had seen and was grinning at his hulking adversary.

"Little opposition, eh, Fixer?"

"What you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Who? Me? Cut the cards, kid, cut the cards! You wouldn't want me to break down and confess, would you?"

"I don't want nothin' but what I'm going to get!" snapped Fixer, feeling for his diamond for inspiration. Shoestring noticed the action.

"Them things aint so valuable since

the coal-strike's off," he announced. "Mind giving a poor boy from the country a little information? When you going to jump me?"

Fixer smiled, bowed and jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

"Go in and find out!"

"Oh, no!" Shoestring's eyes widened with childish interest. "Taint necessary. All I'm caring about is the fact that you are jumpin' me. You see, that saves me jumpin' you. Get me, kid?"

"Oh, you're the wise-crackin' guy, all right!" snapped Fixer, and plumped through the door. But once outside, he paused with a brilliant idea. Shoestring Charley would not merely stand still and let events happen as they would. He had things up his sleeve too! What Fixer Bill needed right now was a lot of information—and he knew the way to get it!

Two days later Fixer again sat in the executive wagon, doors and windows closed, secretary absent, and with a steel-lipped woman opposite him.

"Now listen here, Sweetie," he was saying, "you've made the crack that you know a lot of birds on the World Famous and that you can find out things. So hop to it. Every tip you get is worth twenty-five bucks. And a real one's worth a century!"

The Lady of the Lions blinked, and drew her case-hardened lips into a straight line.

"You think I wont?" she asked. "When that guy crabs Bert from comin' over here, and me from getting him where I want him at? You think I wont?"

Forth she went, while Fixer Bill sat in his office and smoked a very black cigar.

FAR away along the route of opposing circuses, billposters already had begun to fight, and frantic car-managers to bail them out of jail after each encounter. Contracting agents, representing opposing factions, leaped here and

thither and between, tying up show-grounds, only to have them untied again, pleading for exclusive contracts on this, that and the other thing, that the other circus might be inconvenienced, only to find, after all their efforts were over, that the opposition had done something equally disconcerting.

Press-agents personally called each other uncomplimentary names, then hurried to newspaper offices that they might endeavor to repeat the performance in print. The fight was on; there was nothing to do henceforth until the end of the season but work night and day, play to the necessarily precarious business which the presence of two shows in a town would bring—and sign checks. But it meant little to Fixer Bill—or Shoestring Charley, for that matter—if but the other show should be the bigger loser.

Three days went by—days of frenzied preparation. A week passed, and another after that. Two o'clock of each afternoon found Mlle. Midgie in the treasury-wagon, dealing forth her information, while ten minutes later Fixer Bill was sending frantic telegrams to the advance that this same information might travel on to those who needed it most. Then one day Midgie, her lips tighter than ever, came bursting into the executive car, her hands clenched, and one cheek left unrouged in the evident excitement of a hurried exit from the dressing-tent.

"I've got the dope!" she burst forth. "It's Bert—the bum! He's the one who's giving 'em the lowdown over there—got somebody on this show that's tippin' him off. Got the letter today—where's it at?" She fished hastily in her clothes, but failed to find it. "Don't make no difference. It's from a gell friend—she says she sees him gettin' letters every day from over here—on show stationery. Then he runs straight to Shoestring!"



A girl's skin can be a constant humiliation to her—or it can be one of the loveliest things about her, so fresh and sweet that no one can see it and not admire it.

If you want to be attractive to other people—begin with your skin! Overcome its defects—learn to care for it in the way that will keep

it flawlessly clear and smooth, with a fresh, natural color. The satisfaction you will feel in having a beautiful complexion will more than repay you for the few minutes of regular care that you spend on it every day.

Your skin can be as lovely as any woman's —if you give it the right care

DON'T be a fatalist about your skin!

Don't say to yourself that you have a naturally poor complexion, just as some women have a naturally good complexion.

A poor complexion is never natural to anyone.

If there is something about your skin that keeps it from being attractive—if it is pale and sallow, or excessively oily, or disfigured with blackheads—with blemishes—then you can be sure that you are not giving your skin the right kind of care.

Begin now to overcome this condition! You can make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this new skin the special treatment it should

have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

Use the following treatment to free your skin from blemishes—

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch" which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin to-night the right treatment for your skin! Within a week or ten days you will see a marked improvement.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents

Send 10 cents today for a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1712 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1712 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, Quebec, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Fixer Bill dived for a pocket. Midgie, Lady of Lions, hurried forth on a new mission, that of searching for a spy. For Fixer Bill had suffered also. The little surprises he arranged for Shoestring Charley were being circumvented, just as he was circumventing the attacks of his enemy. It was the old game again of the unstoppable and the unbeatable. Only one thing had really happened so far—they both had spent money and plenty of it!

Another week passed—of hot-boxes, resulting from little presents of sand in the journals of the Grand United train, with the compliments of Shoestring Charley; of delayed railroad movements on the part of the World Famous, with best wishes from Fixer Bill; of hurried meetings of city councils, raising the licenses of one or the other of the shows—depending upon who happened to see those city councils first—of opened fire hydrants on circus lots, sliced guy-ropes, night-and-day covering of “paper” in which enemy crews slathered the billboards with equally opposing advertising matter until the flat surface could hold paste no longer and the whole conglomeration peeled; of emissaries sent ahead from the World Famous to report to the police that they had been robbed by pickpockets on the Grand United lot, of equally enthusiastic confidential agents sent from the Grand United to announce to the police of the World Famous towns that Shoestring Charley’s circus was everything from a hotbed of bootleggers to the gathering-place of every confidence man in America; of fights, sporadic and otherwise; of trouble, turmoil, sleeplessness, expense—

And then came “the day and date” stand! The circuses met!

MIDGIE!” Fixer Bill stopped her as she came on the Grand United circus ground. “Don’t want you in with those lions today. You can handle that hippo, can’t you?”

“Yeh. Sure.”

“Even if the cage gets jimmied up?”

“Yeh. Why?”

“Don’t ask why about nothing! Get in that den. See? Sure that tip of yours is straight that Shoestring’s going to start his parade at nine o’clock instead of the usual ten-thirty?”

“Sure?” Midgie blinked. “I’ll bet on it.”

“Then beat it into that hip-den. Only got a half-hour. I’m having it hooked up now—with the ten-horse team. Get me?”

Midgie grinned.

“Jim the parade, huh?”

“You said it—right in the middle. Let half of it go on downtown. Get the idea? So’s the people’ll think that’s all there is to the World Famous outfit.”

“Then we come along with the real McCoy?”

“You’ve got it. Cut in right in the middle—along about the cat-cages.”

Midgie narrowed her eyes.

“I got you,” she returned coolly. “I know where I’ll cut, too. Where I can tell that big cheese of a husband—”

“You said it. Start a fight if you want to. Let him throw something at you; I’ll have enough guys around there to

gum up the works—with half their outfit gone on. We’ll clean house. We’ll—” He grasped wildly for his watch. “Beat it for that hip-den. We’ve only got twenty-five minutes, and their lot’s a mile away!”

Then, his hat a bit awry, the fingers of one hand fumbling his yellow diamond, Fixer Bill led the way. Twenty minutes later, his ten-horse team hidden behind a big barn a half-block away, Fixer Bill watched the glittering outriders of the World Famous pageant as the first section of the parade traveled down the unbuilt street of the outlying section toward the heart of the town. Across the way stood a little man looking sharply about him, rolling cigarettes, lighting them, taking one puff, then throwing them away, only that he might roll more. Here and there were burly persons with their sleeves rolled up, representatives of both the World Famous and the Grand United. The bands played wildly, excitedly. Far in the rear the calliope screamed, as though in battle signal. One tableau wagon passed, then a second and third.

Fixer Bill stared down the street, hopefully, excitedly. Then he beamed. The first section had progressed far ahead, owing to the difficulty which the rest of the parade had experienced in leaving the lot—so far, in fact, that it would be around the corner and in the downtown district now before it could be stopped. And the rest of the World Famous pageant would, in a moment, be forced to turn around, go back to the circus-lot, reform and then, by taking a circuitous route, reach the downtown district and perhaps—very much perhaps—overtake the rest of the pageant! Fixer Bill grinned broadly. Then he stuck his fingers between his lips and shrilled a signal.

Men leaped—in readiness to fight, but saw nothing to fight about. A shouted command came from half a block away. Then the clinking of tug-chains and the clatter of hoofs. Up the street came the hippopotamus-den, its ten horses dragging it across the street, then to mill and circle, the great den itself to wobble a moment, then to crash careening to the road as a workman, stationed there for the purpose, yanked a nutless rear wheel from its axle. The street was blocked!

Immediately the yells arose; and the fists clenched. The animal dens, Captain Bert Gubardi in the first one, milled and attempted to turn out of the way of the obstructing cage, only to crowd the street more than ever, and incidentally bringing the Captain’s cage almost flat against the big den which contained his leather-featured wife. Fixer beamed, and waited for the first onslaught of the fighting crews from the clan of Shoestring Charley. For the opposition must start the fight; right now Fixer Bill had nothing in the world to fight about. His adversary’s parade was blocked, cut in two. The world was good. When they made the first move toward that hip-den, he would give the battle signal, not before. When—

Then he gaped. A big-necked World Famous bruiser had started forward and doubled a fist, only to be motioned back

by a small man with a cigarette between his fingers.

“Guess it’s all right, Pete,” Shoestring Charley was saying. “Taint worth fighting about. Got away with more’n I expected, anyway!”

FIXER BILL’S lower jaw dropped. Shoestring was quitting. Shoestring, the unbeatable! He crossed the street.

“How do you like it now?” he asked. The little man of the cigarette looked up.

“Fine,” he answered in quiet tones. “Got a part of my parade down there. That’s enough. Aint even going to try to make it with the rest. Aint got time—” Then he grinned. “You see, the city council had a special meetin’ last night. I made it a point to be there. Put through a new ordinance—that all parades had to be in the downtown district before nine-thirty. Don’t guess that’ll give you time, will it, Fixer?”

“Ordinance?” A gurgle once more had come into Fixer’s voice. “You mean you—”

Then he halted, at a sudden jabbing in the ribs, and an almost friendly movement from Shoestring Charley. That person suddenly had cocked his head and moved in the direction of the hippopotamus-den, wherein one Mlle. Midgie stood leaning against the bars, her back to them, chattering glibly with her lion-tamer husband. There was something queer about it! Wondering Fixer Bill followed.

“What you pulling now?”

“Nix!” Shoestring waved him to silence. “Nix! I heard somethin’—”

Then they suddenly craned their heads. For once more a voice was issuing from that hippopotamus-den:

“Say, didn’t I know they’d fall? Didn’t I say so, Bert? Aint it just what I told you? Pull this love-stuff on either one of them guys, and they’re off their bean. And didn’t it work out like I said it would? Fixer gets mad at Shoestring, and Shoestring gets mad at Fixer? Huh? And keep tippin’ the ante? What’d you nick ‘em for?”

“Two fifty a week—an’ some extras for the stuff I got out of your letters. How about you?”

“Me?”

Beneath the wagon where they crouched, the two men knew that the Bessemer lips were parted in a wide grin. “I went south forty ways from the jack. Two seventy-five on the contract, and about eight centuries for that inside dope you sent me. And say, listen: I got one framed up for next year that’d knock the eyebrows off a gorilla. I’ll write you about it, huh? Listen, Shoestring fell in a minute for that stuff about wanting to get squared up again, didn’t he? Huh? I told you he’d—”

But just then two men rose, as if operated by the same spring, and walked slowly, silently down the street. A block away, the smaller one halted suddenly, rammed a thin hand into a pocket for his makin’s and, the cylinder rolled, inhaled deeply.

“Well, what do you know about that?” he gasped through the smoke. A doleful figure which towered above, fumbled first at a watch-chain, then at a yellow diamond.



Edwin Bower Hesser

Mae Murray says: "I have found that Pond's Two Creams give the complexion a lovely freshness."

IS YOUR SKIN YOUNGER OR OLDER THAN YOU ARE?



Edwin Bower Hesser

From the lovely Mildred Harris: "Pond's Two Creams have kept my complexion young and smooth."

Read what you should do for these troubles that age

COARSENED—BEFORE YOU NOTICED IT!

THE air—hot or cold, moist or dry, carrying country dust, or city soot—is working slowly on the texture of every woman's skin. One day you may realize suddenly that your skin has grown thicker, duller—old and coarsened long before it should. Why didn't you give your face the two things it needed to keep it fresh and young?

Every night. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* The black on the cloth shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. And it not only cleans your skin exquisitely but restores each time its natural suppleness. *Then in the morning,* smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. Now the insidious everyday exposure to dirt and weather cannot dry out your soft supple skin nor alter its fineness.

IF YOUR SKIN IS SO DRY IT FLAKES OFF

DOES your skin dry and crack in the wind and cold? Are there fine lines around your eyes, your nose,

the corners of your mouth? Long before they have any right to come?

How will you prevent these tiny lines before they wear deep into your skin? How smooth out the ugly roughnesses your powder catches on, and prevent that dry tight shine?

You must learn how to give your skin the suppleness it needs. You must keep it so beautifully soft it cannot help but be smooth and unlined, for these premature lines and this roughness are only the troubles of a skin allowed to be too dry.

Every night cleanse your face thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply this cream softly with a piece of moistened cotton. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. Do this twice—already your skin feels less tight and drawn. Now apply more cream and *let it stay on.* Pat it in especially around your eyes, nose and mouth where wrinkles form first. Feel how your face gradually softens and relaxes as it absorbs the fine light oil of this cream. There is no shine because your skin is no longer stretched tight. *Then in the morning* apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. This wonderful daytime softening cream will prevent your skin from drying out during the day. Now the wind cannot whip out its new suppleness. You will love its smoothness and the way the powder "powders" evenly. And you need not worry about early wrinkles because they will not form in your skin kept soft and supple with these two marvelous creams.

Ruth Roland who does so much outdoor work, says: "Pond's Two Creams leave my face very soft and prevent any roughness."



Edwin Bower Hesser

WHEN OIL INSISTS ON COMING THROUGH THE POWDER

YOU powder with such infinite care and yet a few minutes after you know your nose is shining! Perhaps your whole face looks dull and moist, actually muddy. When your skin is so extravagantly oily it means that your cleansing is not properly removing the excess oil from the glands.

Tonight, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. Its very fine oil softens the skin and brings out dirt and powder and the excess oil that has partly hardened into fat. It is so light it wipes entirely off, leaving your skin fresh and dry—never heavy with cream. Do this twice. Now your pores are free and their natural discharge will be more normal. *Then in the morning,* smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. It has no oil. Your face will stay exquisitely fresh under the powder. With the regular use of these two creams your skin will grow permanently fresher, more transparent.

Start today. Begin now to avoid the troubles that coarsen and age. Buy both these creams in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. They cannot clog the pores or grow hair. The Pond's Extract Company.

Charming Peggy Wood says: "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses easily, and the Vanishing Cream is a lovely base for powder."

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
133 W Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed
for your special introductory
tubes of the two creams every
normal skin needs—enough of
each cream for two weeks' or-
dinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Edward Thayer Monroe



BULOVA Watches

TIME was when a precise watch was cumbersome, and a beautiful watch sacrificed dependability to appearance.

It remained for BULOVA craftsmen and artists to so skillfully combine inner accuracy with outer grace and beauty of line, as to make a watch as light as a feather, as dainty as a fine cameo, and as enduring as time itself!

For sale by all fine Jewelers

Illustrations are one-third smaller than actual size



6714—18 kt. solid white gold engraved case; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . . . \$45.00
In 18 kt. 25-year case . . . \$35.00



6720—18 kt. solid white gold engraved case; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . . . \$50.00
25-year case; 15 Jewel \$35.00



6724-F—18 kt. solid white gold engraved case, filigree ends; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . . . \$55.00



5716-S—18 kt. solid white gold engraved case with sapphires; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . . . \$75.00

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Makers of Watches since 1875
Fifth Ave. at 36th St., New York

"I know I'm going to get canned—when the Old Man finds it out."

Shoestring looked up.

"No? Will you? Honest?" he asked. "You sure of that? Well, if you do, Kid, come to me! An' what's more, I aint going to kick about no salary. Name your own price. The ways things are

going these days, it takes two unbeatable guys even to *tie* some of these birds! Slip 'er!"

Whereupon a hundred showmen, more or less, merely stood and gaped. For down there on the corner, the Unbeatable and the Unstoppable stood solemnly shaking hands!

JACK O' CLUBS

(Continued from page 52)

"Not at all," disclaimed Sid. "Glad to do it!"

They saluted each other gravely, and the Jack of Clubs departed. The next day, Police Officer Foley was restored to his beat, and there began a period of refined torture such as none can appreciate save those who have worn the seven-pointed star or the more modern shield of the public servant.

The device on Officer Foley's cap bore the Latin motto of the Department: *"Iron in War; Gold in Peace."* Hitherto, it had been war alone for the Jack of Clubs, and certainly he had been as strong and unyielding as iron. Now, for the first time in his life, this blue-eyed cock o' the walk did an about-face, and as is frequently the case with such men, he went to the other extreme. All the fight was out of him. He was as malleable as gold, as gentle as a girl—a *peace* officer in every sense of the word; and as such the citizens of Vernal Heights began to walk on his toes.

The situation developed very simply. There are few pleasures that are open to a young patrolman who earns only one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month. These pleasures he denied himself in order to build up a reserve fund for Miss Tilly Miller. In the mornings, when he should have been asleep, he was at the bedside of the Queen of Hearts, taking his first lessons in the oldest of all games. To his customary gifts of candy and flowers, he added the latest motion-picture magazines, and these the invalid perused at her leisure.

A SUBTLE change had likewise come over Miss Tilly Miller. For the first time in her life she had little to do but reflect upon the past and contemplate the future. The doctors were efficient and courteous, the nurses soft-spoken and attentive; her surroundings reflected dignity and good taste. Certain phases of life on Vernal Heights began to take on their true aspect. She told herself that possibly she might not care after all for a stage career. The Jack of Clubs was now almost her sole visitor, but Miss Miller didn't seem to object particularly

to this concentrated attention. The first morning she was permitted to sit up in bed, she stared dreamily out of the window, and committed her voice to a tentative:

"I never knew till I met you,
What a *beau-ti-ful* world it was!"

"Hello!" said the Jack of Clubs, opening the door. "I heard you singin'. Gee, that's great!"

The Queen of Hearts grew pink in the face for the first time since her injury.

"You got a lotta nerve, listenin' in on a private line," she rebuked. And then her voice changed sharply.

"What's the matter, Jack? Aint you feelin' right? Come over here till I get a good look at you."

But he sank into the nearest chair, and tried to laugh it off. His face was drawn, and there were dark rings under his eyes.

"I'm all right," he told her. "Just a little tired; that's all. Seems like there's never anybody around when I'm feeling spry, but the minute I lean up against a building to take a load off my feet, I can see so many sergeants around, they look like a picket fence! How's the candy-supply?"

"Never mind about the candy," said Tilly. "What time did you go to bed?"

"Two o'clock," he answered. "I had a lot of reports to make out. Nowadays a patrolman is a sort of chief clerk, and he's not supposed to make out his papers till he comes off duty. I brought you some fresh flowers—"

He paused abruptly at the expression on the girl's face.

"Say, listen," she commanded. "I've got something to say, and I'm going to get it off my chest right now. Ma was out here last night, and she spilled the beans. I was wondering where the dough was coming from to meet all the bills. She says that you—"

"Aw, say!" he pleaded.

"Shut up!" said the Queen of Hearts. "You haven't licked me yet! You stay in bed hereafter until noon each day, understand?"

"Yes ma'am!"

"And get back copies of the magazines out of the public library, and once in a while a dime's worth of plain, honest-to-God Christmas-tree candy. Get me?"

He grinned.

"Now," directed Miss Miller, "go downstairs and make arrangements for a cheaper room, and find out what's the very earliest date I can go home."

He demurred to that, but she was resolute. When he returned with the desired information, she motioned him into a chair at her side, and what they talked about had nothing to do with the rules

"OH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?"

That's the title of Gerald Beaumont's latest story, scheduled for an early issue. You will remember, too, for rarely is one given an opportunity to read a story so fine in every way.



Just what I wanted—a Kodak

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

and regulations of the Police Department, nor even Sid Greenbaum's Theater.

Back to his beat went Officer Foley, inspired now by the sweetest dream that can come to a young patrolman. Miss Miller looked very frail and helpless following her long stay in bed, and he worshiped her with the simple devotion of a man on whom an angel has descended to smile. The thought that he had come so close to killing her preyed upon his imagination until the weight of the club at his side became a burden under which his conscience staggered. If it had not been for the regulations, he would have thrown his night-stick into the first vacant lot. His nerve was gone, broken by self-imposed fatigue, crushed under the weight of his love for the Queen of Hearts.

The members of the Forty Strong Gang played their cards adroitly. They saw that he was slipping, and in a hundred ways they sought to hasten his downfall. All over Vernal Heights these legends appeared, chalked on sidewalks and fences:

"Foley, the girl-beater!" "Foley, the roughneck!" "How d'ye do, Mr. Foley!" "Let's lynch the brute!"

They gave him no opportunity to forget it, and when he still preserved a pacific attitude under these insults, they grew bolder. The Fire Department was summoned to Vernal Heights repeatedly by false alarms while Foley was on duty; police whistles shrilled at all hours, alarming neighbors, and bringing the Jack of Clubs to the scene on the run, only to have the phantom whistles blow from another direction. False reports of accidents were telephoned in to the Southern Station. The old gangs began to congregate again on the corners and in vacant lots. Catcalls greeted his appearance. His control over the district was gone. Once more, the windows of the First Christian Church became a target for bricks, and Pete Rizzoli's coal-yard was rifled for further ammunition. Officer Foley was called upon the carpet.

"I'll give you five days to break up that gang," said Captain Malloy. "Who's their leader?"

"A fellow named Kennedy," answered Foley. "But I've got nothing on him."

Captain Malloy looked shrewdly at his pale subordinate. He saw that this was the turning-point in the career of a promising young patrolman. He reached out with heavy fingers and plucked the handcuffs from the hip pocket of the Jack of Clubs.

"So, you've got nothing on big Spike Kennedy, eh? Nothing on the man who boasts that he can lick the whole Police Department? Well, I'll give you just five days to get *these* on him!"

He shook the handcuffs under Foley's nose. "All by yourself you put 'em on him, or you turn in your star! Now, go back to your beat!"

Foley saluted and withdrew.

Malloy turned to Sergeant Davis.

"I'm sorry for the lad, but what else can we do?" He pointed to the motto of Chief Sullivan, hung in a frame on the wall:

"Simple duty hath no place for fear."

"If a police officer is afraid," commented the head of the Southern Station, "it's a charity to fire him."

Police Officer Foley walked along his beat, muttering to himself:

"How can I lick a man like Kennedy without using a club, and the minute I do, her face will come in between! Five days, the Captain gives me—five days to break up the gang, or my job's gone!"

He glanced up at a little corner flat over Oswald's drugstore, where three days before, he had climbed the stairs and made diplomatic inquiries as to rent, and its general suitability for a young couple.

"God A'mighty," he groaned. "If I lose my job, I've lost everything!"

UTTER demoralization followed. He couldn't have arrested a child, and he knew it. Through the mysterious "grapevine telegraph" by which police orders are sometimes tipped off to interested parties, Spike Kennedy, former heavyweight champion, learned that Officer Foley had been told to put the 'cuffs on him. In forcible and inelegant terms, he sent his reply *via* Pete Rizzoli:

"Tell that cop I'll meet him any place he names, and I'll beat him to death with his own club!"

For four nights Officer Foley hid in the shadow of doorways while members of the Forty Strong Gang prowled along the beat looking for him. On the morning of the fifth day he showed up at the hospital, crushed in spirit and on the verge of nervous prostration.

"The Doc's says I can get out of here tomorrow," cried Tilly. "Aint that swell? How come you haven't been here in two whole days?"

She stopped suddenly, perceiving that he was trembling from head to foot. Her face blanched.

"Gee whiz! Why, Jack, what's the matter? What's happened?"

"I'm—I'm resigning," he faltered. "I'm going away. I come out to say good-by."

The Queen of Hearts stared at the Jack of Clubs.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" she protested. "Why don't you tap me on the head again, and be done with it!"

Foley sank into a chair and began plucking at the lining of his hat. Miss Miller studied him a moment, and then formed her own conclusions.

"Jack, if you want to shake me, you don't have to go out of town. I—I aint got any strings on you. Just because I'm leaving the hospital is no reason why—" He flung out his arms despairingly.

"Can't you see what's ailing me? I come near killin' you, didn't I? Can I ever forget it? Aint it marked all over the sidewalks? My nerve's gone; my job's gone; everything's gone! Why, I can't even swing a handkerchief for fear of hurtin' a fly. I wanted to take you from here straight to the city hall, and then the church. I even had a flat picked out, but—but—"

He hid his face in his hands.

Tilly Miller reached out and rumpled his hair fondly, as though he were a small boy and she his mother. Her eyes were moist.

"Honey," she confided, "you're a good cop and I love you, but oh, my Gawd—you're a rotten detective! Now, you listen to your angel child. I fell for you the first day, and so long as you were

bringing me flowers and candy, far be it from me to spoil things; but how do you figure you could have cracked me on this side of my head, when it was the other side that was turned toward you?"

Foley lifted his head, and his blue eyes blinked stupidly.

"Figure it out," encouraged Miss Miller. "I butted into the jam from your left, didn't I? If you want to know the truth, I wasn't going to see one man jumped by a mob, even if he was a cop! There was a fellow swinging a blackjack, and he was on my left."

She raised the bandage and disclosed a long white scar.

"See?"

Officer Foley stiffened in his chair. The scene was reconstructed in his mind. Once more he was battling for his life with his back against a wall, and his club was aimed at a man who was swinging a blackjack. Suddenly the man's face came back to him with startling distinctness. It was Spike Kennedy! Dull red crept into the hollow cheeks of the Jack of Clubs. His eyes grew hard and small, and his heart began to pound heavily against his ribs. He drew a long breath, and got to his feet. The girl regarded him apprehensively.

"Well," she demanded, "are you going to kill me, or kiss me?"

He paused with one hand on the door, and looked back, but his eyes had such a far-away expression that it was doubtful if he even saw her.

"I've got a little business to attend to," said he. "If it comes out the way I expect, I'll be out in the morning to carry you downstairs."

Whereat Tilly Miller sighed, and blew him a kiss.

"I'll try to live through the night," she promised. "But in the meantime, you better make a deposit on that flat."

AT six o'clock that evening the sun peeking over Vernal Heights for a farewell glimpse at the province of the Forty Strong Gang beheld Officer John Francis Foley, his head thrust forward and his shoulders hunched, tiptoeing along Fifty-second Street, and muttering under his breath:

"My own little sweetie, and he damn' near killed her! I hope to God the whole gang is with him—that's all I hope!"

It seemed at first that this hope would be unfulfilled, but later it was realized in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Just as dusk was deepening the shadows, a Vernal Heights car halted in the middle of the block, and the conductor alighted for a conference with the law.

"I got this guy Kennedy on board," he complained. "He's been lappin' up liquid dynamite, and he wont pay his fare. He's got a club the size of your arm, and—"

"Thank God!" said Officer Foley. "Here, hold my cap!"

In all the turbulent history of Vernal Heights and the Forty Strong Gang, there was never such a two-man battle as that! It began then and there, in the middle of the car-tracks, and if you accept the testimony of such men as Pete Rizzoli, Gus Schuman and George the Greek, it lasted for one hour and ended



The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulshed cocanoot oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and

gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for
children—
Fine for men*



Mulsified REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Cook Books are enemies



of teeth and gums

THE DENTISTS of the United States are engaged in a daily struggle against the cooks.

For the most delicious conceits of the cook books are, in general, exactly the kind of food that is doing the greatest harm to teeth and gums.

Soft and creamy, the food which you eat daily does not give one-tenth the stimulation—the exercise which rough, coarse food once gave.

Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

Lacking stimulation, lacking a good healthy circulation of blood, gums are growing less robust, and tooth troubles, traceable to the gums, are increasing all the time.

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of siratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettable good. Send for a trial tube today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepaticas

Bristol-
Myers
Co.
61 Rector St.
New York,
N.Y.

Kindly send me
a trial tube of
IPANA TOOTH
PASTE without
charge or obligation on
my part.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



on the top of Seaview Hill, ten blocks away! Each man lost his club in the first two minutes, and depended thereafter on sheer physical strength. Eight times Foley knocked his man down, but before he could get his handcuffs unlocked, Kennedy had reversed the tables.

"Man to man!" pleaded the gang leader. "Don't use your gun!"

"I'll not!" gasped Foley. "Keep your friends off! No gun, but I'll put the bracelets on!"

"You do," grunted Kennedy, "and I'll kiss the flag!"

From block to block the news spread that Kennedy and the Cop were fighting it out for control of the district. Men and boys sprinted for the scene, gathering up clubs and cobblestones as they ran.

"Keep back!" snarled Kennedy. "Leave us alone!"

He wrenched savagely at a picket fence and swung an improvised bludgeon at Foley's head. The latter ducked, and countered with a terrific right to the jaw.

THE gang leader backed off, and Foley followed, fumbling at his handcuffs. Up Sanchez they went, with the mob following at a respectful distance. The Jack of Clubs, forty pounds lighter than his opponent, was bleeding profusely, but he was forcing the battle. Gradually the temper of the spectators began to change. The citizens of Vernal Heights had the instincts of ancient Rome. What mattered it, if one idol was crumbling, so long as another was coming up? They realized that Foley could have used his gun, could have summoned help with his police whistle. Instead, he was putting on, all by himself, the greatest show they had ever seen. The yells of encouragement for Kennedy became punctuated with advice to Foley:

"Go on, you cop!" "Atta boy, Jack!" "You got him, you dumbbell—sit on him!"

But Foley didn't have him—not quite yet! Spike Kennedy made one last effort and dragged himself up the back stairs of the Vernal Heights Athletic Club, with the Jack of Clubs hanging to him like a leech. It was at this juncture that an automobile flashed up, bringing Captain Malloy and eight members of the riot-squad, summoned by a telephone message from a hysterical owner of a flat across the way. They were just in time to see the *dénouement*. The Jack of Clubs and Spike Kennedy, locked in each other's arms, came rolling down twenty steps into the midst of the admiring assemblage. When Captain Malloy crushed his way to the ringside, he saw that no assistance was needed, for the leader of the Forty Strong Gang was wearing the bracelets of Officer Foley.

The Jack of Clubs wabbled to his feet and saluted his superior.

"Captain, I've carried out orders. Now, with your permission, I'm going to take 'em off."

He bent down, unlocked the cuffs and helped the dazed Spike Kennedy to his feet. Then he faced the interested citizens of Vernal Heights. They stared at him open-mouthed, uncertain what was coming.

"Boys," said he, "ain't we all had enough fightin' for a little while? There's a girl comin' out of the hospital tomorrow. I'd like to marry her, and settle down in the district. If Spike and me shake hands, and call it quits, how 'bout the rest of you?"

There were yells of "All right here!" from leading citizens, but the members of the Forty Strong Gang looked for inspiration to their discomfited leader. Kennedy's puffed lips parted in a philosophic grin.

"Hell!" he grunted. "I'll answer for 'em! Do we dance at his weddin'?"

And the answer they gave him, deep-throated and emphatic, marked the beginning of a new era on Vernal Heights.

GHOST FAIRYLAND

(Continued from page 67)

gested as she struggled excitedly to get to the ground. "I must ask the people's leave for us to go through the house. That's only civil. Wait, please."

There was a lump in his throat as he spoke. To him, the eager old lady was like some child trying to interest careless outsiders in a gift whose grotesque worthlessness she alone failed to realize. To her, the street and the old home were as they had been. And he dreaded unspeakably the moment when they should cease to be so. In a gust of righteous indignation he vowed that that moment should not arrive. The unhidden contempt on Madge's face fanned his resolve to stronger flame.

Getting out of the car, he motioned the grinning driver to follow him to the sidewalk. There, out of earshot from his mother, he thrust a five-dollar bill at the negro.

"Take that," he whispered fiercely, "and keep your mouth shut. My mother has not seen this house in over forty years. She was born here. I want her to think

it's just as she left it. Go in and tip those people to get out of the way and to *keep* out of the way, while we're inside. Shoo them out into the alley or anywhere. Those, too," he added, nodding toward the clump of small negroes who had left off their play to crowd around the car. "Clear decks! Do this right, and there's another five for you when we leave. Jump!"

The chauffeur's grin changed to a simper of acquiescence as he fingered the money and listened to Dick's instructions. Herding the children before him, he drove them in through the battered double mahogany front doors, disappearing in their wake, into the dim recesses of the house.

Dick glanced back toward the car. His mother was talking with growing animation to the unresponsive girl at her side. Madge's eyes met Dick's. It was not a look the man cared to store in his memory. Yet his own answering gaze was fraught with dumb pleading that she refrain from waking the blind woman from her vision of a lost youth.

Quelques Fleurs
2 Ounces
Price, \$7.50



HOUBIGANT Paris

Extraits
Eaux de Toilette
Poudres
Poudres a Sachet
Poudres de Talc
Poudres Compactes
Rouges
Savons
Sels pour le Bain
Brilliantines

FOR Christmas

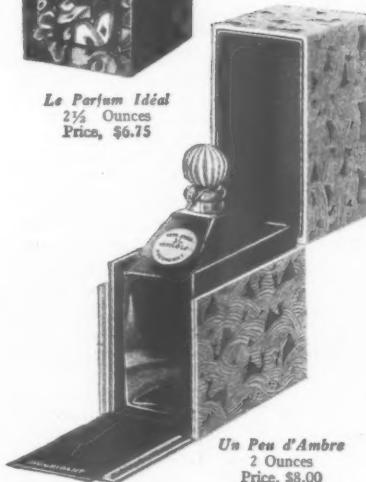
A GRACEFUL tribute, indeed, is the "gift from HOUBIGANT." For, to the woman who receives it, it is something more than a charming expression of the Christmas spirit. It is a measure of one's esteem. It indicates that one deems her the connoisseur who thinks in terms of perfection—who prefers the single perfect blossom to the armful of showy flowers, the small but flawless jewel to the gaudy imitation, or the perfumes of HOUBIGANT to any other kind. HOUBIGANT perfumes have been made in France for more than a century to meet the demands of women who care only for that which is really fine. To-day, these exquisite extracts, together with delightful colognes, powders, and other toiletries, are available in America, as well as in Paris, London, and the other capitals of Europe.



Le Temps des Lilas
2 Ounces
Price, \$5.00



Le Parfum Idéal
2½ Ounces
Price, \$6.75



Un Peu d'Ambre
2 Ounces
Price, \$8.00

HOUBIGANT, PARIS, parfumeur to
Queen Marie of Roumania, 1923
Queen Victoria of Spain, 1923
Empress Eugenie of France, 1857
Queen Victoria of England, 1839
Empress Josephine of France, 1805
Marie Antoinette of France, 1790

HOUBIGANT INC.
NEW YORK, 16 WEST 49TH ST.
MONTREAL, 46 ST. ALEXANDER ST.
Prices quoted apply in the U. S. A. only.

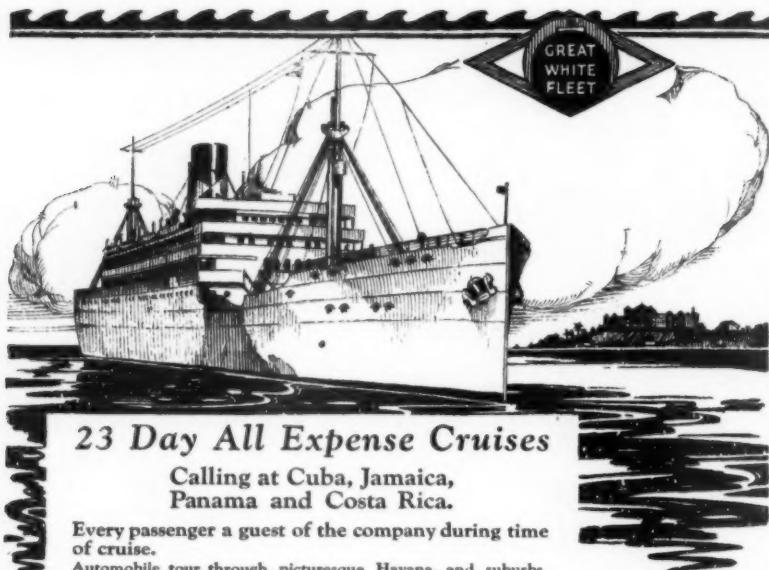


FOR REMEMBRANCE

A fascinating trifle with which
to send greetings on Christmas
Day is this golden-capped
HOUBIGANT scent bottle for
the purse. Choice of fourteen
of the famous HOUBIGANT
odeums. Price, one dollar.



Mon Boudoir
2 Ounces
Price, \$8.00



23 Day All Expense Cruises

Calling at Cuba, Jamaica,
Panama and Costa Rica.

Every passenger a guest of the company during time of cruise.

Automobile tour through picturesque Havana, and suburbs. Special train trip through interior of Cuba to Hershey.

Sixty mile auto ride across the island of Jamaica, with privilege of staying at United Fruit Company's hotels while ship lays in Jamaica.

Tour of Panama Canal Zone by launch and automobile with luncheon at Hotel Tivoli, Ancon.

Special railroad journey across the mountains of scenic Costa Rica to San Jose, with hotel accommodations there.

No other cruises to the West Indies and Central America are so liberal in variety of sightseeing, charm, and included privileges. Great White Fleet ships are the only vessels specially designed for Caribbean Cruise Service.

Address Passenger Department
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
Room 1643, 17 Battery Pl., New York
General Offices, 131 State St., Boston, Mass.

FREE—"The Gates of the Caribbean," an illustrated story of Great White Fleet Cruises by William McFee



Great White Fleet Caribbean Cruise

Are you interested in finding just the right college

preparatory school, a school for a young child or a backward one, a school which gives courses especially designed for high school graduates or those not going to college, a school which particularly emphasizes health and body building, a college or a school of special training?

Among the representative schools whose announcements appear in the school section there is sure to be one to meet your needs.

If necessary our school department will help you without cost or obligation on your part. We have traveled widely to collect first hand information on the academic and home life of schools in every part of the country.

Give full details as to type of school desired, location preferred, approximate amount you plan to spend, the age, previous education and religious affiliation of prospective pupil. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, School Department

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

33 West 42nd Street,

New York City

Presently the chauffeur reappeared at the front doorway.

"All right, suh!" he mouthed almost voicelessly.

Walking on noisy feet, Dick returned to the car.

"The people who live here now," he reported, "are all out, this afternoon. Only one servant is left at home. He says we're welcome to go through the house, if we'll promise not to touch any of the furniture. He seems scared for fear we'll harm it. I suppose he feels responsible, since he's left alone on guard."

AS he spoke, he was helping his mother from the car. Madge followed, with evident reluctance, ignoring his proffered hand as she stepped fastidiously down to the dirty sidewalk.

In through the crazy gateway and past the sagging and nearly toothless picket fence Dick guided the old lady. Halfway up the broken-flagged front walk, Madam Brennon paused.

"Right there," she said, pointing toward the steps, "stand the two great jardinières your great-grandfather brought from China. My father had them set into the stone of the posts, to each side of the steps. What kind of flowers do these people grow in them?"

"Pansies, in the right-hand one," lied Dick, blinking at the defaced and topless posts. "And forget-me-nots in the left."

"Good!" approved his mother. "I was afraid they had marred the faint old colors of the jardinières by some flamboyantly bright flowers. And that Maréchal Neil rosebush, to the right of the steps—I suppose it's grown to twice the height it used to be. It reached to the top of the library windows, the last time I saw it."

"It is almost up to the roof, at one place," said Dick, his eyes resting morbidly on the grassless red clay in front of the house—clay that showed no sign of having borne anything more flowerlike than the two tin cans and the broken bottle which lay in the direction toward which the blue-veined old hand was pointing.

"Your father used to sit on that stone settle beside the front door, with me, Dick," went on Madam Brennon. "We used to sit there as long as we dared, when he brought me home from evening church or singing class. We used to tiptoe up the walk and sit there and talk in whispers, for fear Mother would come out and ask us to join them all in the drawing-room. . . . It was nice sitting out here, in the summer evenings, with the jasmine and the mignonette in the air, and the girls drifting along the street through the dusk, in their white dresses; and perhaps the far-off sound of the negroes, singing. But it wasn't quite so nice in winter. One had to be ever so much in love to sit here, ankle deep in the slush and trying not to sneeze. . . . Now, let's go in. Dick, your grandfather sent all the way to London for those front doors. They were the only ones of the kind in all Fauquier Street."

Through the doorway Dick led her, taking care not to let her gesticulating hand brush against a clothes-horse laden with damp wash, in the angle of the stairway. Madge hung back, the untidy expanse of bare hallway revolting her almost as much



NEW BEAUTY-NEW COMFORT OLD DEPENDABILITY

Radiator, hood, cowl, body, fenders, lamps, running boards—all contribute their quota to the striking new beauty of Dodge Brothers Closed Car.

Its superior riding comfort will likewise reveal itself the instant you take the road. Deeper seats, low-swung body, more leg room and complete new spring equipment assure luxurious travel where going is most difficult.

But neither the new beauty nor the new ease and restfulness of the car can overshadow the time-tried *dependability* of its performance.

DODGE BROTHERS

*The price of the Business Sedan
is \$1250 f. o. b. Detroit*





WEAR the HATCHWAY—the union suit knit to fit without a button and get a new sense of body freedom and underwear comfort. The

HATCHWAY UNION SUIT

puts an end for all time to button bother. No daily buttoning and unbuttoning. No weekly repair and mending. This garment is worn by hundreds of thousands of men and boys who wonder now why underwear was ever made any other way. Your more up-to-date dealers are ready to show the fall line in a wide variety of styles and fabrics at the right price.

HATCHWAY is made in a complete line of medium and heavy weight suits in cotton, worsted, wool and mercerized fabrics to suit every taste and purse. On sale at most good dealers. If you have any difficulty in getting just the style you want, we shall be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering please state size and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

Men's suits—\$2.00; \$2.50; \$3.00; \$4.00; \$5.00
\$6.00.

Boys' suits—Ages 6 to 16 only—\$1.50; \$2.00.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany New York

*Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Licensed Manufacturers of these lines in Canada.*

as did the glimpses into open-doored cubby-hole rooms to either side.

The agents had split up the huge down-stairs rooms into closet-like apartments. It was no easy feat for Dick to guide his mother past these, without her touching the telltale boards.

"Where's Madge?" asked Madam Brennon, her acute ear failing to detect a following step.

Dick turned in appeal. The girl, wrinkling her nose, stepped daintily across the splintered threshold into the hall.

"Oh, there you are!" said Madam Brennon, turning to the right and coming to a halt in the planked doorway of a bandbox bedroom the opposite wall of which was blocked by an old-fashioned black marble mantel. "This is the drawing-room. And this is what I most wanted you to see. It was there, right in front of that mantel, that your father and I stood to be married, Dick. Isn't it a lovely and lofty old room? I can see it as plainly as if I had eyes. Yes, we stood there, just in front of the mantel, to be married. And the mantel was banked in ferns and honeysuckle and June roses. Your father and his best man and the clergyman were waiting in the library, there, behind you.

"The guests were gathered here and in the hall. Dr. Hodge came in, as the music started, and took up his place in front of where we were to stand. Then your father and his best man (we called the best man a 'groomsman,' in those days) came out and stood facing the hall. My sister Alice gave the signal from alongside that lowboy out there; and I came down the stairway with my maid of honor and my bridesmaids. We were all in white, of course; and my silk dress was so stiff it could stand alone. I carried an enormous bouquet of red roses in a frilled paper holder. They were picked in our own garden that very morning. I'll show you the garden, presently.

"I remember how all those faces stared up at me as we appeared on the landing. There seemed to be a million of them. But the only face I recognized—the only one that meant anything to me—was your father's, Dick. He was looking up at me, as if I were something holy. And I said a little prayer, asking God to let me live such a life as to keep that look in his face always. I heard Mother crying, just a little, as I walked past her. Mother always cried so happily, when anything stirred her. It was nice to hear her; she enjoyed it so."

SHE paused, smiling, her old face radiant. Instinctively she took a step forward, unguided save by memory, as if to meet an invisible Some One, advancing toward her. Then, clinging to the arm of the same invisible one, she turned and stood in front of the hacked and chipped and soiled mantel, as though she were facing the imaginary clergyman.

"Then," she went on, "all at once it was over, and everybody was crowding around us and kissing me, and shaking hands with your father, and laughing and crying and making much of us. And after the reception, we went across the hall to that dining-room yonder,"—indicating a bare space in whose center reposed a heap of dirty clothes with a mangy cat asleep among them,—"and we had

the wedding breakfast. And my brother Ronald, (he was in his uniform of captain of cavalry) lent me his sword to cut the wedding-cake. And your father responded to the health of the bride. Your father made a beautiful speech. I remember he ended it by saying: 'May I ask for myself a place in the outworks of those loving hearts in whose citadel my dear wife is enshrined?' Wasn't it graceful of him? And he meant it. All his life, he meant the dear things he said to me and about me. And now I want you both to see the wonderful old garden."

UNERRINGLY she led them through a planked passageway that bisected the once-wide hall. Straight to the rear she went and paused there before a window whose few remaining panes were so grimy as well-nigh to exclude the light. Standing there, her face still illumined by her bright smile, she pointed out at the yard.

It was a clay-patch, cluttered, ugly. Except for a rattletrap decaying wooden outhouse or two, it was a litter of garbage and junk that stretched hideously away to a paintless line of palings a hundred feet beyond.

"See!" exclaimed Madam Brennon. "Isn't it exquisite? I saved that as the climax of our tour. I've seen gardens, from Santa Barbara to Damascus. But never did I see a garden as lovely as this of ours. I—I hope they keep it up?" she asked, a thread of anxiety creeping into the happy old voice. "Do they? It would be a crime to let such a garden run down."

To Dick's surprise, it was Madge who spoke, before his own words could come.

"Indeed they do!" cried the girl, her arm around the frail old body. "It's—it's beautiful!"

Dick stared at her. But she would not meet his eye.

"I'm so glad!" sighed Madam Brennon in joyous relief. "I don't think I could have borne it if the blessed garden had fallen into hands that couldn't appreciate it. The summerhouse in the center—does the Cape jasmine still run riot all over it?"

"It—it hides it from sight, from here," faltered Dick.

"It always did!" the old lady assured him. "And the fountain to the right of it? I suppose it's too much to hope that the lotus is still blooming there? My uncle brought it to us, all the way from Egypt. At least, he brought the seeds."

"It is in full bloom," said Dick, his voice muffled as he glared at a negro child at play in one of the heaps of litter.

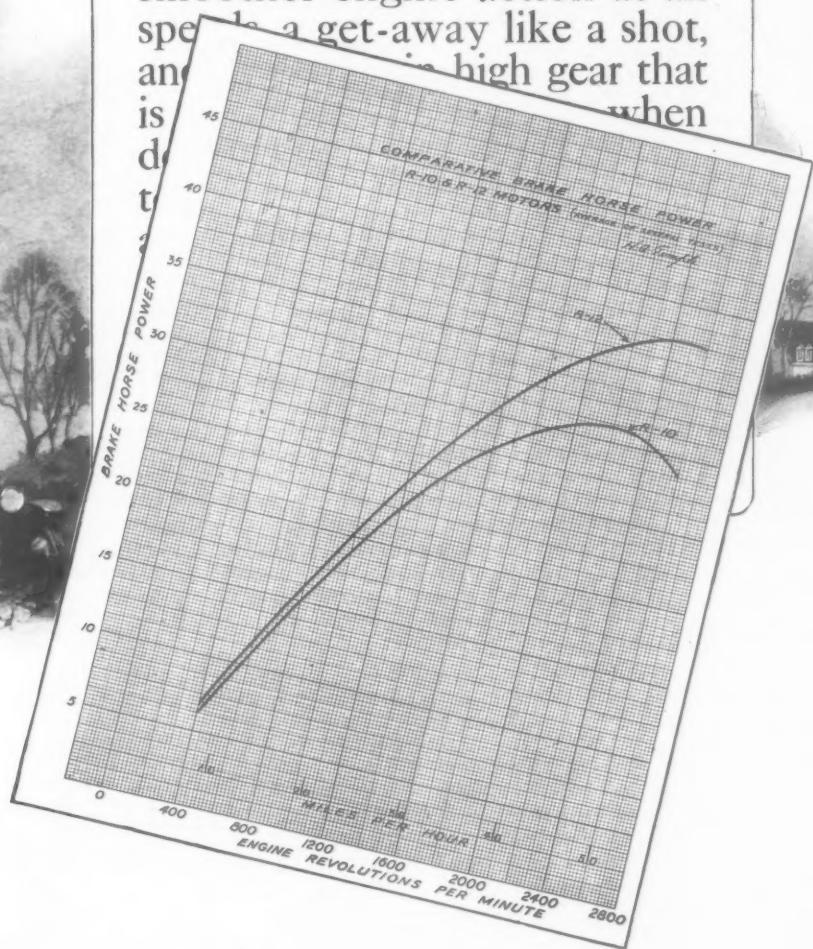
"If they've kept up the summerhouse and the fountain," announced Madam Brennon, "then I know the rest is kept up. Oh, I must write to these people and thank them! What is their name, Dick?"

THE man gurgled, his imagination failing him. But Madge, after a glimpse of the ebony child amid the garbage, made glib answer:

"Black."

"Now, both of you look at that summerhouse," ordered Madam Brennon, "while I tell you something about it: I was sitting in there one summer evening

Hupmobile



The power curve chart reproduced above represents a very close approach to the engineering ideal in the development of power by an automobile engine.

You will note that the upper curve—which records not one test, but the average of a number of tests with the new Hupmobile—shows a steady increase in power up to a speed of 50 miles per hour.

Moreover, this maximum power is

sustained, as the curve shows, over a range from about 2300 engine revolutions per minute to about 2600 revolutions per minute.

The upper curve means a more complete elimination of vibration and other physical forces which tend to interfere with full and free power development.

A heavier counter-balanced crank-shaft, larger bearings, lighter pistons

and connecting rods—these are some of the engineering refinements which make it possible for the new Hupmobile to develop its greater power so easily and so smoothly.

Never before have we built such an engine. Never before has any Hupmobile—fine as they all have been—given its owner such splendid results in all the performance-abilities which make or mar the owner's satisfaction.

Confidential to the Ladies

Don't overdo that "for him" gift

Stores are full of "gift-things for him" of which "he" lives in mortal dread.

For to receive a gift involves an unwritten obligation to wear it, or carry it, or to otherwise use, display, or consume it, as the lawyers would say.

It is usually surprising, and often disappointing, to a woman to find out how few things the average matter-of-fact man really wants. But for some of those things

he has a good deal of affection, and moreover, he can use a lot of them.

In casting about for an example, somehow pipes and pipe tobacco come first to our mind. If we were a woman and we wanted to get right next to a man's heart,

we would smuggle a good pipe and some good pipe tobacco to him around December 25th.

Or, if he already has a pipe that he thinks was divinely intended for him, the tobacco alone makes a full-size gift.

Other advantages of good pipe tobacco as a Christmas present include the following:

You don't have to engage in any detective work to find out his size, favorite color, or other specifications. And it doesn't make any difference whether he "already has plenty" or not; nor need you be concerned lest your gift be duplicated.

A man can smoke up a lot of tobacco between this Christmas and next; while the humidor jar, in which we put up a pound of Edgeworth, keeps the tobacco in prime condition indefinitely. Edgeworth is a tobacco that practically every pipe-smoker likes; it's a safe choice.

The 16-ounce jar sells for \$1.65 at any tobacco store.

If your regular dealer hasn't enough glass jars to supply the Christmas trade, let us play Santa Claus for you. Send us \$1.65 for a jar, "his" name and address, and your personal greeting card. We'll do the rest.

We'll pack the glass jar in an appropriate Christmas box, enclose your card and send it in plenty of time to reach him before Christmas.

Address Larus & Brother Company, 42 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



when your father came across the grass, between the phlox borders, to find me. I sat very still, hidden behind the vines—not out of mischief, but because something told me what he was going to say. And—and he said it. That was the evening we became engaged, Dick."

The smile was transfiguring.

"Then," continued the old voice, a shade of soft regret stealing into it, "I was sitting in there alone, another evening. And I was crying. I was crying, because I had sent him away and because I was afraid he might never come back. It was just a month before our wedding. And we had had a quarrel. And it was all my fault. My father wanted to set him up in business—not as a loan, but as a gift. It seemed to me such a splendid start in life for us. But your father wouldn't have it. He told me he was grateful for the generous offer, but that he'd rather work harder and live more simply so that he might feel afterward that he owed all his prosperity to his own efforts. He didn't want to be beholden to anyone for such a favor.

"I was too young and too silly to see the wisdom and the splendid independence he was showing. And I said if he thought so little of my welfare as to make me scrimp along in penury when we might be living comfortably from the very start, we'd better break our engagement. I said

I didn't care to be such a selfishly pig-headed man's wife. Oh, it was *horrible* of me! But young girls, sometimes, don't think. You see, they've had no experience in life or even in trusting. I sent him away. And then I cried my eyes out. I was crying, when he came to the summerhouse, in the spring dusk, that night."

Dick tried to speak—to ask a question that would not shape itself into words. Madge voiced the query he could not frame.

"What did he do?" she asked, scarce above a whisper. "What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He just gathered me up in his arms and held me close to him. *That* said everything, for then and forever. He—"

But Madge did not catch the words that followed. This because she found herself, in some way, gathered up into a pair of tightly clasping arms, and found her lips crushed to Dick Brennon's.

"Oh!" cried the girl hysterically.

"What did you say, dear?" asked Madam Brennon, startled from her monologue by the interjection.

"I said," sobbed Madge, "I said—that this is a *darling* old house. I said that is the wonderfulest garden in the whole world; and I love every single inch of it. It's—why, it's *Fairyland*! And—and isn't Dick ever and ever so much like his father? Please say he is!"

CLOVES AND NUTMEG

(Continued from page 37)

Young Mr. Barclay made a mental note. "Admits going abroad but denies ever being in Russia."

"Of course," he went on, "you understand that we don't think for a moment you came by the pearls dishonestly. Not for a moment. But Russian grand dukes have become infatuated before with beautiful women and tossed them jewels worth millions—"

"You're—you're crazy!" gasped Miss Glaub hoarsely.

Young Mr. Barclay was a shrewd young man and he just had to make the story stand up—for a day or two, anyway. "But you are beautiful," he accused.

Miss Glaub smiled wanly. "I am only a poor wo-girl caught in the mesh of circumstance!"

"In other words, Miss Glaub, you refuse to affirm or deny that the pearls are the famous Romanoff string?"

"The famous what?" Miss Glaub demanded weakly.

"The famous Russian Crown pearls."

Miss Glaub shuddered. The abyss before her stared wide and black. On the other hand was the bright picture of a woman who had toyed with empires, to whom millions were as water. Miss Glaub had read of them in Sunday supplements. But caution deadened the colors.

"No," she said again. "No."

But the other persisted. "Did your pearls come from abroad?"

Miss Glaub said truthfully that she didn't know where they came from.

"Possibly from Russia?"

"Possibly."

Mr. Barclay arose with alacrity. "And now there is only one more thing—a pho-

tograph of yourself. Have you one wearing the pearls?"

But Miss Glaub had not grown up in the Mammoth Department Store for nothing. "Suppose—suppose the man is caught," she asked, "and the pearls are found to be—be something besides Russian jewelry—what happens to me?"

"What could happen to you? You have denied the matter most emphatically to the representative of the *News*, haven't you? And we will print your denial tomorrow morning as a matter of course." Mr. Barclay winked, boyishly. "Don't you see? That let's us both out. And we still have a jimm-dandy story for two or three days."

Miss Glaub arose. Any duchess of the old régime would have envied her poise. Her dark eyes glowed in a way royalty of any age might have longed to possess.

"And you—you have to have a picture. Even"—archly—"if I much prefer your not having it?"

"Absolutely."

There was no question of selection. With evident reluctance Miss Glaub removed the cabinet portrait from the piano and Mr. Barclay took it to the lamp.

"It's a regular pip," he cried enthusiastically. "It's the finest art I've brought into the office in four blue moons. It's three columns, front page, as sure as you're a foot high."

Miss Glaub deprecated his boyish ardor with a careless gesture. "It makes me look rather old, don't you think, Mr. Barclay?"

Mr. Barclay held out his hand. "It makes you look regal," he said, "almost as if I should kiss your hand as I say good night."



What is the Outstanding Feature of This Car?

**Frankly—With its Four-Wheel Brakes, Brand New Engine
New Fisher Body and New Low Price—It is Hard to Say!**

Come—ride with us in this new Oakland Sedan! Throw open its wide doors, and so much of beauty, comfort and convenience will meet your gaze, that you, too, will be at a loss to name its outstanding feature.

Settle yourself in its deep-tufted, velours cushions and take the wheel. Don't grope blindly at the dash, for all controls are at your finger tips on the steering wheel—ignition, choke, horn, throttle and light-dimming lever.

Touch the starter and feel the instant response of the smooth and obedient brand new six-cylinder engine. A glance at the instruments, plainly visible in a neat panel on the dash,

indirectly lighted—a quick, noiseless and effortless change of gears—and you're off!

The smooth and quiet power tempts you to greater speed. You open the throttle wider. And then—a careless pedestrian dashes in front of you! *Halt!* Instinctively you depress the four-wheel brake pedal and the car stops—quickly, smoothly and noiselessly as it started.

But this is only a mythical ride. Let an Oakland dealer give you a real one. Truly, it will provide a new thrill of motoring enjoyment and security. And a double surprise will be yours when you learn that the price of this wonderful Sedan is only \$1395, at the factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Every Oakland Six carries the 15,000 mile engine performance guarantee and Mileage Basis gauge of value

Touring Car . . . \$945	Sport Touring . . \$1095	Business Coupe . . \$1195	Sedan \$1395
Roadster . . . 945	Sport Roadster . . 1095	Coupe for Four . . 1345	All prices f. o. b. factory





Protected from a very bad habit



White, Red, Green, Blue, Purple, Amber. An individual tooth brush for each member of the family. You can tell your own brush at a glance.



Each bristle tuft is permanently tied into the handle by a small, hidden staple. This improved method practically eliminates danger and nuisance of bristles coming out in the mouth.

Haven't you often noticed how many people pick up and examine tooth brushes in a store, thoughtlessly rubbing their fingers over the bristles?

This is a dangerous and unsanitary habit, for your tooth brush, especially, should come to you clean and protected.

The Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush does. It is attractively packed in a clear, sparkling glass container. You can see the trim, handle, bristles—everything, without exposing the brush to handling, dust or dirt.

You'll like the new Owens features. The trim has been approved by dental authorities as the best all-purpose design ever devised. The brush is small and shaped to the curve of the teeth, with wide-spaced, wedge-shaped bristle tufts that clean every part of the teeth thoroughly.

Look for the Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush in the glass container at your druggist's. It costs no more than ordinary tooth brushes—30, 40 and 50 cents each; in child's, youth's, and adult's sizes. The glass container makes a convenient holder for those who travel.

OWENS

Stapletied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

Miss Glaub decided he was a nice kid.

After he had gone, Miss Glaub gazed long and searchingly into the mirror of her dressing-table. He had called her "regal!"

After another glass of milk, and a filling but democratic fried-egg sandwich, Miss Glaub went to bed. She dreamed that Mr. Nathan Rosewater had gone down on his knees to beg a tiny pearl for his new line of georgette waists, and she had commanded the Czar of Russia to kick him out.

WITH fingers that fumbled mechanically among the utensils of an untasted breakfast, Miss Glaub sought to focus the dancing headline. And the picture was there. Three columns wide, as he had said, and in the very center of the first page! With the aid of the percolator and a sugar-bowl, Miss Glaub managed to flatten the paper to the little table. Slowly she read:

POLICE HINT AT INTERNATIONAL MYSTERY IN PEARL ROBBERY

Bigburg police were working this morning on what they believe may be the most sensational jewel robbery in the history of this country as the result of the robbery last night of Miss Adele Glaub, proprietor of the exclusive costume shop, Adele, Inc., in her office in the rear of the store.

At the point of a pistol Miss Glaub, a strikingly beautiful woman, was compelled to open the office safe. The intruder, who had gained entrance by means of a rear door, escaped with approximately a hundred dollars in cash and a pearl necklace, leaving Miss Glaub in a fainting condition on the office floor, where she was later discovered by a night watchman, who called in the police.

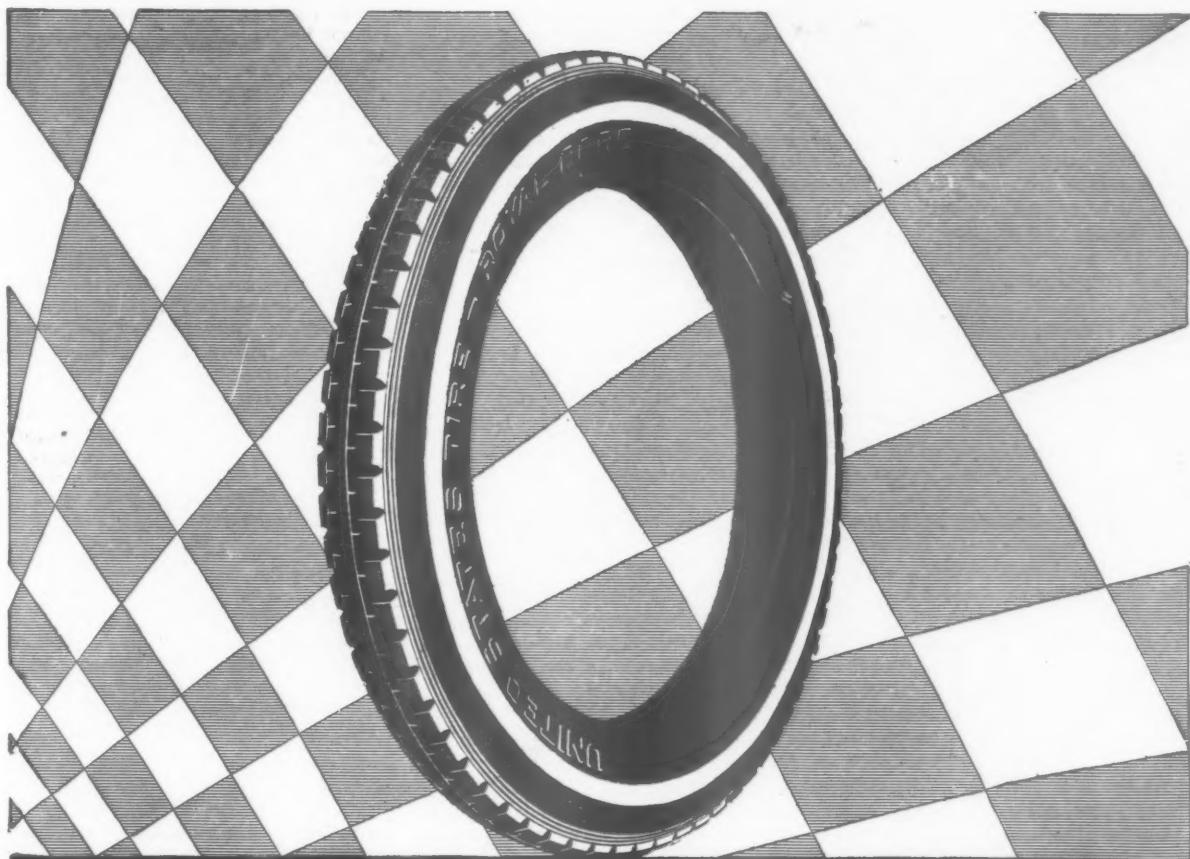
Miss Glaub upon recovering refused to place a value upon the necklace, saying that it was priceless. A description of the thief, whom Miss Glaub described as tall and unusually distinguished, inclines the police to the belief that the man was after the pearls alone.

They are proceeding on the theory that the pearls, whose lineage Miss Glaub refuses to discuss beyond the fact that she has owned them for some time, might comprise part of the Russian Crown jewels lost at the time of the revolution and often reported to be in America. Police point out that Miss Glaub, who has traveled extensively in Europe, but never, according to her statement, in Russia, might have formed friendships among the old nobility which, in honor, she cannot acknowledge at the present time. This trusteeship, in the opinion of the police, has probably made Miss Glaub the innocent victim of a group of international thieves who sought and despoiled their victim last evening.

When interviewed at her charming apartment by a representative of the *News*, Madame Glaub denied that she was acting for friends in the nobility but admitted, charmingly, that the gems stolen might have come from Russia.

Miss Glaub finished her coffee with a gulp. Toast and eggs she left unheeded. She dressed quickly but with careful consideration. With a slow smile she added the long black earrings of the cabinet portrait.

The respectful homage of the colored elevator boy Miss Glaub accepted charmingly. She decided to walk the few short



How thousands of Car Owners will avoid Tire trouble this winter

THE great increase in winter driving of closed cars is demanding more and more Royal Cord equipment.

Nothing is much more unpleasant than making a tire change when the weather nips your fingers and the roads are covered with ice, snow, slush or mud.

Thousands of car owners avoid it by equipping with Royal Cords all around before the cold weather sets in.

A Royal Cord combats winter hardships, flexing easily over the ruts and bumps of frozen roads, and maintains its vitality because—

1. It's built of Web Cord which has no

cross tie-threads and is thoroughly impregnated with pure rubber latex.

2. It is built by the Flat Band Method which insures that each individual cord bears its proportionate share of the load.

3. It is built of Sprayed Rubber, the first uniformly pure rubber ever used in tire manufacture.

These advantages and the anti-skid protection of the famous Royal Cord Tread can only be obtained from the dealer in U. S. Royal Cords.

United States Tires
are Good Tires

U. S. Royal Cord Tires
United States  Rubber Company

blocks over to Capitol Avenue. Now and then people stopped, turned and stared. She passed serenely on.

Miss Glaub reached Adele, Inc., at nine o'clock, an unheard-of hour for smart trade, and yet the long room was already crowded. Freda, the combination book-keeper and stenographer, rushed frantically about the room, getting nowhere. Miss Glaub stopped her with a cold stare.

"You go out an' tell O'Brien and Schultz," she commanded balefully, "that this isn't a curiosity-shop. The merchandise on the shelves is to sell."

Then in the little office she received three reporters from the afternoon dailies and charmingly said—nothing. Business was so brisk, and as each customer's wants received her personal attention, would the gentlemen kindly excuse her—please?

IT was a hectic day. Curious old dangers of the Mammoth days came to stare and remained to buy. That was the basis upon which Miss Glaub consented to remember them. The noon hour passed unheeded.

At five o'clock Miss Glaub went over the cash-register records with a smile of satisfaction. For the first time since opening day, the smart fixtures did not mock her.

The helpers worked late into the night rearranging the stock, for the afternoon papers had followed the *News* more or less fully. Miss Mercedes O'Brien pressed her slim little body against the window in the office and whispered to Freda that she never had any luck. Freda was bitter too. Only Miss Marianne Schultz, dog tired from the hectic day, was skeptical.

"The only place the old girl ever saw the Russian nobility," she observed candidly, "was over to Acme Hall, when the garment-workers had a strike. She can't fool me. I saw those pearls!"

But she was instantly frowned down. It was in the papers, wasn't it?

Another day of good business. Miss Glaub ate out for the first time in months.

A week. Adele, Inc., had them coming. Miss Glaub told her helpers to call softly for "Madame" instead of: "Oh, Miss Glaub!" The mystery of the international pearl-robery disappeared from the front pages. But people apparently still desired to trade with a comrade of the old régime. Miss Glaub felt that the weary days of reckoning mortgages and interest were safely behind her, when—the letter came.

It was badly typewritten on poor paper, but its contents made Miss Glaub shiver.

BLAKE DETECTIVE AGENCY

Miss Adele Glaub,
Adele, Inc.

Dear Madame:

In the course of our investigations in another matter we have stumbled upon all the facts in connection with your recent robbery.

Before turning these facts over to the police, we thought you might be interested in having us act in your behalf—especially because of the recent publicity in connection with the *Russian Nobility*.

Very truly yours,
S. E. BLAKE.

It was blackmail! Every line shouted it! Grim-lipped, Miss Glaub read the letter again. A telephone number was

scrawled in the lower left-hand corner. It was written with a soft lead pencil, as was the further notation: "Please call after four o'clock."

Miss Glaub glanced at the clock. It was nearly five. He was there now—waiting, perhaps. Miss Glaub sent Freda into the fitting-room and picked up the telephone. A connection established, she went straight to the point.

"This is Miss Glaub speaking."

"Yes."

"I have your letter."

"Yes."

"Well?"

The voice at the other end of the line chuckled. "Hardly anything we can discuss over the telephone. Miss Glaub."

"Can you come to my office?"

The other end hesitated. "For business of this nature," it suggested, "maybe a little more privacy would be desirable. How about your home tonight—say eight o'clock?"

After all, it was perhaps better to meet him there. The frowsy little crook! Miss Glaub assented briefly.

"Tonight," she repeated, "—at eight."

HE was a mean-looking specimen of manhood, even in the soft glow of the Glaub parlor. He was nervous and overbodied by turns. His collar was dirty, as were the frayed cuffs which hung below the sleeves of his cheap rain-coat. Miss Glaub guessed his age at thirty-five, and his nose at four drinks of synthetic gin a day. He wore a greasy derby which had once been brown. And he wore it into the Glaub parlor with a sneaky smile of confidence.

"Good evening, Miss Glaub."

Miss Glaub nodded. "Suppose," she said crisply, "we get down to business right away. What do you want?"

The man laughed slyly. "Maybe," he suggested, "we should begin by telling you what we know. Our client—"

"Is a thief," interrupted Miss Glaub. "Maybe he is a liar too!"

Mr. S. E. Blake shook his head. "Not a chance," he said emphatically; and then softly: "Because—we have seen the pearls too!"

"Maybe," inquired the lady carelessly, "you have them with you?"

"Maybe."

"And maybe you might be persuaded to part with them?"

Mr. Blake laughed, gayly. "Maybe we might," he assented softly, "if you were interested—sufficiently."

Miss Glaub considered this. "Well," she said finally, "how much do you want?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Not a chance!"—coldly.

Mr. Blake shook his head sadly. "Too bad," he commented. "We haven't anything else left but to turn our information over to the police. It'll certainly make rich reading. Eh, Miss Glaub? Famous pearls nothing but cheap fakes! Won't help the little costume business any."

"You—you—"

"Or the standing with the Russian nobility."

With a shrug, the proprietor of Adele, Inc., capitulated.

"Will a check do?" she demanded dully.

"Certainly. Seeing that we are only acting for you in a little matter which makes the five hundred a retainer fee."

Miss Glaub went to a little desk and dropped the top. "How do you want it made out?"

"S. E. Blake!"—with a smirk.

Miss Glaub blotted the piece of paper and arose. Still possessed of the smirk, Mr. Blake stepped forward. Miss Glaub moved to meet him halfway. Just as the man was about to take the check, Miss Glaub slipped on the soft rug. With a slight scream, she fell forward into the arms of the astonished visitor. Just for a second the dark head rested close to his—just long enough to confirm that feeling which had been hers from the moment of reading the letter. The mingled odor of cloves and nutmeg. . . .

"Put your hands up in the air."

With an astonished snarl, Mr. S. E. Blake faced a small-caliber pistol held in a steady hand. Noting the hand and the eyes behind the gun, Mr. Blake complied.

"What's the idea?" he demanded.

"Making sure," said Miss Glaub calmly.

"Sure of what?"

"That Mr. S. E. Blake and my Cutie friend of the other night were the same people."

"You're crazy!"—sullenly.

"Why don't you call me sister?" Miss Glaub gibed.

After a moment: "Well, what if I am? What are you going to do about it? Who'll believe you after that cock-an'-bull description you gave the police? Huh?"

Miss Glaub held out her hand. "It won't be necessary. Give me the pearls."

After a moment Mr. Blake produced them, from the side pocket of his rain-coat.

"What now?"

"The door. Your little client-game needs you in some other city in a hurry."

"In other words—"

"In other words—get!"

For a moment Mr. Blake looked into the steady eyes behind the gleaming weapon and found them free from bluff. He turned toward the door.

Just before the door closed, Miss Glaub sent a parting shot.

"The next time you rob a cradle," she advised, "don't put a mask over your face—get a gas mask."

Later, in a big blue quilted kimono, Miss Glaub contemplated the string of gleaming pearls. Humming softly, she picked up a nut-cracker lying on the table and went quietly to work. As the clock struck ten, she swept the remnants of her handiwork into the wicker wastebasket. Her eyes grew soft and dreamy. Somehow it seemed to bring the Grand Duke nearer.

AT the shop, next morning, Freda handed her a telegram. Tearing it open, Miss Glaub read:

NEW YORK CITY.

Great work. Congratulations. Entire country now knows Adele, Inc. We can't afford to stay out, regardless of conditions. How much do you want?

NATHAN ROSEWATER.

Miss Glaub smiled.

"Take answer," she snapped.

"Nathan Rosewater:

"Sorry. Too late. Subscription books for Adele, Inc., closed last night ten o'clock."



Copyright 1923
A. S. Hinds Co.

Now for his Face! Let's give him Mama's Complexion Cream

COLD winds injure a delicate, tender complexion; and so does the sudden change from indoors to frosty air. Roughness and chapping usually follow any prolonged exposure unless the skin is protected with a softening and healing emollient like HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM.



In the sick room Hinds Cream gives grateful comfort to the patient, also keeps Nurse's hands soft.



Chapped cheeks, hands, knees and ankles quickly relieved with Hinds Cream.



In Southern winter resorts Hinds Cream is depended upon by tourists to keep the complexion attractive.



For baby's skin troubles Hinds Cream soothes and comforts. Dilute the cream one-half with water.

Many who love the bracing, cold weather have found that by applying Hinds Cream to any sore, irritated surfaces, or to parts of the body that have been chafed or compressed by warm clothing, they can make themselves comfortable at once.

You can use this cream freely at any time, on the face, neck, arms and hands, with absolute assurance of deriving gratifying results. It is economical and agreeable. The treatment is simple.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, surpassing in quality and refinement; distinctive in fragrance and effect. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Boxes 60c., 15c. Samples 2c.

All dealers sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, 50c, \$1.00. We will mail a sample for 2c, trial bottle, 6c. traveler size, 10c. Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

Write A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 29, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

After shaving use
Hinds Cream to
soothe and relieve
irritation from
close shave or soap.



Gifts

Get His Christmas gift today. He will appreciate it on Christmas morning, and every morning for years.

Priced at \$5. to \$75.



Diagram of the
New Improved
GILLETTE



THE GLORIOUS THROW-DOWN

(Continued from page 48)

"I'll relieve you and Miss Grey of my company. I suppose you want to discuss the details of my story."

With that, under the sorrowing eyes of his fiancée, Lance did take himself off.

Strange to say, he had not spoken the words of an actual resignation; neither had Harper spoken words of an actual discharge.

But as he went down the elevator and stamped angrily into the street, Lance says he was thinking this:

"Now what will Pen do? She will follow Harper's orders, of course. I gave her the story, like a chump; did I really think Harper would be decent about it, or what made me spill it all? I suppose it was because I love her. I couldn't keep it from her, any more than she could have held back her tip another five minutes. She'll write the story, of course. She's too blamed upright about her duty to her paper. And I lose my scoop! Well, why shouldn't she have the story? The trouble is, Harper will get all the glory with old Duke. And I won't get anything and neither will Freddy Flint. Oh, Lord, what will Flint say?"

And thereupon, it seems, Lance put in the second telephone-call of that evening to Flint's home. This time the city editor was in bed, and rather cross he was, to be dragged out of it.

For three minutes Lance's voice squeaked over the phone, quite audible to Mrs. Flint, buried under the bedclothes.

"Well, what did you tell her for?"

More "squeak, squeak" from the star.

"Well, if the fat's in the fire, you dumped it there. What can I do?" . . .

"No, I don't think much of the plan. Wouldn't be ethical." . . .

"No, I sha'n't call him up. What good would it do?" . . .

"Oh, look here, old fellow, you're not the kind to resign over the phone. Talk it over with you tomorrow. By."

And to the drowsy question of Mrs. Flint, the harassed city editor replied: "Oh, nothing. One of the reporters a little worried about something. Good night again."

But Freddy, our sturdy, ethical but nervous city editor, did not sleep until nearly daylight.

I REMEMBER that the evening *Trumpet* staff crept into the newsroom pretty quietly the next morning. Not a man but had seen and grieved over the morning *Trumpet's* scoop. It was blazoned in the full glory of a "streamer," "wave-rule box extracts," and pictures. Not a man but felt himself to be under subtle obloquy. And no one said: "It's bully that the good old morning paper scored. After all, we're working for Mr. Duke, you know." Oh, no; we chewed and champed and snapped at copy-boys and sharpened lead-pencils with vicious strokes. The only thing that mitigated our dismay was the fact that the divorce story was signed by Penelope Grey which to us, ignorant as we were of the "clash," seemed to reflect a pale halo upon Lance.

At eight o'clock Fred Flint reached his desk, looking rather haggard. Some one spoke to him about the Montague story.

"Yes; it's a bear," he replied, compressing his lips.

He was followed presently by the Star, who—probably, we supposed, because of what Miss Grey had put over—wore a smile of malicious triumph.

Lance walked straight up to Flint's desk and leaned over his care-worn city editor. I was reading copy within ten feet, and easily overheard what was said.

"Don't rewrite that divorce story," warned Lance. "I tell you, you'll regret it if you do."

"What?" frowned Freddy. "Not even in the first edition?"

"Not in any edition! I'll tell the world, that story's a fake."

"But Miss Grey—but you yourself—"

"Don't *but* me," interrupted the arrogant Star. "A piece of good luck has come your way, *via* myself, and you'd better not try to analyze it to death. Leave it to me." He buttoned up his coat grandly. "I'm going out on the thing now. Phone you in an hour or two."

"All right," replied Flint, rather puzzled but grinning at the Star's assurance.

AND it's a fact, Flint refused to reprint the divorce story. He was taking a chance, we thought, for Harper would very likely expect to see the evening paper strongly support the scoop of the morning edition. Besides, our evening rivals were hitting up the story pretty generously. But the morning went by, and two or three editions of the evening *Trumpet* came out without a line of the Montague divorce. Harper, meantime, did not show his face.

The morning passed with the usual swarm of little events that make up the pattern of a routine day, that rise and vanish into the caldron of the news machine, and leave not a bubble. There arose the usual bickerings, jokes, worries, shocks and minor emergencies. Flint hammered away at his desk, his face growing more and more sober, the dead cigar in his mouth becoming more and more frayed. At last, on the edge of noon, came a telephone call that made him jump.

"Yes," he answered. I watched his face as he listened. It changed suddenly from gloom to delight. He set down the receiver. "Moore," he called, "come take a story from Merrill."

Little Jim ran into the booth and switched the call in there. The door of the booth stayed closed for five minutes. Then Little Jim came out, red in the face, and shaking all over.

"Boy, some copy paper!" He seized it as he ran to a typewriter. Click-click-click went his machine.

And in a jiffy the eager copy-desk received the story that Little Jim had taken.

Oh, but it was beautiful!

It was an interview with Mrs. Rothwell Montague, denying in calm sentences that she contemplated divorce proceedings "as reported." She regretted the publication of false reports, and declared that never had her relations with her husband been more amicable. Indeed, she was "glad to give a conservative and gentlemanly publication like the evening *Trumpet* the truth, and the whole truth."

WELL, you may believe we rushed that story. And within half an hour the lovely printed result, spread out all leaded on the front page of our Home Edition, was laid on our desks.

Now, indeed, it was time to expect a call from our super-journalist, Mr. Harper. He came in rather more hurriedly than usual, and with some appearance of disarray.

"Well, Flint," he said in a tone audible clear to the desk of the cub, "I must say that this is an astonishing story in the Home Edition."

Freddy looked at him mildly. "I don't know," he answered. "I guess it's right."

Harper flushed. "Possibly I know more about this case than you do, Mr. Flint."

"I myself only know what Merrill, our most experienced man, has just telephoned," answered Flint.

"Merrill!" gasped Harper.

It was hard for us to understand his tone, ignorant as we then were of what had passed; but we were not to be much longer in ignorance. While the Boss still stood there, Lance strolled in, whistling. Harper turned on him.

"Perhaps this is what you consider revenge," were his mysterious words.

Lance stopped whistling.

"Revenge, Mr. Harper?" He sat down on the edge of a desk, and swung his feet. "I fail to comprehend you."

The temporary managing editor glanced about the news-room, silent and full of listening figures.

"Boy," he commanded at length, "go to the morning paper local-room and fetch Miss Grey."

THERE was a brief pause. Harper picked up a proof, and pretended to read it. The rest of us sought to seem unconcerned. But in a very few minutes Penelope Grey entered, and submissively made her way to the Boss' side.

"Ah, Miss Grey," said Harper, trying to be urbane. "A singular thing has arisen. Your story is thrown down, by our evening paper. And the—ah—person who throws it down is Mr. Merrill, here."

Miss Grey gave a furtive glance at Lance. He returned it imperturbably.

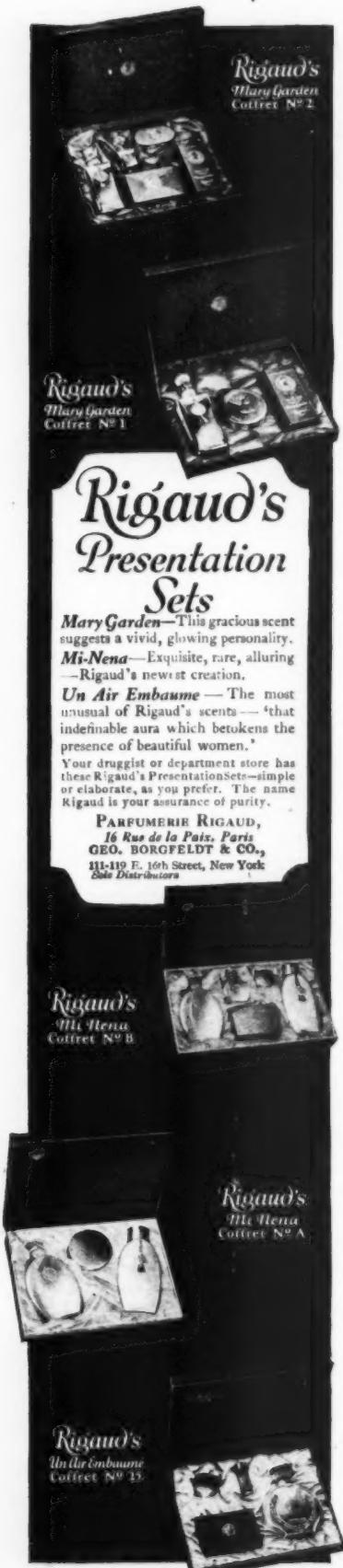
"I am sure I quoted Mrs. Montague correctly," she said in a low tone. "You know I telephoned her before I wrote the story."

"And I," interposed Lance, "am equally sure that I quoted her correctly today—today!"

The engaged couple now measured each other with a regard entirely professional.

Harper looked from one to the other in agitation.

"There's some kind of frame-up here," he blustered. "Flint, have a third person, a disinterested person" (we could have killed him for that), "call up Mrs. Montague—Wait. I will do it myself. Here.



you!" Thus he addressed Flint's modest assistant. "Get Mrs. Montague on the phone."

He stood over the man as he called the number. Work on the re-plate Home Edition was suspended. Reporters who had come in from assignments hung idly by Flint's desk. Others slunk up as near as they dared. This was a crisis involving not only the honor of the evening edition against the "night side," but the honor of our Star—and perhaps the fate of an engagement ring.

Pretty soon, "I have her, Mr. Harper," announced the assistant. Harper sat down and took up the receiver. His hand shook a little.

"Mrs. Montague?" And then he spoke so closely into the receiver that we could barely hear him. And finally he concluded: "Um—is that so? That's very nice; well, I'm glad to hear it," and, "Pleasure, I assure you."

He hung up and rose.

"You may continue, Mr. Flint,"—he swallowed,—"you may continue to print the denial." Then some obscure sense of kindness toward those eager faces made him add: "The fact is, Mrs. Montague did contemplate divorce proceedings yesterday; but this morning, for some reason, she changed her mind. That's all."

He took a step toward the door, but Lance intercepted him.

"I say, Mr. Harper,"—and his tone was respectful as well as pitying,—"it was when I showed Mrs. Montague the big spread in the morning *Trumpet*, and talked to her rather like a Dutch uncle, that she changed her mind. I realize that I did wrong. Am I fired?"

Harper eyed him, flushing.

"Ask Flint," he snapped.

And then timid Miss Grey spoke up—urged on, as we could see, by the nudging of a serge-clad elbow: "And how about me?" she asked. "Am I discharged because my story fell down?"

It was here that our gallant leader showed a faint twinkle of humor, a twinkle that took the curse off for the rest of his term.

"Miss Grey," he said gently, "I shall leave your future to Mr. —Merrill, is it? And the Lord have mercy on your soul."

And he strode out.

THE story logically ends here, but I fancy a flood of questions, to some of which I shall return as accurate an answer as possible.

Q.—Did Flint discharge the Star?

A. Not in a month of Sunday editions. Q. Did the conflict of the two stories upset the office romance?

A. No, indeed. You may depend on it they were married, but not until Lance got his raise.

Q. Did Harper ever take charge of the two *Trumpets* again?

A. No, never again.

Q. Did the Old Man return within two weeks?

A. Yes, he did, in a state of most aggressive health.

Q. And what did he say?

A. Why, he said: "Some scapegrace has mixed up all the papers in my room; and I can't find my scissors. . . . Well, any libel suits, fall-downs—or throw-downs?"

The Old Man's glasses twinkled as he asked this. I guess he had heard something.

BLUE BLOOD

(Continued from page 63)

Rita put down her work and started to rise, with an impulse to return to the other room.

"People who never have any troubles always act bored when you mention your own!"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Really, Rita!"

"Forgive me. I wasn't listening," she said, taking up her work again with a nervous spasmodic movement.

"Well, you might at least pretend to be!"

"My dear Cora," said Mrs. Kilblaine impatiently, "I can't see why you take things so hard! After all, if you have children, they are going to have colds. What of it? If you have a dozen servants they are going to fight and go off, and you've got to change them! But you have a dozen servants. You have a town house and a country place and an income you can't spend! So why worry yourself sick about little things? They are not the real troubles in life!"

"Well, since the day I was born!" exclaimed Mrs. Chalfonte indignantly. "So I have no troubles!"

"No," said Mrs. Kilblaine curtly. "No—you don't have to work for a living; remember that!"

"Work for a living? Why should I work for a living? Oh, it's easy for you

to be calm and unruffled, my dear," Mrs. Chalfonte ran on sarcastically; "you've had the easy time. You've no children to worry about. Everything has been smooth sailing for you! Nothing but yourself to think about! No need to economize! You know very well I have to economize! It's unfair to say I don't economize! I'm the only one who does economize!" She took out her handkerchief. "Oh, Rita, you are cold. You are cruel!"

"Forgive me!" said Mrs. Kilblaine, shrugging her shoulders. "Don't sniffle, Cora; you'll get your nose red. Besides, it's Mother who's upset you, not I."

SHE rose and moved backward, her own nerves beginning to give away. The door slammed on Mrs. Majendie's entrance, and she turned with an involuntary exclamation.

"Oh!"

"What is the matter with you?" said Mrs. Majendie in surprise.

"I don't know what made me jump," she answered hastily. "Nervous, I suppose."

"You need to get out of the house. You need fresh air!" said Mrs. Majendie, continuing to examine her unfavorably. "Do you good to take a ride."

"Yes, perhaps—later—with Dick," she said incoherently.



53 inches of Turkish cigarette satisfaction *The new size PALL MALLS — 20 for 30¢*



*Try them tonight
for your Luxury Hour*

—that easy chair hour
when every man feels
entitled to life's best

PALL MALL Specials
New size—plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price
of PALL MALL Regulars
[cork tip]



It is rare indeed that the best things in life can be purchased on a purely bulk value basis. Genuine quality is seldom to be gauged by the inch, the ounce, or by a strict price measure. *Superiority usually comes in small packages.*

Yet here is the world's finest cigarette, a blend of the rarest and richest Turkish tobaccos, now offered to you at a price that makes it a great quantity value as well as a *quality* delight.

The *new size* Pall Mall, in the special new package, twenty $2\frac{1}{8}$ -inch cigarettes at 30¢.

If you have been denying yourself the treat of real Turkish tobacco because of the high cost, forget the old price barriers. They exist no longer! *The new Pall Malls are economical!*

Try these new size Pall Malls tonight, after your evening coffee, and revel in a Luxury Hour. From that time on, Pall Mall will be your regular cigarette. For Pall Malls—in the special new size—are now as easy to buy as they are to smoke. *The new "Specials" come in plain ends only.*

20 for 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 30¢



30th Anniversary Brings Many Unusual Gift Opportunities In Necklaces of Deltah Pearls

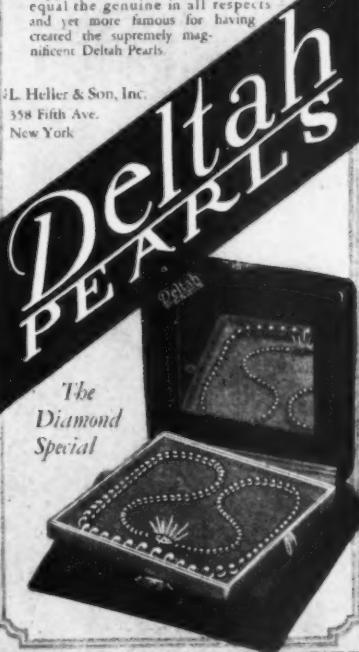
The makers of Deltah pearls are now celebrating their 30th Anniversary. For this occasion they have created many new necklaces—specially cased and specially priced at from \$10. to \$350. Each packed with maker's price guarantee and Anniversary Certificate entitling purchaser to Surprise Gift. Jewelers everywhere are displaying them, making this a particularly opportune time to purchase an elegant necklace of Deltah Pearls—always the most acceptable of gifts to any woman.

Pictured below, the Anniversary feature necklace, with Diamond set safety clasp and mirrored jewel cabinet—24 inch necklace, regularly valued at \$35. Anniversary price \$22.50. Other lengths at similar prices.

1893-1923

30 years ago in a modest office in New York—Today the largest business of its kind in the world; in Paris, Geneva, Toronto, Chicago, Providence and Los Angeles. Such is the history of L. Helier & Son, Inc., famous for having rivaled nature by producing "Hope" Sapphires and "Hope" Rubies—which equal the genuine in all respects and yet more famous for having created the supremely magnificent Deltah Pearls.

L. Helier & Son, Inc.
358 Fifth Ave.
New York



"Well, are you ready at last?" asked Mrs. Chalfonte, impatiently.

"I have half a mind not to go," said Mrs. Majendie doubtfully. "Why where's Pompom?"

"He'll meet us there," said Mrs. Chalfonte quickly. "Mother, you've got to go. It would be too rude after you've promised to take a booth."

"I am not feeling at all up to it. Family scenes just reduce me to shreds!" said Mrs. Majendie with a reproachful look at her daughter. "I feel as if I could scream! I really am in no condition."

"Mother, you will have to put in an appearance. You must at least do that."

Mrs. Kilblaine said it calmly; yet inwardly she was in a panic. Would they never go!

"There's absolutely no end to these charities!" declared Mrs. Majendie, hesitating. "It's ten dollars here and ten dollars there! Really, it's a wonder we have any money left!"

"Now, do come on, Mother," urged Mrs. Chalfonte in a soothing tone.

"Cora, don't hurry me! You make me nervous. I can't be hurried!" Suddenly Mrs. Majendie perceived the tea-table and uttered an exclamation of pleasure. "Oh, tea! Just the thing!"

"But Mother, you'll get tea at the bazaar!"

"With all that crowd around? Don't be silly, Cora."

"We're an hour late now!"

"Is that all?" Mrs. Majendie shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I won't budge until I've had my cup of tea. So, Cora, it's no use frowning, no use making a scene—"

Mrs. Kilblaine made a sign to her sister, and going to the tea-table, poured out a cup.

"It's only a second. Cream and sugar. There you are!"

She brought it to her mother, who took it and looked at her in surprise.

"You don't expect me to take it at a lunch-counter, do you?" she said acidly. "Just hold the cup. There!" She took off her glove leisurely, raised her veil and sat down. Mrs. Chalfonte, looking daggers, subsided into a chair. "The only reason I'm going is to see what the house is like. You put sugar in? My, how refreshing that is! To hear everyone talk, you'd think it was a palace. Belle Stacey went through it the other day. Her husband has to keep up business relations, you know. What do you think? She told me the doors were composition—all composition, my dear! She tried them with her finger-nail. 'Ours are real mahogany,' she said. Belle Stacey is a little purse-proud too, you know." She looked over at Mrs. Kilblaine. "Aren't you taking tea, dear? Do! There is nothing so refreshing!"

"I suppose I might as well," Rita said, and went to the tea-table.

While her mother had rambled along, her mind had been wandering again. Her imagination was in the other room, trying to visualize the scene taking place there. For the first time she felt herself going to pieces. She had brought matters to a climax with a decision and a calm which had surprised herself—as though she had somehow detached herself from her own personality and was standing like an im-

personal bystander directing the course of events. She had gone thus to the climax; the rest was out of her hands. Now she felt suddenly helpless, condemned to await an issue she was powerless to influence or direct. Impulse and anger had carried her, so far, triumphantly; now other emotions interposed—a fear of the unforeseen, an uneasy stirring doubt, an agony of suspense.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Majendie chirped along:

"There's only one thing to be said in favor of these charities in private houses. You do get a chance to go through them, without having to meet the people socially. Still, nowadays, anyone can get into society who has proper business relations—like your friend Haggerty, Rita. You'll see; he'll get in. In my time, it took ten years, and then it could only be through the church."

"Moth-er!" cried Mrs. Chalfonte, tapping the floor angrily.

Mrs. Majendie mistook the nature of the protest.

"Of course, it was done through the church! Look at the Staceys. Her mother never got anywhere until she joined Grace Church and founded a children's nursery. Then the Bannings—look at them, with all their millions! How did they get in?"

AT this moment the young Vicomte de Chapdeloupe arrived.

"No reproaches, please. I have an excuse," he averred with his usual impertinence—only this time Mrs. Chalfonte thought she detected a trace of agitation.

"It will have to be a very good excuse!" said Mrs. Majendie righteously.

"It is."

He had passed ceremoniously from one to the other, lifting their fingers to his lips, familiarly with Mrs. Chalfonte, cavalierly with her mother and with marked deference to Mrs. Kilblaine, who overawed him.

"Well?" said Mrs. Majendie.

"My excuses first, my explanations afterward," he said with another bow. "I am late, because the man in the room next to me selected this afternoon to shoot himself."

They laughed incredulously.

"Bosh!" said Mrs. Chalfonte. "When did you make that up?"

"Look!" He extended his hand, which shook like a leaf. "Don't you think in these prohibition days this justifies—"

Mrs. Majendie uttered an exclamation of horror.

"You poor boy! How awful!"

Mrs. Chalfonte, going to a little cabinet, returned with a glass of brandy.

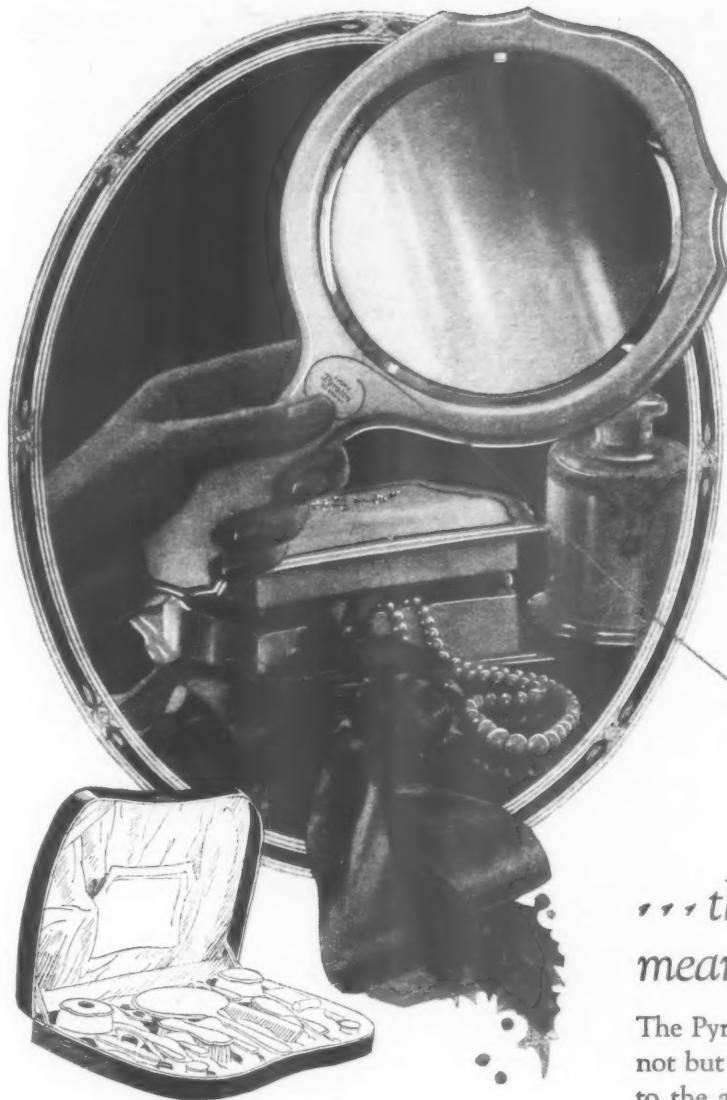
"Thanks. It is quite absurd to be upset by such a commonplace event, but—ugh—when things happen like that just across your door!" He shrugged his shoulders and sipped his glass.

"How terrible!" said Mrs. Majendie, shocked, while Mrs. Chalfonte remarked:

"What a heartless little beast you are, Pompom!"

Mrs. Kilblaine was frowning, with a sudden fixed stare at the clock.

"And we think there's no drama in the modern life," said De Chapdeloupe, recovering his pose. "You go into one of your modern hotels—a thousand rooms,



The ideal gift of Pyralin toiletware is a complete set which can be purchased in any material, pattern or decoration.

IVORY
Pyralin
DU BARRY

... the name-stamp
means the gift is genuine

The Pyralin name-stamp on each article cannot but add to the satisfaction of giving, and to the appreciation of the one who receives—for it is a guarantee of full value, of life-long beauty and usefulness. Sold by leading stores everywhere.

The set you start today can grow through the years to come. Added pieces always match.

IVORY
AMBER
SHELL

Pyralin

The graceful La Belle Pattern is here illustrated in Shell Pyralin. Also made in Ivory Pyralin and Amber Pyralin.



E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Inc., Pyralin Dept., Arlington N.J.
Arlington Company of Canada, Montreal, Canada

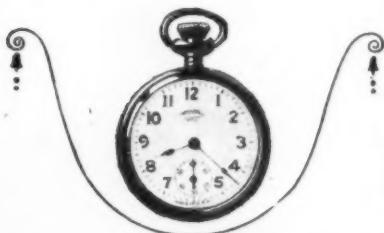
Ingersoll

Gifts for Every Member of the Family

THERE'S no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long.

The Ingersoll you give now will be ticking Christmas Greetings every day throughout the year.

NEW IMPROVED YANKEE	\$2.00
The ideal watch for the every-day American	
YANKEE RADIOLITE	\$3.00
Particularly valuable to motorists, sportsmen, nursing mothers, etc.	
RADIOLITE TWO-IN-ONE	\$3.25
The Yankee Radiolite in an ivory-like celluloid stand.	
ECLIPSE	\$3.00
Smaller and thinner than the Yankee. Solid nickel case.	
ECLIPSE RADIOLITE	\$4.00
Thin model. Tells time in the dark.	
JUNIOR	\$3.50
Small size, thin model. The favorite watch of millions of men and boys	
MIDGET	\$3.50
For women, girls and small boys	
MIDGET RADIOLITE	\$4.50
The Midget plus the Radiolite dial	
WRIST RADIOLITE	\$4.50
The time's in sight, day and night—at a glance	
WATERBURY	\$5.00
A jeweled, 12-size watch that combines stamina with style	
WATERBURY RADIOLITE	\$6.00
A handsome watch with "silver" dial. Tells time in the dark.	
RELIANCE	\$7.00
A fine 7-jeweled watch. Thin model. A thoroughbred in every detail. (In gold filled case \$10.00)	



Globe-Wernicke

is holding this new book for you!

SEND FOR IT

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me, without charge, your book—"Unusual Decorative Effects for Bookcases"—which is illustrated throughout with new ideas in home decoration—FREE.

Name _____

Address _____

Town or City _____ State _____

Globe-Wernicke

a thousand mysteries; a man sleeps next to you, only a door between you. You hear him move about; you don't know his name; you don't see him; yet night after night while you sleep on your pillow, he's sitting there, staring down a pistol! He's a bankrupt. He has an incurable illness. There is a woman—always a woman; and suddenly, *bang!* He shoots himself—and you pick up the paper the next day to find out—

"Pompom!" said Mrs. Majendie, covering her ears.

"Thanks!" He returned the glass to Mrs. Chalfonte and added: "There you are—your modern life. Your own friend may be starving next to you and you never know it. A life is being snuffed out in the other room—" He snapped his fingers. "A life that may mean something to you—and you go about your little commonplace business and never suspect it!"

THERE was a crash, and a saucer broke on the floor as Mrs. Kilblaine rose suddenly.

"Why, Rita!" exclaimed Mrs. Majendie and Mrs. Chalfonte in chorus.

She looked down at the broken crockery, frowning.

"I'm afraid my nerves are bad too," she said hurriedly. "Your story is rather gruesome, monsieur."

"Oh, madame, I am so sorry. A thousand pardons!" he cried.

"I've never seen you like this," said Mrs. Majendie, looking at Rita.

"I have a dreadful headache," she explained desperately. "And I think, Mother, I really think you ought to be going. It really is unpardonable to be so late. Monsieur de Chapdeloupe, I appeal to you."

De Chapdeloupe bowed contritely.

"I really don't feel like going at all," said Mrs. Majendie. "I was out of sorts, and now—"

"Then I shall never forgive myself," said the young Frenchman, surprising a mute appeal from the eyes of Mrs. Kilblaine, who turned and went to the window. "Come, beautiful lady!"

"You'll see no one will be there!" said Mrs. Majendie, drawing on her gloves. "The Dagleeshes ought to be satisfied to have me at all."

De Chapdeloupe again made his excuses to Mrs. Kilblaine and returning, offered his arm to Mrs. Majendie, who with a last look at the averted figure of her daughter was about to leave, when she uttered an exclamation.

"Oh!"

"Now, what's the matter?" said Mrs. Chalfonte from the door.

"My lorgnon!" exclaimed her mother. "Where could I have left it? Oh, I remember."

To Rita's consternation, she started for the great doors at the back. For a moment everything froze within her. Then she said quickly:

"Mother!"

"What?"

Mrs. Majendie had stopped at the sharp summons in her voice.

"Your lorgnon is on your neck," said Mrs. Kilblaine quietly.

"What? Why, so it is! How stupid! That shows in what a state I am!" She

embraced her daughter. "Well, good-by, dear. I don't like to see you so nervous. Of course, you won't come, then."

"I don't know—perhaps later."

"You really are a little feverish—"

"Don't worry about me—and please go!"

"She really is a little feverish," said Mrs. Majendie, turning to Mrs. Chalfonte.

"What nonsense! Nothing is ever the matter with Rita," said Mrs. Chalfonte. "Come on, Benoit. If you come, Mother'll follow!"

They were going at last. Mrs. Kilblaine breathed more freely. But at the door Mrs. Majendie turned.

"Oh, I forgot. I meant to tell Phillips there'll be four more for dinner."

"I'll attend to it," said Mrs. Kilblaine, holding herself in.

"The Warburtons and the Chaney's. You won't forget?"

"No. No. I'll do it now," she said, hurriedly touching the bell.

Mrs. Majendie remained hesitating.

"I don't like to leave you like this," she said, doubtfully.

De Chapdeloupe reappeared at the doorway.

"Moth-er!" he said in imitation of the family tone.

"Impudence!" said Mrs. Majendie, brightening up. "Dear, dear! What excitement about nothing! I am coming."

They were gone at last. A moment afterward Phillips appeared.

"Phillips, four more for dinner tonight."

"Four more, madam."

He moved toward the tea-tray.

"Never mind the tea things," she said nervously. "Leave it as it is. I—I am not through yet. That's all. I'll ring when I want you."

Alone at last, she felt such a swift weakness that for a moment she steadied herself against a chair. Then she turned, and going quickly to the door by which her mother had left, locked it. Slowly she began to move toward the Picci doors. Her pulse quickening, drawn by an irresistible fascination.

"Rita!"

She wheeled with a cry of dismay. Her father was in the room.

Chapter Fifteen

M R. MAJENDIE had entered a moment before and had been a witness to the feverish haste with which Rita had crossed over and locked the door on her mother's departure. He had waited while she stood swaying in indecision and had noted her movement to the back before he had called to her. When she swung around with a cry, he said peremptorily:

"Now we'll finish our conversation."

It was the last straw. She broke completely. Her eyes filled with tears; she came to him with faltering steps, and clasping her hands in entreaty, cried: "Daddy, not you too!"

"What is going on here?" he demanded, clasping her wrist. "Why did you lock that door? And who is in that room?"

"Daddy, I just can't bear it!" she said, looking at him with swimming eyes. "You must let me alone—just now!"



**"Goodbye, I'm
Very Glad to Have
Met You"**

But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not accustomed to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?



Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

Good manners make good mixers. The man or woman who is able to do the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it, is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

Do you ever feel alone at a social gathering? Do you ever feel tongue-tied among strangers?



What's Wrong in This Picture?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are made in this picture?

Special Bargain!

The Famous Book of Etiquette

Nearly Half a Million Sold at \$3.50

**NOW \$1.98
ONLY \$1.98**

For a Very
Limited Time

YOU have always wanted this famous two-volume set that solves every social difficulty, that tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. You have always wanted to own the two remarkable books that give poise, ease, dignity—self-confidence.

Here is your opportunity to secure the complete, original, authentic BOOK OF ETIQUETTE at almost *half* the usual publisher's price! Almost 500,000 people have purchased the Book of Etiquette at the regular price of \$3.50. If you act NOW, you can receive the same two authoritative and fascinating volumes for only \$1.98.

This amazing offer is for a short time only. The demand for the Book of Etiquette at this great reduction will probably be so large that the company must reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time. You are urged to send for your set at once.

Solves Every Social Problem

The Book of Etiquette is admittedly one of the most complete and authoritative works of its kind ever published. It covers every phase of wedding etiquette, street etiquette, dinner etiquette, dance etiquette—it contains paragraphs for the self-conscious and timid; for the bachelor; for the business woman; for the country hostess. Nothing is forgotten, nothing omitted. The Book of Etiquette will tell you everything you want to know. It will protect you from sudden embarrassments, give you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

Wherever possible, in the Book of Etiquette, the origin of customs has been traced to its source. For instance, you find out why rice is thrown after the bride, why a veil is worn, why the engaged girl is given a tea-cup. You will enjoy the Book of Etiquette. And you will find it more useful than you ever dreamed a work of this kind could be.

SEND NO MONEY

Here's your chance—take it! Let us send you the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette at the *special offer* price.

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon below to us at once. We will send you the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, and when it arrives you have the privilege of giving the postman only \$1.98 (plus a few cents delivery charges) for the regular \$3.50 set!

Surely you are not going to let this offer slip by. Clip and mail this coupon NOW while you are thinking about it. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton, with no identifying marks. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 512, Garden City, N. Y.

Use This Special Coupon

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 512, Garden City, N. Y.

I accept your special offer. You may send me the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette in plain carton. When it arrives I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) instead of \$3.50, the regular price. I retain the privilege of returning the books any time within 5 days of their receipt, and my money will be refunded at once if I demand it.

Name _____

Address _____

Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather binding** at \$2.98 with same return privilege.
(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather Binding outside U. S., \$3.44 cash with order.)

He remained deaf to her pleadings, his face stern, his eyes searching into her soul with an intensity that left her cold with a sudden new dread.

"Rita, is Haggerty in that room? Is he? And who is with him?"

She put her arms about his neck.

"Daddy dear, if you love me, for all that I have done for you—don't ask me any questions now! Later,"—she said it almost inaudibly,—“later I'll tell you everything.”

“Everything?” he cried fiercely. “Then you did lie to me!”

“I did not lie to you!” she cried desperately.

“Rita, this has got to be settled now, and settled one way! Haggerty came here to ask you to marry him! Is that it?”

“Yes.”

“And you refused him?”

“Yes.”

“Rita, I too am going to appeal first to the love that is between us. If you love me, for my sake,—blame me, hate me,—but for my sake, for me, Rita, don't refuse to marry him!”

She set her teeth and drew back from him with a quick return of her old courage.

“That I will not do,” she said, looking him steadily in the eyes.

“Not for me?”

“Not again for you.”

“Very well. Now listen.” He drew up to his full height. “Am I your father, am I the head of my family? Yes or no!”

“Father!” she cried, shrinking back. “Don't look at me like that!”

Never before had she seen such a look in his eyes or heard his voice set in implacable anger against her.

“The honor of my family is my honor!” he said slowly. “Now—understand me—I order you to marry Dan Haggerty!”

“You order me!” she cried, as if something had cut across her face.

“Yes, just that. Order you! No matter what I have done, no matter how guilty I have been in your eyes, there is one thing that has never been questioned in my family—the good name of our women! Don't talk to me in your sophistries!” he cried, furiously, as she started to speak. “There is one thing that is deeper than anything else, that is part of my bone and flesh: to protect the good name of my daughter. And I will protect that by every way that is in my hands. Rita, I have never before in my life spoken to you like this. But now I, your father, tell you what you've got to do!”

“I see!” She looked at him in a cold disdain, everything in her in revolt. “Not for me, my life and my happiness, but for your conscience, you would force me to marry a man I hate, a brute who has captured me as you trap a wild animal!”

“Yes, I have a conscience if you have not!” he cried impetuously. “You may sneer at such things, but it is here, always here! And for months I have lived with this nightmare! Good God, at the thought that I drove you into his arms, to shame, to dishonor—you whom I love as I love nothing else in this world—”

“Wait!” She stopped him with a gesture, and looking at him profoundly, shook her head. Then she said with great sadness in her voice: “And to sell me again in marriage would quiet that

conscience! How strange! How little we can understand even those who are nearest to us! And this would end your remorse! Respectability!”

“Do you intend to obey me?” he demanded brusquely.

“To marry Haggerty? No!”

“Rita,” he said, and his voice trembled ominously, “I give you one more chance. Obey me or—”

“Or, what?” she said indifferently.

“Or I go into that room to Haggerty myself,” he said. “And God knows what will happen then!”

The hand that pointed to the door shook. She saw it, and sudden panic caught her at the thought of what such an action might mean.

“You won't do that!”

“I will.”

HE took a step toward the door.

“Father!” she cried, sinking to her knees, the room swimming about her. “I have never been the mistress of Dan Haggerty. Father, I'm not lying to you. I swear it to you. Won't you believe me?”

“No, I won't believe you!” he cried, his anger mounting. “Nothing you can say or do will ever make me believe that!”

“Daddy! Daddy!” she cried, broken.

“Now we'll see what Mr. Haggerty has to say!” he cried, taking a step toward the door.

“Daddy!” She sprang after him. “Daddy, come back. Not that! Yes, I'll tell you—I'll tell you everything!”

“At last!”

The violence of the moment, the red that had rushed into her father's vision, receded. He drew out a handkerchief and put it to his forehead. Then turning to her, he said sternly:

“The whole truth!”

“Yes, I am going to tell you,” she said inertly. “To save us from disgrace, to save you from taking your own life,” she began, staring down at the rug, “I made a bargain with Dan Haggerty.”

“Well, well?” he cried impatiently as she hesitated.

“I promised that I would belong to him whenever he called me to him.”

“What?”

She had said it so low that she was forced to repeat it.

“I knew it!” he cried. “Rita, Rita, why did you lie to me?”

“But I have not lied to you!” she said, raising her head.

“What do you mean?” He stopped short.

“He has not yet called me to him,” she said in a whisper.

“What!”

He went to her, taking her arms roughly, forcing her eyes to his.

“Look at me! That is the truth?”

“Yes. Not yet—but I am bound, by my word of honor—any day—any time.”

“Good God! I couldn't believe it!” He fell back into a chair in a sudden revulsion, weak and fighting back the tears. “I didn't dare to hope.”

His change of feeling amazed her.

“You don't understand,” she said coldly. “Any day, any hour, he may call me.”

He gave an impatient gesture.

“What does that amount to!”

He rose, tears in his eyes, and going to her, took her in his arms.

Put them on your Christmas List

Everyone likes to have lovely nails

PRICES and SIZES
FOR EVERY
CHRISTMAS NEED

*Gay Christmas packages at the
right range of prices*

FOR the fastidious dressing table the fascinating Boudoir Set with its cunning little compartments for cotton, buffer, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cuticle Cream (Comfort) and three different Polishes, including the marvelous new Liquid Polish. This makes a substantial gift of worth and distinction. The buffer, stick and file alone seem almost worth the whole price, only \$3.00. For \$5.00 there is the still more elegant De Luxe set. The Cutex Ivory Case at \$7.50 is luxuriously packed in a charming box of fine quality imitation Ivory.

Cutex Boudoir Set

FOR the greeting that must be more personal than a card—the square little box at the bottom contains half sizes of everything essential for the nicest manicure. The Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish (with the fashionable new rose tint), Nail White, emery board and the daintiest little orange stick, all gay and cordial in their little black and rose boxes. This compact set is almost indispensable for the week-end, the over-night visit or the office toilet kit, and it costs only 60c.

Cutex Compact Set

PRICES and SIZES
FOR EVERY
CHRISTMAS NEED

*Gay Christmas packages at the
right range of prices*



CUTEX TRAVELING SET, \$1.50



CUTEX BOUDOIR SET, \$3.00



CUTEX FIVE MINUTE SET, \$1.00



CUTEX COMPACT SET, 60c

EACH WITH A SPECIAL
HOLIDAY WRAPPER

FOR the friend who is always dashing off somewhere the special Cutex Traveling Set at the top slips in the dressing case. The Cuticle Remover, the cake of white Polish, the jar of pink Paste Polish and the convenient Nail White are tucked in securely with a separate pocket for the steel file, the emery boards and the orange sticks. This handsome lasting set is only \$1.50.

Cutex Traveling Set

THE third set, for convenient use at the dressing table. How trim and complete it is. And it contains the Cuticle Remover, of course, absorbent cotton, emery boards, and manicure stick, and both the wonderful new Cutex Polishes, the Liquid Polish for speed and brilliance, the Powder Polish for a delicate rose-pearl lustre—all so conveniently arranged not a moment is lost in using it. \$1.00.

Cutex Five Minute Set

You can get these Cutex Manicure Sets with the special holiday wrappers at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York.

CUTEX



! fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—the teeth.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.

The Choice of a School

Consider that one of the most important decisions you have to make in the life of your child is the selection of the right school. Our college-trained staff has personally investigated over 800 schools in all parts of the country. We have on file accurate and comprehensive data on which to base our recommendations. This service is, of course, gratis. Write us or simply check the coupon below and mail to

The School Department

The Red Book Magazine
33 West 42nd St., New York City

I am interested in receiving information about a boarding school for:

Boy..... Age..... Girl..... Age.....
LOCATION:
 New England
 Middle Atlantic States
 Washington, D. C.
 New York City
 Western States
 Pacific Coast
 Southern States

TYPE OF SCHOOL:
 College Preparatory
 Finishing
 Military
 Special Training (note below)
 Young Children
 Tutoring

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

How much do you plan to pay for board and tuition?
 Under \$600
 \$600 - \$900
 \$1,000 or over

Previous Education.....

Religious Affiliation.....

Remarks.....

"My little girl!" he said in a broken voice, and as when she had been a child, his hand stroked her hair, while he repeated again: "Thank God!"

"Oh, Daddy, how hard it is to make you understand!" she said sadly, disengaging herself. "I am still bound by my bargain."

"He will release you," he said, unmoved.

"He will not release me!" she cried impatiently.

"But he wants you to marry him. Don't you realize that he loves you?"

"Loves me!" she cried. "If he loved me, he would have released me months ago. If he had only done that! I think I should have gone down on my knees to him. But he didn't. Oh, no! That's not his way! He held me as in a vice! Do you realize what he has held suspended over my head, day by day, week by week, month by month—what I have lived under?"

"And I tell you, Rita, that he loves you and that is the very thing that proves it!"

"No," she cried indignantly. "He has had only one thought—to break down my pride, to humble me! To force me to come to him abjectly as his wife—to save myself from becoming his mistress!"

"Rita, it is you who are blind, you who won't understand," her father answered, impatiently. "A man who has acted as he has acted, under the provocations we have put upon him, a man who holds such a power over you and doesn't use it, I tell you, is a man who loves you as a man loves a woman he wants to make his wife—whom he respects and reverences!"

"His mistress if I have to—his wife never!" she cried indignantly.

"Silence!" Again Majendie's anger boiled up, and when he spoke, his voice was not under control. "Great God, that I—I—should live to hear that from a daughter of mine! Pride, pride, pride—that's all it is!"

"Well, yes, I have my pride!" she cried with equal intensity. "What! Have you no pride? You'd deliver me, your daughter, to a man I hate and loathe—a man who has kept me in terror, day by day, scorning to use his power! Father, Father! A man who came into our home, as my friend, and deliberately plotted for me, plotted to ruin you, plotted to force me to him to save the honor he himself had wrecked!"

"Enough!" he cried, carried away by his rage. "I'll settle this—now!"

And scarcely hearing her, not knowing what he intended to do, he started again toward the doors.

"Father!"
 "Do you intend to obey me or do you not?"

"No!"
 "We shall see!"
 "Oh!"

His hand was on the handle, when suddenly he stopped, caught by the memory of her final accusation. He came back, pressing his hands to his temples, struck by a sudden recollection.

"Wait—first." He stood still, staring at her a moment and then said incoherently: "You said—you implied, that—but you said," he cried, all at once finding himself, "that Haggerty plotted to ruin me."

The Red Book Magazine

"While he came to my house as my friend!" she cried triumphantly.

"But that isn't true!"

"My dear father, don't!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "He admitted it himself."

"But it isn't true, I tell you!"

"Father—when he told me so himself!"

"Then he never understood you," he cried. "But you're wrong—you're all wrong!"

"What do you mean?" she said, frowning.

"I mean he had a perfect right to do what he did!" Majendie replied, slowly. "He did nothing but defend himself as any man has a right to defend himself when he is attacked. My dear girl, you're wrong, all wrong. You haven't understood!"

"Who attacked him?" she asked incredulously.

"I did."

"You?"

"There were others; we were a syndicate—you knew that—but principally myself."

"Oh, Father!"

SHE stood staring at him, aghast.

"Rita, on my word of honor," he rushed on, "my sacred word of honor, it was as I tell you. We planned to ruin him—yes, planned deliberately. We fought him secretly. We thought we had caught him when he bought International Motors. We organized a pool to break the market. He fought us as we fought him. He fought only in self-defense."

"Daddy! Daddy," she cried weakly, "do you realize what you are saying to me? This is unthinkable, horrible!"

"It is done every day in Wall Street," he returned, lamely, avoiding her look.

"Oh!"

She pressed her hands to her throat. Everything seemed crashing to the ground before her. All the proud edifice of her self-justification had collapsed as if made of paper. She saw a new Haggerty. She understood swiftly all that she had set her obstinate will against.

"But then—" she began, with a sinking feeling, "then all that time, when he was my guest, my friend, invited by me to my house, you were plotting against him!"

"He was not my friend," Majendie defended, desperately.

She shook her head.

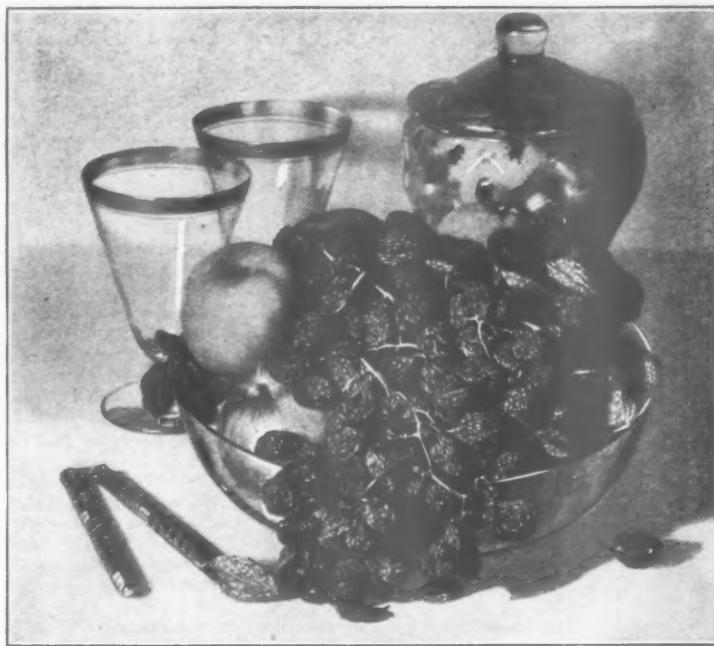
"He was mine—and you used me to cover it up! That, then, was the true situation?"

He hesitated, sank into a chair, and answered in a low voice: "Yes."

"And all this time he must have believed that I—that I knew," she went on as if speaking to herself, "that I was a party to it! And yet, and yet he could spare me! Daddy, Daddy, why didn't you tell me?"

And at that moment, when this cry of remorse and defeat was wrung from her soul, suddenly, with a shattering crash, there came from the other room, the sound of a pistol-shot.

The claim has been made that there is no such thing as a new situation in fiction. The next installment of Mr. Johnson's brilliant novel, in the forthcoming January issue of *The Red Book Magazine*, reveals one.



And the best loved delicacy of all was "RAISINS"

HOW well they kept the glad feast days in the olden time! The boar, there was, stuffed with chestnuts, and a bright red apple in his mouth. The roasted peacock with its tail spread like a gorgeous fan. The parti-colored pastries, the spiced and honeyed wines—

And then, the best loved delicacy of all—the "raisins" in full, beautiful clusters, brought from sunny, far-off lands.

In an old time custom, we still pay tribute to their goodness

Like the lords and ladies of old, we still accord the festive bowl of clustered raisins an honored place at Christmas time.

But no longer is this delicate fruit a luxury from foreign lands—for feast days only and for the rich alone.

From golden California, where the vineyards reach away like endless gardens, it comes to us today abundantly in its perfection.

Here, in clusters of matchless beauty, the grapes grow to the fullness of their

rich, ripe flavor. And here the clean, mellow California sunshine transforms

PLUM pudding!
"Recipes with
Raisins" tells you
how to make it



the royal fruit, with all its stored-up goodness, into Sun-Maid Raisins—large and plump and juicy.

*They bring a Christmas richness
to the foods of every day*

Whether in your Christmas plum pudding or in the familiar foods of every day—how much of tempting goodness is added by this flavorful fruit!

To so many of the old, substantial foods—like good white bread, oatmeal, and puddings of bread or rice—you can give new goodness, a new appeal to your

family's appetite, simply by adding raisins. You can so easily provide the variety that every family craves.

Use them lavishly, not only for their goodness, but because they carry health and extra nourishment. Sun-Maids are rich in elements the body needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

Keep the Yuletide bowl of nuts and raisins well filled in your home this Christmas time! And for the easiest and surest ways of preparing many tempting holiday dishes, old and new, send for the free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

It shows you, also, how you can delight your family the year around with foods of festive goodness, made with raisins. And inexpensively, for raisins are cheap this year. Fill in the coupon and send for this free book today.

* * *

Note: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 16,000 individual growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing only the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 85 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters



Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-232, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your free book,
"Recipes with Raisins."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
"the snap that lasts a lifetime"

Design is only a decoy when not backed by performance.

We cannot prevent the imitating of Kum-a-part designs but the "hidden excellence" of the Kum-a-part is uncopyable.

You'll find designs to please in every quality up to \$25 the pair, but whatever you pay and wherever you buy BE SURE the name KUM-A-PART is on the back of each button.

This is your guarantee of lifetime wear in every pair.

Send for Booklet and Correct Dress Chart L

The Baer & Wilde Company
Attleboro Mass.

*Exclusive Makers of Kum-a-part
Kuff Buttons and Belt Buckles*

No. 6061 \$2.50 pr.

No. 762 \$1.00 pr.

RECLAIMED

(Continued from page 32)

he hastily cut in. "You'll—you'll go about blue-doming all summer long. You'll learn to paddle a canoe and troll for black bass and soak in sunlight and eat like an Indian and sleep like a log. You may be a trifle tired and languid, the first week or two. Then you'll see the ozone start to get in its work. It always does. And before long you'll feel that you're straddling the roof-tree of the world. Why, you'll feel that it's a great and God-given joy just to be alive. You'll feel that it's a benediction just to sniff camp-smoke and bacon and coffee and know there's a brand new day as bright as a fresh-minted penny waiting to lead you out across the hills where there's nothing to remember and nothing to forget. You'll love it. You can't help it."

She tried to smile back her gratitude. But there was a mistiness about the blue-shadowed eyes he found it best not to study too closely.

"I feel better already," she assured him. Her smile, this time, was less of a failure. Yet she impressed him as being tremendously alone in a tremendously intricate world. She probably would never be more alone, he felt, in the heart of those pine-lands where the loons called by day and the wolves howled by night.

"I imagine you love that country yourself," she ventured as he turned to hand his parcels to the nearest red-cap.

"It gets a grip on you," he admitted.

"And you still go up there?" she asked.

"I go up for a month or two of shooting, as a rule. That's late in the autumn, of course."

"Of course," she repeated, without raising her eyes to his. "And this year?"

"I don't see how I can, this year," he said with an effort at casualness which did not quite carry.

"Of course," she again agreed as she motioned for the red-caps to take up her bags. It was a trivial movement, but it seemed one of capitulation.

"Write to me when you want anything," he said as they moved toward the train-gate. "And tell that brigand Baptiste I want the spring water piped into the cabin, the way I explained to you."

She nodded slowly, and as slowly turned away. He saw the moving tide take her up and carry her through the narrow portal that opened on another world. Then he saw her no more.

HE stood there, peering after the tail-lights that vanished in the vaulted darkness. He stood there, depressed by a definite sense of loss, and at the same time fortified by an indefinite sense of triumph. Everything had been as it should be. Yet nothing, in another way, had been quite right. No unseemly feature had intruded into that encounter. They hadn't even shaken hands. They had remained on that impersonal basis which it would always be best for them to observe. But as he made his way back to his car, he was oppressed by a feeling of frustration, of having missed something which might have meant a great deal to him. He consoled himself, as he

journeyed back to the home that was no longer home to him, in trying to picture Mary Linsen's trip to the Upper Calumet camp.

When morning came, this pale girl would wake up in another country. And when another night had passed, she would find herself in the land of the pointed firs, with a higher arch of blue above her and that mysterious tang of the North in the air. At Elk Crossing old Ferdinand would be waiting to meet her, with his weather-bleached wagon and his pipe of *tabac canadien*. And after the twelve miles over a shadow-hung and seismic logging-road, the huge Baptiste would be there at the lake landing, with the oil-stained old motorboat he knew so well, the old motorboat that had carried on its battered little foredeck so many duffle-bags and blanket-rolls and gun-cases and tent-rolls into the silence of those spruce-fringed waters. Baptiste would be there with a frown of perplexity on his swarthy face, and a red sash about his waist. They would chug up through the maze of that many-islanded lake, leaving man and his ways behind them as they went. They would thread their way through the amber-green shallows of Sandy River and debouch into the deeper green of Lac la Marne, to follow its black-fringed shore into ever deepening valleys of silence. They would tie up at the lake-head and portage over Tamarack Hill and come to the Upper Calumet, where they would take to the canoes. And then, with the sun going down over the receding blue ridges where the air smelt of balsam, and life's final gift of peace brooded over the horizon-blue of the pine-lands, they would come to the cabin between the river and the bluest lake in the world. She and Baptiste would be alone there. And Scullard sighed, without knowing he was doing so.

She and Baptiste would be alone there, he repeated with a slight frown of perplexity. That was a phase of the situation to which he had given scant thought. She would be alone in the woods with a man. And that, to the world which did not understand the burly Baptiste and his ways, would be regarded as a situation approaching the precarious. It would be something to make idle tongues wag. But the lady, in this case, had no reputation to lose. And she was the type that took care of itself, that had always been compelled to take care of itself. He missed his guess if, in a week, she were not ordering the solemn-eyed Baptiste about like a schoolboy, and forbidding him to play his crazy old guitar in the moonlight, when sane people wanted to sleep. And it would do Baptiste good to have some one stir him out of his backwoods trance.

SCULLARD, during the unsettled weeks that followed, was dimly conscious of something being wrong. More and more, in club and office, he seemed to lose contact with his fellow-beings. He went listless and abstracted through the gestures of living, perplexed by the veil of unreality which draped itself about the

things nearest him. He tried to tell himself that this was due to Vining's definite information that Erica was taking incontestably definite action to obtain a Paris decree. Yet when the news of that decree came to him, his reactions to it were singularly impersonal. Erica and her Gallicized portrait-painter, of course, would marry, would marry and wander about the Continent, intent on their effort to solve the old problem of how beauty and the lover of beauty could best be happy together. They would be talked about, for a time, and Scullard himself would most indubitably come in for a share of it. Only, in his case, it would hide its foolish ostrich-head in the sands of pity at his approach. Erica could at last have her chateau at Poitiers. And he at last had his freedom. But it was a freedom that seemed to leave him inert in the doldrums of the discarded.

The one thing that sustained him, oddly enough, was the thought of his camp on the Upper Calumette. He found his mind recurring to the fact that Mary Lisen was wringing some Indian summer sort of happiness out of life in the hemlock bungalow that faced the bluest lake in all the world. Their relationship, of course, had remained strictly impersonal, as was evidenced by the fact that no word had passed between them since her flight from the city. There were times, it is true, when he wondered why she had never written to him, just as there were times when he worried as to her welfare and the final outcome of his venture. But the knowledge of that venture remained with him, a vaguely warming secret, not unlike those small but consoling secrets unhappy children hug to their hearts as they fall asleep.

THEN her first letter came to him. It came, eleven days old, in an envelope thumb-worn and abraded, proclaiming the vicissitudes through which it had passed before reaching the rail-head. It came, too, with an echo of the same abruptness which had marked her first invasion of his consciousness.

"I have waited to write until I could send you some real news," she said in her sharp-angled script that made Scullard think of a row of pointed firs along a hogback. "My cough is gone, and in three weeks I've gained eleven pounds, according to Tite la Tour's potato-scales at Cedar Rapids. I'm also learning to milk, and have ordered a crock-churn, as altogether too much good cream has been going to waste. I've sent for kegs to pickle some of the fish, and a bag of sugar for canning berries and wild plums.

"Your man Baptiste refuses to go for these, so I'll learn to run the launch myself. Next week I expect to get time to learn to swim. A lynx got into our pantry when I was away fishing and spoilt some of our bacon and flour. I've sent for padlocks for the doors and catches for the windows. Baptiste says doors are never locked, in the North. But I know one that's going to be. Your guns were rusty, but I've cleaned and polished them with coal-oil and wood-ashes. Baptiste is cutting winter firewood on the back hills. He's been selling your river timber to the Laird Company people, and this ought to be stopped.



Her first envelope at the new salary

The amount any stenographer gets in her envelope depends chiefly on just two things: how much she can do and how well it is done. And the kind of typewriter she uses has more than a little, a whole lot in fact, to do with these two things.

The Royal has done a big thing for stenographers the world over. It has made better and finer typewriting easier. For it has taken the fatiguing grind out of typing by conserving their nervous energy. Its delicate, responsive, adjustable touch is a marvel to every stenographer operating a Royal for the first time.

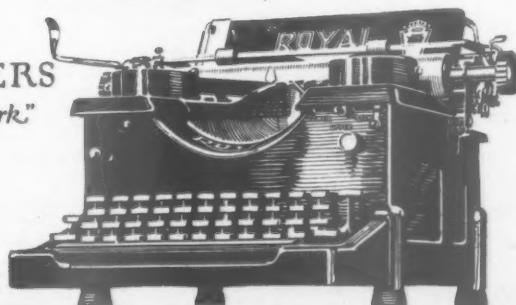
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.
364-366 Broadway
New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

ROYAL

Trade

Mark

TYPEWRITERS
"Compare the Work"



MONGOL PENCIL

The Nation's Standard

Look for the
Black tip with
Gold band



YEARS of faithful performance have made Mongol Pencils "The Nation's Standard." Always uniformly good and made for service right down to the ultimate inch. In five perfect degrees—very soft to very hard. At all stations.

Send 5c for full length sample.

EBERHARD FABER
GRADE NEW YORK

A School of Dancing

Few accomplishments contribute more to the creation of a well poised personality than dancing when seriously taught and studied. Socially, professionally or as a teacher it is a valuable asset. Some of the famous schools of dancing are advertised on page eight. If you wish advice in selecting a school suited to your requirements, we will gladly supply you with first hand information. Enclose stamped return envelope and address:

The Director, School Department

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street
New York City



How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?

Hurried on in the morning—tossed off at night, your garters are perhaps not so carefully scrutinized as are other articles of apparel. Keep them fresh and lively—the added comfort will repay you. Try the Wideweb "Boston."

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
MAKERS OF VELVET GRIP HOSE
SUPPORTERS FOR ALL THE FAMILY

"The nights are lonely. I've read all the books but three. Baptiste made it hard, at first, playing that crazy old guitar of his under my window. I've ordered that stopped, but he says he has a perfect right to play outside his own shack. The sound of it comes over the hill and upsets me. I'd be grateful if you'd send me a few more books, the ones you think best for me. I'm not asking you to write, but if you could send a letter to Baptiste, explaining that I've a right to be here, it would take a load off my mind."

Scullard, as he reread that letter, accumulated a suspicion that it contained a trifle too much of Baptiste. He had never given a great deal of thought to that easy-going brigand of the trail. But he began to understand how a solitary woman in a North Woods camp might find Baptiste in many ways objectionable. Mary Linsen, of course, was the type of woman who could always take care of herself. She had, obviously, seen too much of men ever to be intimidated by one of them. But it wasn't fair to the girl to have the burly Baptiste annoying her with either his attentions or his insubordinations.

So Scullard wrote a prompt and pointed letter to Baptiste, announcing to the guide and caretaker of his northern domain that Miss Mary Linsen was in command of the camp on the Upper Calumette, and that any further report of trouble would lead to radical changes in that neighborhood. Yet the more he thought over that letter, the more Scullard was impressed by the possibilities of the situation. And he had his responsibilities in the matter, for it was due to him that the girl had ever been sent such a ridiculous distance away from the city. He even dramatized unpalatable contingencies, to dismiss them, a moment later, with a shrug of incredulity. And while he still walked about in a mist of uncertainty, a second and shorter note came down from his wilderness ward.

"It may sound foolish," this second message ran, "but I'm getting more and more afraid of Baptiste. I'm nervous about being alone. I'm wondering if, in some way, another woman couldn't be sent up here to stay with me." And in a postscript was added: "Thanks for the chintz. It got water-soaked coming up in the canoe, but I've ironed it out, and it's going to look wonderful over the windows."

SCULLARD'S heart stopped for a beat or two as he read that brief letter. He sat, for five long minutes, staring into space. Then the inactivity of all his inert weeks flowered into action.

"By God, I'll go up there myself," he said aloud. "And if—"

But he did not finish. Instead, he reached for the telephone and was busy for half an hour sending his orders and instructions over a dozen different threads of metal leading into a dozen different quarters of the city. He did it all with a jocund solemnity which was a puzzle to his own sedately agitated soul.

"We weren't expecting you, sir," said Peters as Scullard let himself into his own home with its undefined but accumulating aroma of mustiness.

"I wont be bothering you long," announced Peters' master, with a grim im-

personality that was new to him. "Get my things packed, for the North Woods, as soon as you can."

"When are you going, sir?" asked Peters, discreetly impassive.

"I'm going tonight," was Scullard's reply.

"How long will you be away, sir?" inquired the meticulous Peters.

Scullard paused at the foot of the stairway that mounted so solemnly upward through the solemn gloom. Already, in some mysterious way, it had taken on an aura of the alien.

"God only knows," he said as he stared about the home that was no longer home to him.

IT was not Baptiste who met Scullard at the lake landing, as he had expected. Instead of confronting a burly figure in red sash and blue woolen socks turned down over worn shoe-pac tops, he found himself face to face with Mary Linsen. But it was a Mary Linsen strangely different to the pale-faced woman he had said good-by to at the beginning of the summer. She was tanned now, tanned almost to an Indian brown. Her mouth looked redder, fuller, and the blue shadows were gone from the eyes which gazed out at him with such quiet resolution. Her hair, he next noticed as he stood staring down at her from beside his high-piled duffle, had come in darker, mysteriously dignifying her with its crown of tawny mahogany through which shone occasional glints of copper. He noticed her arm, brown, and thickened with muscle, as she swung up from the oil-stained motorboat to the sun-bleached timbers of the landing. Then he noticed the fullness of the brown throat that melted into the widened shoulders where the rough hunting-shirt huddled against the tender hollow of her neck. And in doing so, he resented this undecipherable power she had of making his heart stop for a beat and then go racing on again.

"Can you run that boat?" he curtly demanded. That question, he knew, was nothing more than a smoke-screen to hide his own ridiculous agitation.

"It balked on me twice," replied the quiet-eyed girl. "But I got here."

He was glad, on the whole, that she was not to embarrass him with any unseemly outpourings of gratitude.

"Where's Baptiste?" was his next question.

"On the rampage," retorted Mary as she rolled a Klondike bag from the landing-edge to the battered little motorboat foredeck.

"What seems to be the matter with him?" asked Scullard as he stooped to pick up his gun-cases. They were, after all, getting over what might have been a very difficult moment, and getting over it in a sane and proper manner.

"I'll tell you on the way up," said the girl as she turned a heavier case over on the dock-boards.

"Those are your books," he announced as he came and stood looking down at her.

"That's nice," she said, without turning to look up at him. And again he was conscious of that odd mingling of resolution and humility which had begun to perplex him. But they worked side by

side, without speaking again, until the boat was loaded and the line was cast off.

"Will you run it?" she asked with a nod toward the tiller-seat.

"I imagine you can beat me at that," acknowledged Scullard, leaning back on the worn cushions.

He sat amazed at her dexterity as they circled out from the landing and got under way. He felt suddenly travel-worn and tired and neutral. He was glad, he realized as he studied the half-averted brown face with the intently sober eyes, to have a dependable hand like that at the helm. He breathed deeper as they chugged along the pine-fringed shore-line pinked with baylets, like a belle's skirt. They seemed to be forging from one world into another, from a world of fever into a world of calm.

"It's rather wonderful, isn't it?" he observed out of that tranquilizing silence.

"It's wonderful," she repeated, with a deeper note of feeling, a note that left him slightly abashed at his own Laodicean inadequacies. She had not once turned to look at him. Her intent eyes, shadowed by their darkening tangle of lashes, were bent on the narrowing fairway ahead of them. And the afternoon sun, shining on the brown of her throat, made it look like Roman gold.

"You like it, of course?" he queried, after a silence she made no effort to break.

"All but one thing," she admitted as they rounded a point where motionless white birches in the air leaned over motionless white birches in the mirroring water.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Baptiste," was her reply.

"What's the matter with him?"

"I'm—I'm afraid he's outlived his usefulness," the girl finally asserted.

"What makes you say that?"

SHE sat for a moment or two, preoccupied with picking her course.

"He's been making moonshine out of our—out of your potatoes and sugar. And he doesn't quite understand why I'm here."

Scullard sat up, the lassitude gone from his face.

"Do you mean you've had a drunken man to bother you when you've been alone up here?" was his indignant demand.

"Oh, he hasn't bothered me much, so far," she admitted. "He knows I have two rifles and a shotgun loaded in the cabin."

Scullard's thin face flushed with anger.

"What is it he wants?" asked the indignant owner of the camp.

"I'd rather not talk about it," was the delayed reply of the girl beside him.

"But I've a right to know. I insist on knowing," proclaimed Scullard. "What is it?"

"He wants to marry me," she finally acknowledged.

"He wants to what?" barked the startled man in the boat-stern.

"To marry me," repeated the girl. She turned, for the first time, and let her intent eyes rest on Scullard's face.

It was anger, and something more than anger, that Scullard tried to keep under control there. It came home to him, for the first time, that she would appear



Check sore throat *this way*

SORE throat is a nuisance. It usually comes at just

the time you want to feel your best—maybe when there is a big party scheduled; a skating trip, tobogganing or something else.

Besides the inconvenience, sore throat may often be a danger signal of some more serious ill to follow. Many illnesses have their beginning with disease germs that may enter the system through the mouth and throat.

There is one simple, safe and pleasant way to guard against troubles of this kind—by using Listerine systematically as a mouth wash and gargle.

For half a century this valuable preparation has been recognized and recommended

by physicians as a safe household antiseptic.

Moreover, when you use Listerine this way you effectively combat that other embarrassment that so many people are guilty of, both socially and in business—halitosis (the medical term meaning unpleasant breath).

When you make Listerine a regular part of your daily toilet routine, you know your breath is right and you know that you are guarding yourself against troubles that may start with throat infection. It is a good thing always to have it handy in your bathroom. Listerine has dozens of other uses; note circular with each bottle. —Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.



LISTERINE

—the safe
antiseptic



Are You the Man You Once Were?

WHEN your mind's eye conjures up the vision of your departed youth—that fearless, conquering, ambitious youth radiating health and vigor—don't blame the difference upon the intervening years. He exercised, was active, kept his abdominal muscles hardened. Perhaps you do not. Food waste accumulates. Poisons spread. You get stodgy.

Take Veronica Water to remove this waste—to help regain your departed youth. Veronica is a natural mineral water—not fortified with drugs or salts. It acts gently without discomfort or unpleasant, weakening after-effects. It creates no habit. Sold at all drug stores.

VERONICA

"California Natural Springs Water
The Water Way to Health"

Send for interesting booklet about
"The Water Way to Health"

Dept. 32, Veronica Springs Company,
Santa Barbara, California

Sales Rep: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Spencerian Personal Steel Pens

Getting right down to the point—Spencerian Personal Steel Pens are fashioned from finest quality steel into the longest-lasting, smoothest-writing pens that you can buy. Made by seven hand processes! That's why they've been the standard for more than fifty years. And remember there is an exact style for your particular handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway
New York

A dozen sample pens for a dime and our handwriting booklet, free.



beautiful to other men, that other men might desire her, that she was something more than a colorless discard in the blind game of life.

"It won't take me long to settle Baptiste," he proclaimed, a glint of steel in his narrowed eyes.

"Please don't fight with him."

"Why shouldn't I fight with him?"

"It would only leave things worse than ever, after you go back," was her unlooked-for reply.

"It may be quite a long time before I go back," was his equally unexpected announcement.

She did not look at him. But he noticed her color slowly deepen under her coat of tan. She sat silent for several minutes, tooling her craft through a narrowing channel which nursed an outlet for only the knowing eye.

"How much timber-land do you own up here?" she asked out of the silence.

"A little over thirty-five thousand acres," he told her. And another full minute went by before she spoke again.

"It would be a life-work, almost, to clear that much," she finally observed.

It was his turn to sit silent a moment.

"There are a few other things I'm going to clear up first," he proclaimed, wondering why the calloused brown hand on the tiller should impress him with a sense of his own inadequacies, just as he wondered, a moment later, why a self-reliant small body in an oil-stained hunting jacket should touch him with such an assuaging sense of companionship.

THERE was no Baptiste in sight when the two travelers arrived at the camp on the Upper Calumette. In both the main cabin and the smaller cabin over the knoll, they found the fires out and the ashes cold. They also found an unmilked cow with her udder oozing, and a penful of unfed pigs squealing for their supper. So Scullard and his quiet-eyed camp-mate fell to work at once, the one feeding the pigs while the other milked the cow. And while the one carried up the dunnage from the canoe-landing, the other built a fire and busied herself in preparing supper.

"We ought to have an icehouse," proclaimed Mary as the man from the city stopped in the doorway to sniff at two thick-bodied black bass browning in bacon-fat. "These fish are all right, for I caught them last night and kept them in the spring. But they'd be better if they'd been on ice."

"Yes, we ought to have an icehouse," agreed Scullard, wondering why, of a sudden, life should seem so mysteriously sufficient unto itself. He watched the quiet-moving girl as she turned a pan of hot biscuits out on a white towel. And he continued to watch her during that strange meal in the slow-deepening Northern twilight, narcotized by this newfound peace which had come to him as unexpectedly as a shower to a parched hillside.

"I suppose Baptiste is sulking somewhere back in the hills," said the girl as she got up from her chair and crossed the room. She lighted a lamp and placed it on the white-pine table halfway between the glowing stove-front and the screened doorway where the deepening night carried its increasing tang of cold.

"Let him sulk," proclaimed Scullard, refilling his pipe. He struck a match, still wondering why life, of a sudden, should seem so simple and so complete. He looked about the room, amazed at the transformation which a feminine hand had worked there. His casual eye pioneered on to the two chintz-draped sleeping-rooms, side by side, behind the ampler living-room. In each of these he could see the narrow white bed with the wolf-skin beside it and the lamp-shelf above it.

A small trouble intruded itself into his contentment. Life, after all, wasn't as simple as he had imagined it. His studious gaze went back to the brown-armed woman who was hanging her last cup on its hook under the dish-shelves. He watched her as she rolled down her sleeves and crossed the room to the bookshelves. There she took up a book with a pencil between its leaves and returned to the chair beside the reading-lamp. Something about those quiet and casual movements translated his uneasiness into a feeling more acute.

"Are you tired?" she asked, perplexed by his sustained silence.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "And I think I'll turn in. Have we a lantern about the place?"

"There's a flash-lamp on the shelf beside your bed," she explained, watching him as he rose to his feet. Her meditative eyes were still on him as he stepped back with the nicked torch in his hand.

"This will do me," he said, apparently preoccupied with its switch. "I'll sleep over in Baptiste's cabin, of course."

"Of course," was the equally quiet-noted reply of the woman who was opening the book where the pencil marked her page.

YET Scullard, for all his weariness, did not sleep well that night. Baptiste's wall-bunk of marsh-hay was none too soft, and the smell of Baptiste's one-room shack was none too eloquent of cleanliness on the part of its absent owner. And Scullard found a great many things to think about. Once, before falling asleep, he heard the sound of some waterfowl down on the river; and twice, when slumber finally came to him, he was disturbed by the distant howl of a wolf. He heard it still again, toward morning, only this time it seemed, to his stunned mind, foolishly like the scream of a woman. One never slept well, he remembered as he turned over Baptiste's odoriferous pillow of duck-feathers, the first night in camp.

The sun was high before he wakened, and his spirits were correspondingly high as he stepped out into that cool and crystal wash of air which hung over the pine-lands like a benediction. He wondered, as he left the shack that smelt like a bear's lair behind him, why it was that men who lived alone always went down in the scale of life. He thought of the chintz-hung cabin over the knoll, and of the white cloth that would be spread over the pine-table, and the adept brown hands what would carry the coffee-cups from their hooks under the dish-shelf to their places companionably close across the narrow board. A vague tinge of disappointment colored his light-heartedness when he failed to see smoke going up

from the cabin chimney. This was repeated as he crossed the dooryard and no reply came to his yodeled "Halloo!" He was still stubbornly elated as he stepped in through the open door, thinly puzzled by the fact that it swung by one hinge.

Then his elation subsided, like a punctured tire. He stared, for a moment, about the disordered room. Then he ran, calling foolishly aloud as he went, from one bedroom to the other. No one was there. He shouted "Mary!" twice, with a contraction about the heart that grew into a pain. He ran out through the broken door and repeated his shout. But no answer came to him as he stood there in the great wash of light with incongruous black waves of desolation breaking over his startled body.

He went back, when he had himself under control, and studiously examined the empty cabin. Mary's bed, he could see, had been slept in. Yet she must have gone from it hurriedly, leaving the room in disorder. She had not even taken all her clothes. Then he stopped short, as his eye fell on the splintered bedroom door, in the upper part of which a bullet-hole showed. He could see where the hasp holding the padlock had been forced away, apparently by the barrel-end of a rifle used as a lever. He could see, by the overturned furniture in the living-room, where a struggle had taken place. He could see, by the imprint of huge shoe-pacs in the dooryard dust, where an intruder had headed toward the river.

"Baptiste!" he said aloud, with a second contraction of pain about his heart.

He followed the footprints to the river. There an appraisal of his craft showed one of the canoes to be missing. And the fact that only one pair of footprints came to the river made the rest only too plain. Baptiste had abducted the girl, had bodily carried her off. Even at that moment she was somewhere in that tangle of unknown waterways, in the power of a drink-sodden brute little above the animals he hunted.

SCULLARD'S face was colorless as he went back to the cabin, where he buckled on his belt-hatchet and hunting-knife. He took the heavier of the two rifles from the gun-rack, found the magazine full, and dropped an extra box of cartridges into his coat-pocket. Into his other pocket he thrust half a dozen of Mary's cold biscuits and a slab of bacon. At the canoe-landing he stood thoughtful for a moment, pondering which direction a fugitive would take, under the circumstances as he understood them. It would be up the Calumette, he decided. Baptiste would want to get away from the world. He would head into the hinterland of the North, into the unknown and unmapped wilderness-country beyond the Long Portage at the river-head.

And Scullard, heading after him, paddled until he was faint with hunger. He ate a cold biscuit and some raw bacon, washed down by river water, and pushed on again. He forgot his weariness, when he came to the Long Portage; for there, clear in the bank-mud, was the keel-mark of a canoe and the solitary imprint of a huge shoe-pac.

Scullard had not the strength to carry

HEINZ

Mince Meat



Your Holiday Desserts are ready

Distant lands, as well as our own, contribute their best to make the name Heinz stand for the most delicious Mince Meat. Fragrant spices from the Orient, selected black, fruity currants from Greece, the world's best candied fruits and raisins, America's selected beef, choice suet and apples—all cooked, blended and seasoned by skilled cooks in the Heinz Kitchens.

Perfect Mince Meat! In glass jars and tins.

HEINZ Plum Pudding

The ingredients are as perfect as the recipe, and the skill in preparation is the result of long experience. If you already know it, this will remind you of its goodness. If you have never tried it, there is a treat in store for you.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY



HEINZ Fig Pudding

This pudding is so light, wholesome and digestible that the children and those with delicate appetites can have "more"—it won't hurt them. You can use the figs over mineral. Always use with it the special sauce, originated by our experts, recipe for which comes on every can.





School is over. Tom and Sue
Both are hungry—chilly, too.
Now for Steero, piping hot.
Steero always hits the spot.

FOR after-school hunger—STEERO bouillon. Drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup, add boiling water—and you have bouillon at its best. In hash, stew, gravy and warmed-over dishes a STEERO bouillon cube or two lends tempting spiciness.

Send 10 cents for STEERO bouillon cube samples and sixty-four-page cook book

Schleiffel & Co., 288 William Street, New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co., New York

STEERO
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
BOUILLON
CUBES
Patented Oct. 31, 1911

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Against Winter's blustery snowy winds, delicate skins need protection. Lablache protects—is safe, pure, clinging, daintily fragrant, invisible. For fifty years the choice of fashiduous woman.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
There may be dangerous
ones. White, Pink
or Cream. 50¢ a box
of druggists or by mail.
SAMPLE FREE

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 8
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



his canoe over that long and broken trail, and so he cached it in the river willows and pushed forward, on foot. Night overtook him before he reached the Sisipuk. He lost the trail twice, in the darkness, and finally dropped in a grove of black spruce, where he slept until the first gray light of dawn. Five minutes later he was on his way again, eating a dry biscuit as he went.

When he reached the Sisipuk, at sunup, he saw shoe-pac marks in the bank-sand, and beside them the prints of feet much smaller. In that stream, he knew, the fugitive would go with the current, but at the Lesparre Rapids there would be a long portage over the roughest of country. It would be slow going, with a canoe and dunnage to carry, over that land detour. And that, Scullard hoped, would give him his chance. So he threw together a raft of three hemlock boles and swung out into the current. In the deep water he paddled, and in the shallows he poled. But he pushed on until his arms ached and his body was wet with sweat. When the shore-line became less broken, he abandoned his raft and went forward on foot. His progress along that uncertain trail was maddeningly slow, and his heart sank with the declining sun. Everything pointed to the fact that it was a losing race; but he refused to admit it. He dropped down to the river-bed again, to drink. And having drunk, he stared moodily across the long slope of a gravel-bar empty of all life.

He saw, as he sat there with eyes blurred by fatigue, a forest animal crawl down to the river to drink. And he reached for his rifle, for he was sorely in need of food. Yet he stood arrested by the strange movements of this animal, which, after drinking, crept a short distance up the sand and then fell flat on its face. It made no effort to escape as he approached it, cautious step by step, with his rifle at half-arm.

Then he stopped abruptly and lowered his rifle. For it was a woman he saw lying before him on the sand; and that woman was Mary Linsen.

HE ran to her, with little animal-like cries of concern. He thought, at first, that she had fainted. But she had merely sunk down, he saw, from her weight of utter fatigue. For she smiled at him, wintirly, as he dropped to his knees and lifted her up from the sand.

"Where's Baptiste?" he demanded in a voice shaken with passion.

She nodded wearily toward the lower river as she clung to Scullard's arm, with desperation in the clutch of her fingers.

"It's no use," she murmured as he made an effort to break away. "That's all over now."

He drew back from her, sharply, his narrowing eyes studying her fatigued shadowed face.

"You've killed him?" he demanded, more quietly than he had imagined possible.

Again she moved her head, this time from side to side, in negation. She sighed, quaveringly, as she sank back against his knee. "I can't talk about it now," she said in little more than a whisper.

But he found some ghostly reassurance in the look of tired happiness about her

eyes, which still dwelt so hungrily on his. She even smiled as he took her in his arms and carried her up the bank to a clump of sheltering jack-pines, where he made a fire and built a windbreak. Then he sliced the last of his bacon and broiled it over the coals, where he also toasted the last two of his biscuits. These he made her eat, stoutly maintaining that he had had supper enough an hour before. Then he made a birch-bark "rogan" and went down to the river to bring her water. Instead of doing so, however, he crept back for his rifle, and disappeared stealthily through the underbrush. Ten minutes later his shot, followed by a short shout of triumph, echoed through the evening forest. When he returned to the camp-fire, half an hour afterward, he came with bloodstains on his clothing and a saddle of moose over his shoulder.

"This means we've meat enough to get us back to the Upper Calumette," he explained in answer to her languid look of inquiry.

"Can we ever get back there?" she asked.

"Of course," he announced as he sliced strips from his moose-meat, for broiling over the coals. "We haven't come so far."

"It seemed endless," she said with a shiver, sitting close as she was to the glow of the fire.

"Do you feel strong enough to tell me about it now?" he asked, making sure that she had eaten the last of her food.

"Yes, I must tell you," she agreed. "I must, for the sooner it's told, the better."

THEN she stopped, making no effort to go on.

"Baptiste carried you off," he prompted. "He broke into the cabin and took you off in the canoe."

"Yes, he carried me off," she went on, "tied up with two of his tump-lines and some rope from the launch. Even when we landed, to carry the canoe and things from one stretch of water to another, he kept my hands tied together. I couldn't see any chance of getting free until we came to this river. But I swore to myself to get free, before night came. For I knew what that meant. Then I managed to work my hands loose. And when he wasn't looking, I untied the rope-knots at my feet. It wasn't until we came to the head of the Lesparre Rapids that I got hold of his ax. I got hold of it and sunk it into the bottom of the canoe, right through to the handle, before he could stop me. I didn't much mind dying. I thought we both would. The water boiled up through the bottom. I don't know what Baptiste intended to do, but the canoe dipped and went under as he started to move. We must have been in the rapids by that time, for I was half-smothered and tossed along like a chip. I seemed to be whirling under a world of green water, until the current flung me up on a gravel-bar. There I caught hold of something until I got my breath. I managed to crawl out, at last."

"But it took a long time. I think I fainted, once or twice. I thought, at first, that Baptiste was dead. But he was washed up, lower down, on the other side of the river. And I thanked God for that. That the river was between us, I mean."

I could see him crawling out, slow and stupid, like a sea-lion out of a pool at the zoo. I was too weak and stunned to hide away, as I wanted to do. I just sat there in the warm sun, with the water dripping off me. And Baptiste, on the other side of the river, did the same."

She sat silent a moment, and Scullard waited patiently for her to go on, turning his savory strips of moose-meat as he waited.

"Then he saw me," continued the girl. "He got up on his feet and called to me. That made me more than ever afraid of him. So I started back along the river-bank. And he started back after me, with the river between us. I was afraid to leave the water-front, for I felt sure I'd get lost in the forest. When we came to the head of the white-water, he shouted still louder and waved still harder. I don't know what he meant, what he wanted. But I saw him wade out into the river and start to swim across to me. He swam fast, at first. But he must have been hurt, in some way, the first time he went down the rapids. For his strength seemed to give out, all of a sudden. Perhaps he forgot about the current. But he stopped, and threw up his hands. He went down as the current caught him. It happened so easily and quickly I couldn't understand. I saw one foot in the air, farther down, and then one hand again. When he went under, after that, he never came up again."

Scullard forgot the moose-meat scorching over the coals.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I went back, away back, until I found his body. I took his belt and his knife, for I knew I'd need it. Then I started back here. I cut branches and made a shelter beside a fallen tree last night. But it was very cold. And I couldn't find many berries to eat. But I kept on, for I wanted to get back to you in some way. And an hour ago, when I felt that I could never get back, you came along and kept me from dying."

She stopped short, with the firelight on her face and her blue-shadowed eyes on the man kneeling at her side before the coals where the moose-strips were burnt to a crisp.

"You came along," she repeated with a tremor of weakness in her voice, "and for the second time you saved me, when I was lost. And I love you for that. I love you so much that I'd go through it all, gladly, just to be near you this last night, this last night we'll ever be together in all the rest of our lives."

"Why do you say that?" he asked, scarcely thinking of the words he spoke.

"Because I was afraid to, before," she told him. "But now I don't care."

He tried, with a none too steady hand, to slice fresh strips from his moose-meat. He looked up at the Northern Lights, green and opal and rose above the deepening blue-black stillness of the pine-lands. And then he looked at the equally mysterious lights in the eyes gazing so valorously into his.

"We're not going back," he said with sudden decision. "Not for years and years. Not until our land's cleared, and we know the North, and we know ourselves. Instead, Mary, we're going down



*Start the day
the Fairy way!*

THERE'S a first glad time for everything!

When you first try Fairy[®] Soap you will discover the Fairy[®] way to skin health.

You will find what a pure, white floating soap means to you in toilet or bath. The glistening, shimmering lather is a revelation. So quickly produced! So easily rinsed off!

And then how clean! How refreshed! How the skin glows with rosy health! Fairy[®] Soap is so pure and wholesome that it cleans and invigorates without apparent effort.

And the handy oval cake wears to a thin wafer without breaking.

It's white! It's pure! It floats!

Buy Christmas Seals
and
Save Human Lives

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Factories in United States and Canada

FAIRY
SOAP



This Gift Lasts Many Years

Take off its tissue wrappings and ribbon and its tag, "Love to Mother," and the Bissell is ready to begin a ten or fifteen year work-saving journey over the home's rugs and carpets.

No one has ever estimated the yearly mileage of a Bissell, but it leaves a long wake of brighter, cleaner rugs, with astonishing ease—that's due to its famous "Cyclo" principle which makes it sweep better, run easier, last longer.

The Bissell Sweeper excels any other sweeping device for every day use. It is convenient, easy to empty, and is effective on coarse litter as well as the finer dirt.

BISSELL'S "Cyclo" Ball Bearing Carpet Sweepers

\$5.50 and up

Little Bissells for little girls make happy gifts and happy children. They sugar-coat the lesson of neatness. At a quarter and up. All Bissells a little more in some sections. At furniture, hardware, house furnishing and department stores.

BISSELL CARPET SWEeper CO.
278 Erie Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Oldest and largest sweater makers

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S School Department will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 7-10.

Wrinkles about the eyes

To smooth out crow's feet, wrinkles on the eye lids and under the eyes, Elizabeth Arden makes an exquisite VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM. Pure, very nourishing. Feeds the delicate tissues about the eyes, corrects crepey lines, prevents hollows and sunken eyes. Erases crow's feet and lines from eye strain and squinting. \$1.50

Write describing the characteristics and faults of your skin; Elizabeth Arden will send her book "The Quest of the Beautiful" and a personal letter outlining the treatment for your skin.

Elizabeth Arden
673-E Fifth Avenue, New York
25 Old Bond Street, London
2 rue de la Paix, Paris

to Elk Crossing, where there's a little white mission-house and a minister who's going to make us man and wife. For I know, now, I could never live without you."

He took her tired body in his arms and held her there while the second strips of moose-meat turned to cinders over the unconsidering coals. But he gave scant thought to that loss, for a deeper hunger, the hunger of an empty heart, had at last found food.

When he crept to her side, during the dead of the night, to make sure she was safe and warm under the pine-branches with which he had covered her, he was startled to find her awake.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she said in a somewhat awed whisper as he leaned over her. And Scullard foolishly imagined, until her hand sought his, that she was referring to the star-hung vault above them.

"Yes, it's wonderful," he whispered as he knelt beside her, with her hand in his,

encompassed by a vast and undecipherable content. "And with God's help and yours, Mary, I want to keep it that way."

"I WAS sorry, darling," wrote Zookie Rimelander to her friend Erica Voland, "to hear that you and Ignace were not both to be at Fiesole for the winter. Artists, my dear, always were the very devil to get along with. But I fancy you'll clip Ignace's wings a bit, before you're through with him. You can at least console yourself with the thought you weren't so far wrong when you broke with Garry. Poor rattle-headed old Garry! He's made a most awful mess of things. They tell me he's turned into a sort of squaw-man. He's buried himself somewhere in the Canadian wilderness with a woman he picked up in the woods. I don't know whether she's a red-skin or a pale-face, but I'll bet a box of chocolates she gets her tonsils sunburned gaping at the skyscrapers if he ever brings her down to the Big City!"

IN PERSON

(Continued from page 57)

has?" he sneered. "Fancy sending a cad like that to take important pictures like these."

"He seems to have something of a standing in his profession," Holmby offered.

"Profession! Stand and turn a handle, like a barrel-organ."

"He strikes me as rather an artist in his line."

"Artist—long-haired, unwashed brutes! I hate 'em."

Holmby forbore to argue, knowing that with Brasier it was really neither Sears nor anything at all in Maha-Quilon. Though sixty miles away, the true cause of his anger lay closer at home. Something of the gossip of Agapatam had seeped along those twenty leagues of jungle road, and Holmby suspected that Hewitt was the channel. Among the other Anglo-Indian traits which that youth was developing were a nasty humor and a liking for gossip. And a Viceroy and an assistant commissioner's wife made a savory mouthful. Holmby saw his part was to soothe.

"What do you think is the matter here?" Brasier was asking.

"I don't know—possibly nothing, but I can't take any chances. Possibly a demonstration to force us to release Ramiend."

"Why not provoke it and get it over?"

"And have to send the Government of India scuttling back to Madras?" Holmby countered. "Of course, I know it's hard on you—"

"Hard on me—what do you mean?" Brasier broke in, but Holmby went smoothly on:

"All this waiting and responsibility. These official affairs are always a nuisance, but you can be sure the Viceroy is being carefully watched down in Agapatam."

Holmby went, at that, it being all he could well say. One could hardly tell a fellow that one was sure his wife wasn't—

Flo Brasier was of course that incal-

culable X, a silly little woman. It was quite possible that she was regarding herself as the heroine of one of those fictional romances in which a clever wife lands her husband in high position and remains immaculate herself. The trouble was these damnable Anglo-Indian tongues all about—old women of both sexes gossiping on the quivering lid of a political volcano.

Brasier himself was just as much a fool in his own way; but with that strange masculine solidarity, it was to the man that Holmby's sympathies were given. He saw Brasier again, pacing the ladder of moon-shadows on that white veranda, lashed by that physical pride which produces so much self-torture. The trouble was that when a man gets well under the harrow of his own mind, one can never tell which way he may jump.

A queer mess of a world, Holmby thought as he sank to sleep. Everybody wanting something they hadn't got, and the most widely spreading necessities so often at the mercy of purely personal passions. He wished he could regard it all in the "just pictures" way with which this fellow Sears appeared to look upon it. A lifetime of films, flickering unsubstantially across a white screen! A hundred miles of them on which the maker's face had never appeared. . . . Well, the chap had better keep out of it, if he only could.

NEXT day it was Sears who was the busiest person in Maha-Quilon. With his sun-helmet tilted over his eyes, his inevitable cigarette, he strolled about setting up his camera before whatever scenes took his fancy: towering *gopuras*, their carved obscenities seeming to crawl with actual life under the fierce light; sacred tanks where men and women bathed in water foul under the reflected purity of the sky; all the brooding tragedy of India veiled by its gaudy fantasies.

When the leveling light lengthened the shadows, Brasier met him near the rest-bungalow. Thin-lipped, an inner pallor underlying his ruddiness, Brasier looked like a man hag-ridden by his own thoughts. He had just come from an encounter with Hewitt, and every detail of it was bitten on his brain. Under his silence he was seeing it all again in a wearying obsession: the shaded veranda, masses of bougainvillea and silken fronds; Hewitt reining in his horse at the steps.

"I say, Brasier, it is true about them nabbing Ramdien. Now we won't be long."

"It will be a relief to have the responsibility over," Brasier had assented, and the other's laugh rang emptily loud.

Had Hewitt really believed the gossip of Agapatam, he would not have spoken the words to come. Thick-skinned, with all of youth's non-understanding, he had no conception of sensitiveness in others. If a thing struck him as funny, he concluded all the world must see it the same way.

"It will mean a big step up for you, Brasier," he said in fatuous humor. "They always hand out promotions after a viceregal visit, you know."

Then he rode away, pointing his wit with an out-of-tune rendition of one of the most biting "Departmental Ditties."

"Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.
Has gone to the top of the tree—"

WITH those words like acid on his ears, Brasier's surface courtesy was but a flash of bared teeth. Why he had sought Sears at all, he could hardly say, except that the fellow, with his unexplainedness, his apparent lack of background, gave a comfortable feeling of one's own superiority.

Sears was standing in the shade of the banyan, fingering his camera-crank as he looked longingly at the yogi still immobile before the broken shrine.

"If I could only get that guy!" he said as Brasier came up. "He looks like all India in himself."

Merely a man clad in a loin-cloth squatting in the dust, his dark limbs smeared with sacred ashes, the vermilion trident of Vishnu painted between his closed eyes! He seemed the essence of meekness; yet there was something almost terrible in that non-resistance. Behind him one somehow glimpsed two hundred million others, seemingly plastic as water, yet with all of water's capacity for sweeping in a wave. A holy man, it was plain from the constant stream of devotees who passed before him, touching their breasts in salutation as they cast marigolds and jasmine at his feet.

Brasier glanced indifferently; there had always been a yogi before that shrine. A certain desperation was upon him just then, driving him headlong to get the whole thing over with, one way or another. His teeth bared again as he turned to Sears.

"Who told you you couldn't photograph him?"

"Holmby—he said it would raise a riot."

A riot: with an enlargement of some sixth and subtle sense, Brasier became aware that that banyan grove was more

You can't lose this Cap!



1. The new hinged cap is "on" even when it's off. It can't slip from your fingers down the drain pipe or hide under the bath tub.
2. This patented cap is easier to screw on, too. The threads engage perfectly the first time—none of those annoying false starts.
3. There's a ring in the cap. It enables you to hang the tube up, out of the way. A screw-hook comes in every package.

A New Convenience from Shaving Headquarters

WILLIAMS' doffs its cap to you—the new hinged cap that can't get lost. Every morning of the year you'll enjoy its greater convenience just as you'll enjoy its greater ease and speed.

A twist—and you forget the cap. It's there but out of the way. A squeeze

and you have a pure white cream that not only lathers quickly and gratefully on your softened beard but that helps keep your skin in prime condition year in and year out. Thousands of men tell us: "The perfect cream in the perfect container."

For men who prefer the stick, Williams' Doublecap (absolutely new) and Williams' Holder Top Stick (the original holder-top stick) give the genuine Williams in the most convenient stick forms. There are Re-Loads for both.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

Montreal, Canada

Williams'

Shaving Cream



Break down that wall between you and your boy!

That baby whose first smile was directly into your eyes, that toddler who took his first steps with his little hand gripped round your fingers, is he growing away from you?

It is natural that he should outgrow his first complete reliance on your care and love. More and more he is weighing, judging, making his own conclusions. Each careless rebuff to his natural and spontaneous spirit of investigation cautions him to build a wall of reserve against ridicule. Each misunderstanding of his dreams, his schemes and his enthusiasms builds the wall higher and thicker.

Between the ages of 10 and 20, what boys most need is association with fellows and men of strong character. They need to work with them and play with them, seeing the real world as it is, meeting experiences and boy-adventures with them, learning the right way to think and the right way to act.

This is the companionship that more than a half-million boys are finding and being developed by in **THE AMERICAN BOY**.

Each and every story is written to let boys face a real boy-problem and it teaches them how a regular fellow will meet and solve it. Its articles are instructive, boy-building, man-building, and have an instant power to suggest all that is best and healthiest to a boy.

What an opportunity, this Christmas season, to break down the wall that separates you and your boy. Make him a present of a year's subscription to **THE AMERICAN BOY**. You'll never make an investment that will pay such large dividends in increased understanding between him and you, nor one that will bring him more hours of genuine enjoyment.

\$2.00 a year by mail. 20 cents a copy at news-stands. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

The American Boy

The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in All the World

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
No. 622 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Enclosed find \$2.00, for which send **THE AMERICAN BOY** for one year, beginning with the Christmas, 1923, number, to

Name.....

Address.....

peopled than appeared. A thousand might be hidden behind those pendant roots and clumped ruins, waiting, in that unshakable Hindu patience, for God alone knew what. And the least hint of trouble would send that viceregal train hurrying back to Madras, bringing peace with its departure.

Brasier's grin was wider and more mirthless than ever as he spoke.

"It is Holmby's business to be careful. In Lucknow or Delhi he would be right, but he hardly knows these southern provinces. Considering the occasion,—we don't have the Burra Sahib himself round here every day,—I think you might photograph the brute."

"That's good enough for me," Sears answered, spreading the camera tripod. "I need that gink in my business."

BEFORE his hand could touch the crank, things began to happen in that grove, things as strange as any surprises of the film. Bodies, bronzed and half nude, as though every root and branch of those spreading trees were coming to life—at a sign from the yogi they came rolling forward like a wave. Brasier had already gone down, cursing and fighting, as that human surge rolled over him. Seizing his camera, holding it high above his head, Sears sprang to put his back against the stones of the shrine.

"Look out, you darn fools—you'll break it!" he shouted in unavailing English, amazed at being somehow caught in what he had thought to film, and surprisingly the yogi spoke.

"You will not be hurt, Sears Sahib, nor your camera either; we may need you both."

"You talk English!" Sears exclaimed.

"Yes; you said I was like all India sitting here, and that shows that you have vision."

The yogi raised his head, the first sign of motion his gaunt anatomy had given. There came a flash of dark eyes, alight with hidden fires of idealism.

"I am all India; for I am the Rishi Ramdien."

IT was a dark place into which they were thrust, Sears nursing his camera, Brasier a broken head. Later on Holmby and Hewitt were pushed in and the door closed again. All the four white men in Maha-Quilon were now immured in a stone hole lit only by a single opening, high up and barred.

There was so much that might be said, and so little use in saying it, as they sat there against the walls, apparently forgotten in the gathering gloom. Even Hewitt's sputterings, miles wide of the mark, died out against the others' silence. What Brasier's inner thoughts might have been there was no knowing as even his outlines faded with the swift coming of night. Sears' face glimmered faintly in the glow from his cigarette; then at last came Holmby's voice, sounding from apparently nowhere in one of his usual irrelevancies:

"How extraordinarily personal all history really is!"

He paused and through the silence came a blare of conch-shells showing that Maha-Quilon was still about its business of worship. All else was quiet;

the whole affair had been like a sudden flood lifting four white chips and stranding them in this dark cavern. But there had been organization behind it; they had touched the secret spring of a machine all ready to function.

"This is history, make no mistake," Holmby went on, seeming to talk only to himself. "The silliness of it is its best proof of that. Read the records of the ages and what do you constantly find? Empires wrecked by a woman's vanity—dominions thrown away by some man's jealous stupidity—"

"And of course the Rishi Ramdien is safely locked up in Lucknow!" sneered Brasier.

"Touché," Holmby quietly agreed. "History is a series of mistakes which gave the other fellow a chance."

Silence, and that dragging passage of dark time unrelieved by any light or incident; then Holmby again:

"There are things with us here in this Black Hole of Maha-Quilon, don't doubt it. Things none the less present because invisible. Future possibilities hanging in the air, seeking human vitalities to materialize them. Vampires of passion avid for spilt blood, and apparently no hope of averting them. It was Bismarck who said that some day England would go down through trying to hold India—and if she goes down, she carries the underpinnings of civilization with her."

"Friend Sears," he continued, nodding to the tip of the other's cigarette, "it looks as though you were caught on the screen of events at last."

"If I am, who is to make the films?" Sears asked.

"Is that all you think of at a time like this—just your silly pictures?" Brasier exclaimed.

Sears arose, crossing to where his camera stood in a ray of moonlight that filtered through the grating. With its trappings of film-drums, the machine stood out as weirdly as one of those monstrous symbols carved on the temple walls. In that eerie dimness it might have been the very idol of some new cult. As Sears bent above it, fingering its familiar mechanism, something of his usual detachment came back upon him.

"Perhaps you don't know what I mean," he answered.

"It's queer about that," he went on after a moment, as though groping himself for his own meaning. "There's only me to make the pictures, and so, even if I'm caught in them, I ought to have something to do with directing the action. The trouble is that we none of us know how the script is going to turn out."

NOT until nearly dawn was there any hint of what the answer might be, when Sears was suddenly summoned from that hole of shadowed silence. Outside that immured darkness the world was ashen and immobile under the coming day. Then came a bare room, reeking with fumes from a smoking lamp, and the Rishi Ramdien seated on a strong cot.

Just a man, darkly lean, wrapped in soiled white, his voice carrying those fluting tones of the Hindu which sound so affected to western ears. But there

was a stillness about him which was an authority in itself. Back of it one caught glimpses of those terrible meek, of an idealism which would not hesitate to pull the house down about its ears to let in a little light.

"Be seated, Sears Sahib; you are an American and you will not be harmed," he began. "None will be harmed unless they resist—the great sin of the world—to resist."

Sinking cross-legged on the floor, Sears waited without speaking. Down the street outside, a procession rolled in riot, drums and shouts accompanying the passage of some idol dragged on its car by a thousand panting men. As the commotion passed on, the Rishi spoke again, the wraith of a smile on his leaden lips:

"Kali Mai passes the streets of her chosen city. When the gods of a race harden into images, then new gods must come; and it is your own land, Sears Sahib, which has named them. The scarlet trident of Vishnu—equal opportunity for all. The spreading canopy of Brahma—the world safe for democracy. The spear of Kali Mai—the self-determination of nations."

"Was it just to tell me this that you brought me here?" Sears coolly asked.

"You would do well to listen, Sears Sahib. Life would be so simple if men would but listen and think."

"Ye-ah, I notice there's generally an 'if-but' to that sort of thing," Sears nodded.

"You seem to have solved it," the Rishi answered with a glance at the camera. "You have found your god, and you serve it. You shall serve it more, and serve us at the same time."

"And if I don't?" Sears flatly queried.

THE Rishi made a gesture, soft, deprecating, with a tinge of sorrow in it, yet somehow inexorable. It conveyed no hint of violence; but—though they might not shed blood, they were not bound to save life, and one could die of hunger and thirst behind the walls of that black hole.

"Maha-Quilon is in our hands, Sears Sahib. No word will go from it save messages bearing the signatures of Holmby and Brasier; we have attended to all that. Tomorrow the Viceroy will make his visit, and he will bring no troops to this sacred ground. And then—the paths of the Rukh are open to us; in the Ghauts are secret places where a man can be hidden for a thousand years; and with a Viceroy in our hands, we can bargain. But all must be in order today, that there may be no suspicion. They have demanded that the pictures you took yesterday be sent to Agapatam to entertain the Viceroy tonight; and so—you will prepare them."

"Very well," Sears nodded. "I'll have to work like hell, but I'll have the film ready."

A gleam of subtlety crossed the other's face.

"And it will be myself, Sears Bahadur, who will examine every inch of that film to see what is upon it."

"That goes with me," Sears answered.

Bending over, he lit a cigarette at the still-burning lamp, then turned his gaze upon the Rishi.

"Better give it up, old scout," he



Find New Beauty By combating film on teeth See what ten days do

Millions of women have found a way to whiter, prettier teeth. You meet them everywhere. And those whiter teeth given them new beauty and new charm.

The way is easy and delightful. A ten-day test is free. And any friend who has seen the results will advise you to accept. So will your dentist, if you ask.

What film-coats do

Film is that viscous coat you feel. With ordinary tooth pastes, much of it clings and stays.

Soon the film dis-colors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape these troubles if they fail to fight the film.

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these ways

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

efficient. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Now leading dentists the world over advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations employ it. And the whiter teeth you see everywhere show how it combats film.

You'll be amazed

The user of Pepsodent sees new beauty, feels new cleanliness at once. But other effects are equally important.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for fighting acid and starch deposits on the teeth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect. You will realize these results. They will bring you new conceptions of what clean teeth mean. Neither you nor your family will ever return to old-time methods, we believe.

Make this test and watch the results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as those cloudy coats disappear.

One week will bring a revelation which you won't forget. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT.OFF.
REG.U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:

191 George St., Toronto, Canada

10-Day Tube Free 1265

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 396, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family



Iron Clad
No. 501

Colors:
Black
White
Grey
African Brown
Navy

Is it Silk?

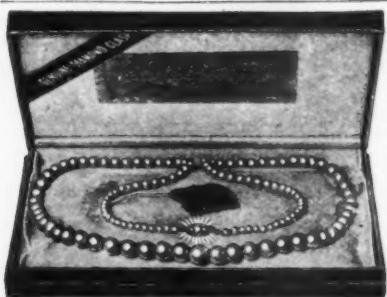
A BUYER invariably asks that about Iron Clad No. 501 although the price is only fifty cents a pair. A special artificial silk yarn plaited over mercerized yarn gives these socks a glossy, silk-like appearance and a soft silk-like texture. They have the dressiness of silk and yet wear like iron. You will find Iron Clads always re-inforced at the points of hardest wear. No. 501 has a double sole, high spliced heel and extended toe.

Price: 50c per pair (East of the Rockies)

Sizes: 9 to 11 1/2

If your dealer hasn't this sock, write us enclosing remittance and stating size and color wanted. We'll send your order promptly, postage paid.

Cooper Wells & Company
208 Vine Street St. Joseph, Michigan



SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine LaDora Pearls

Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp, only \$4.83
(Regular Retail List Price \$15.00)

To introduce our genuine indestructible La Dora Pearls, imported from Paris we offer a 24-inch necklace perfectly matched and graduate with solid white gold clasp, set with genuine chip diamond, in beautiful silk lined gift case at the unbelievable price of \$4.83.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will delight the heart of any girl or woman. La Dora Pearls have the soft, delicate color and lustre of the genuine Oriental pearls which cost hundreds of dollars. We guarantee that they will not break, crack, peel or discolor. They will retain their beautiful sheen and lustre permanently. Upon receipt of the necklace, if you are not perfectly delighted, you may return same to us and we will immediately refund the price paid. This strong guarantee is made because we know that you would not part with the pearls once you see them. We are making this special reduced-price offer only to those who can appreciate real beauty in pearls and will show and recommend them to their friends.

Send us your order and remittance of only \$4.83 at once and in a few days you will receive a genuine La Dora Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of. If you desire, we will send C. O. D., you to pay postman \$4.83, plus 15c charges, upon delivery. This is a rare opportunity. Order now.

WILLIAMS & CO., 4750-64 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

3 BEAUTIFUL \$1 NECKTIES

-Ideal Xmas Gifts

BEST fibre silk knitted, in three beautiful new patterns—Grand, Superior and Diamond Knit; three colors. In attractive holly box—three ties, \$1. Check, money order or stamps. Postage prepaid. If for any reason goods are not satisfactory, return and money refunded. Good Xmas proposition for agents, church fairs, carnivals. Bank reference, Citizens Trust Co.

FISHER KNITTING CO.
1047 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

SAVE HALF Lamps and Shades

Make at Home

Delightful work — easy — profitable

Parchment shades, lamps, and shields in artistic designs are very much in vogue. Save $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual price by getting our shades flat, designed ready for coloring. (300 designs and sizes.) Full directions. Anyone can do it. If you are interested in studying color harmony, unusual methods of treatment, effective combinations, send 15c for 32 page book of instructions for making and painting parchment shades, both in oil and water colors. No teacher is required. 15 beautifully colored illustrations showing finished shades.

CHINA PAINTERS!

Everything in white china — saving from 10 to 40 per cent. We are America's largest white china importers and sell direct to users.

Send for free catalog, 54 R, showing Lamps, Shades and China. Contains over 2000 illustrations.

THAYER & CHANDLER, 913 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

SHEET MUSIC - 15¢

Ask for Century Edition



BE sure you say "Century Edition" when you buy sheet music. You'll pay only 15c—less than half the usual music prices! And you'll get sheet music as good as it can be—beautifully printed on the best of paper—every bar in the standard size, each note certified to be correct, as the master wrote it. There isn't a reason in the world why you should pay more than the Century price when you buy "La Traviata," "Huguenots," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Killarney," "Last Hope" or any of the other classical and popular standard compositions.

There is every reason in the world why you should patronize the Century dealer. Remember, Century's low price is possible only because of his small profit. If your dealer can't supply you we will. Complete catalog of over 2200 classical and popular standard compositions free on request. [Century's Canadian price, 20c.]

Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Rudiments for the Piano," Jahn's "Rudiments for the Violin," and Martin's "Scales and Chords." Used by all modern teachers.

Century Music Publishing Co.
243 W. 40th St., New York



warned. "There's always a slip in these things, one way or another. You can't keep ten thousand people's mouths shut."

"India keeps her secrets. All Maha-Quilon has known for days who it was that sat in meditation before the dak bungalow, but not even Holmby Sahib ever suspected. It almost seems as though the old gods of India fight for the new."

"It will get out," Sears persisted. "You see, that Viceroy guy will hear of it somehow."

Ramdien smiled, at that.

"Has none told you that His Excellency never heard a word in his life? His ears are in his eyes alone."

A sudden puff of smoke veiled Sears' face; when it cleared, he was gazing moodily down at a worn place in his shoe.

"Well, if I'm to develop and print that film, letter the subtitles and get it off to Agapatam in time, I'll have to get busy."

"You should be one of us," Ramdien said softly. "For you too are one of the workers."

"Ye-ah, I'm a worker, all right; and what in hell do I get for it?" Sears demanded with a sudden bitterness. "As I was telling that secret-service fellow yesterday, a hundred miles of film, I've taken in my time, and never once have I got my own face upon so much as one inch of it."

OUTSIDE, the dawn flamed and the crows began their morning discord. Odors of jasmine and too much humanity; motionless palms, great pinnacles of carved stone that aspired to heaven but succeeded only in being Babel. Casually Sears moved for departure, but a gesture from the Rishi checked him.

"You desire to see your face upon the film, Sears Sahib? You have a right to; the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is your own Christian Master who said that, and who should set the terms of his own hire save the laborer himself? A point, that—a subtle point."

Cross-legged, the dishevlements of the night still upon him, his eyes mere glints of gray between narrowed lids, Sears waited while the other dived into the mazes of his own mind, pursuing that point through every possible argument, winding himself into a cocoon of fine phrases.

"The right of the maker to stamp himself upon all he makes—who can deny that? Every theory of creation, whether by Supreme Being or natural law, must admit that point. Then again, not laborer nor hire, but each working for the good of all and equal reward. . . . And his face on the film—an unheeded warning of the changes in Maha-Quilon, a writing on the wall such as no king or government ever heeded yet. . . . Another subtle point—"

There came a sudden brightness as the swift sun of the tropics shot its rays into the room, and Ramdien smiled again in quaint humor, moving his thin hand in the shaft of light.

"That is a sign, as my poor people would call it—a sign from the blessed Surya himself. Here is light come, and there is your camera. Your face shall

be upon the film, Sears Sahib, with the light of the coming day upon it. I will take it with my own hand, and you shall show me how to turn your machine.

"The writing on the Indian wall—by the hand of the Rishi Ramdien himself!"

FOR the sixth time Sears' form flashed upon the screen, with tousled hair, his gaze coming in cool直ness right out of the picture. That concluded the film, but there was no tolerance of amusement or ironic applause, for it was noticed that with each successive appearance, the viceregal countenance had grown more adamant.

With feminine indomitableness, Mrs. Brasier returned to her especial fray.

"I assure Your Excellency that my husband cannot have known of this."

The Viceroy merely nodded; he was getting a little tired of Flo Brasier. A pretty woman, but horribly inexpert, trying desperately for a flirtation and yet constantly reminding one of her husband. There was a rustle of general rising as he left his seat, setting his face in the approved smile while beneath it he spoke to an equerry.

"Tell the general and all the local big-wigs to come to me privately in half an hour."

THE surprise at Maha-Quilon next morning was as complete as it was sudden. Nothing had come along that well-watched jungle road, but the Rukh paths and the passes of the Ghauts must have been known to others besides the Rishi Ramdien, for with the coming of the dawn the sacred city found itself occupied. No explanation, still less any threat—merely companies of troops stacking their rifles in business-like preparedness for the official visit.

Not until the noon hush had driven His Excellency and his escort to the shelter of the dark bunaglow did Holmby have speech with Sears. There was the creak of a bullock-cart, a cloud of dust drifting in over the veranda; still haggard from his hours in that black hole, Holmby walked out, to find Sears climbing into the gaudy conveyance.

"Here—come back," Holmby cried. "You can't go like this."

"What's the matter now? I've finished my job, haven't I?"

"But my dear man, we haven't finished with you."

Sears paused, one foot on an axle as he prepared to dive into the recesses of that painted egg. He looked remote, back again where he had been at the first, safe in that behind-the-camera place of his.

"You don't get away from here until you have told me how you did it, you sorcerer!"

Sears plastered another dead cigarette to his lower lip before replying.

"It was simple enough. Ramdien let out that this Viceroy of yours is deaf. That gave me a lead, and I kidded the old boy into letting me register myself on the film. Then I took a chance on lip-reading. Ramdien himself turned the crank, and I just stood there making words with my mouth: 'Maha-Quilon is in the hands of the Rishi Ramdien, and we are all prisoners.' I didn't have

ARMAND

COLD CREAM POWDER

In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES



A GIFT, no matter how slight the cost, that carries with it the friendly message of thoughtfulness, is always appreciated.

That is why Armand Cold Cream Powder has become the happy gift choice of so many women. This wonderful Armand powder—the original cold cream powder, was the first to show women how they could be sure of looking their loveliest, at all times. Armand is giving them the joy of an attractive appearance, every day the year through. As a gift, it expresses your message graciously, perfectly.

Included in every dainty little pink-and-white hat-box, is the Armand "Creed of Beauty," a little booklet that is helping women the world over to possess the charm of a beautiful complexion.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is always \$1.00 everywhere. Armand Compacte, in handsome gold-lacquer box, is \$1.00 also. Other Armand toilet things are 50 cents to \$10.00.

ARMAND—Des Moines

\$100 Brings You Any of these Beautiful Xmas Gifts

Biggest Xmas offer ever made! Send a Dollar-mention gift desired. That's all! We ship at once! If satisfied pay 10% monthly. Otherwise return and we refund deposit. Rush your

Dollar TO-DAY!



O.J. Bale & Co. EST. 1888
21-23 Maiden Lane New York

Books of Verse by EDGAR A. GUEST

Make Ideal Gifts

"Mr. Guest is the great popular poet of the American people"

The Passing Throng . . .	\$1.25
A Heap o' Livin' . . .	1.25
Just Folks . . .	1.25
The Path to Home . . .	1.25
Poems of Patriotism . . .	1.25
When Day Is Done . . .	1.25

Bound in Library Cloth, Picture Jackets—Also in Sets and in Leather Bindings

An Illustrated Guest Book

All That Matters . . . \$2.50

AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

or mailed postpaid on receipt of price by

R E I L L Y & L E E

1006 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

to speak out loud, you see. Then I made a dark-room in some old temple or other and printed myself in half a dozen times, so that the main squeeze would get it.

"That was all," Sears nodded in conclusion.

Holmby stared, seeming to see so much more. That hole in some dismantled temple, the red gloom of the lamp lighting great carven faces. The gods of the elder magic gazing, with stone and inscrutable smiles, down on this young necromancer of the new era. Soundless words, flashing in light and shadow upon a white screen!

"But man, you can't go like this," Holmby declared, grasping the other's arm. "You are to receive the thanks of the Government and have about half a dozen medals pinned on your—well—on your shirt, I suppose, since I've never seen you put on a coat."

"You can have them instead," Sears answered. Shaking off the other's hand, he dived into his Oriental chariot. "I can't wait. There's a steamer leaving

Madras tomorrow for San Francisco, and I'm going to catch it this time. They don't get me on another job. It's me for Los Angeles."

His face showed in the gilded window-frame, on it an expression of solemn delight.

"Say, I got on the screen at last. Len Sears—in person!"

Something had been saved there in Maha-Quilon, though just what, the years to come alone could say. Soundless lips on a white screen had forbidden the clock of history to strike an hour. But of all that Sears seemed unheeding.

The bullock-cart lurched gaudily forward, a pair of worn shoe-soles already propped in the window. Gazing after it, Holmby remembered Sears' words:

"There'd have to be an almighty good reason for a camera-man's appearing on his own film."

And what better reason for the maker of a drama to appear on its stage, than that he come to tell the truth about the affair?

THE APPROPRIATE WORD

(Continued from page 80)

sat on the veranda of a bungalow which had been presented to him by a grateful government for a lifetime of service rendered its people, and slept and dreamed a dream.

Down in the far-flung harbor below them the sampans were at rest, rocking on the purple, drowsy tide. Off to the northward a long strip of typhoon cloud, like a mammoth feather, hung weird across the stars. The port was doubly hushed, for there is no roar of traffic in great cities of the East. Only the croak of a dozen crows roosting along the ridge of a tea-picker's cottage would have reached John David if he had been awake—that and the katydids singing in the eucalyptus trees, and occasionally the rhythmic tapping of the watchman's stick as he skirted the outer streets of the city and gave rogues warning of his coming. But around John, pervading all, was the exotic witchery of cherry-blossoms—millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions of them. They vied only with the lotus to ensnare voluptuously the artistic eye of man.

Perhaps the fragrance of the cherry-blossoms did it. Perhaps even spring-time in a far country may turn the hearts of old men back to thoughts of youth: but John David dreamed a dream; and in that dream he walked afar along the sleeping Vermont countryside beneath the stars. A girl walked with him—a face from out the past, upturned toward him at his shoulder.

They came to a fork in the road and took to the highway that led southward. A short way down the road they stopped where a cherry-tree grew above a boulder by a pasture fence. A girl reached up and broke a sprig of blossoms from an overhanging bough. One she put in her hair; the other she placed in the lapel of his coat.

As it had happened once upon a time, she had said: "Don't go, John David! For I love you!" As she faced him in this dream, she said: "Come back to me, John

David! Wherever you are over the miles tonight, come back to me, John David, for I need you greatly."

The heart-cry was so poignant, so clear, so vivid, that the elderly man awakened. He sat up bewilderedly, looked around, sought to realize where he was. Then it came to him, and inwardly he groaned.

Drawing a sigh over What-Might-Have-Been, he placed a hand to his heart. It was throbbing strangely. Also his hand touched something. He looked down. In the lapel of his coat was a sprig of cherry-blossoms, fresh and fragrant, heavy still with evening dew!

JOHN DAVID'S heart missed a beat when he saw it. He thought for a time he still dreamed. Yet he had the evidence of his senses. That sprig of cherry-blossoms had not been there when he fell asleep.

The man listened. Inside the house he heard his little Japanese maid-servant, moving around, completing her domestic duties of the day. The veranda was empty.

"John David, come back to me! Wherever you are, over the miles tonight, come back to me, John David, for I need you greatly!"

Her voice was clear, too distinct and appealing for a dream. He took the sprig from his lapel and held it in a hand that trembled. Whence had it come? He marveled. He tried to explain the phenomenon. It would not be explained.

"I—I—ought to go home," he said hoarsely. "Yes—I believe—I ought to go home!"

It was not easy for him to return to slumber when he sought his bed that night. He lay awake in the fragrant, unpainted cedar chamber, and listened to noises of the mystic Oriental night.

"Yes, I ought to go home. Something tells me I ought to go. It is time. There is no reason why I should not go home."

So, telling no one of his dream, John David spent two months in arranging his affairs for an absence in America. Only twice had he been back to the States since arriving in the Orient; neither time had he made the trip up to Vermont. His business in New York finished, he had returned again to Japan, for his father and mother had both passed away before he was allowed his first furlough.

So, after three decades, John David came back to the land-locked valleys of the Green Mountains and the town of his young manhood.

WE did not recognize John David at once when he called in at the newspaper office. In his youth he had been stocky, sandy-haired, ruddy of face, clear of eye. We beheld now a rather slender man, partly bald, his features furrowed, tiny lines beneath eyes which had begun to lose their luster. Yet it was largely in externals that John David had changed. He was a man who had built up his life from its fundamentals, brick by brick and stone by stone, who had carefully furnished the house of his soul. There was no chance of bruising himself, groping his way through that house in the darkness of later years.

We took him into the inner office when we recognized him, closed the door against intruders and let our daily routine go as we talked with him of the town of yesteryear. Finally he said, as though he had been waiting to do so all along:

"Thirty years ago, I was acquainted with a young woman here—Elizabeth Haskins. I had been gone a year when a friend wrote me she had married. But I never heard from her, directly. Is she still living here—could you tell me anything about her?"

"It is strange, Mr. David, that you should have returned just now," said the editor.

Then we told him about Elizabeth. We began with the Cogswell-Haskins wedding, the shortage in Jeremiah Cogswell's accounts discovered after his death, the birth of Elizabeth's sons, the accident which took away her husband after they had left Paris. We added, too, that Beth's father and mother had been dead these fourteen years, and that since that double bereavement she had lived away from Paris. There we stopped. We looked into each other's faces. How could we finish—how tell him of a thing which had lately happened?

AKINDLY fate recognized our embarrassment, stepped in and saved us. Before John David had come to our office he had called upon the present pastor of Calvary—venerable old Dr. Dodd, who knew nothing of John David's former romance. It had been from Calvary parsonage that John David had come almost directly to our newspaper office. Now, at this fateful juncture in our chronicle, Dr. Dodd's eldest daughter Gertrude entered the outer office. Through the thin door-panels we overheard her asking anxiously if John David were with us, or if we knew where he had gone.

"Father would like you to come over to the parsonage quickly," she said when our caller responded. "He sprained his ankle just as he was leaving to attend a



THE DANGER LINE

Receding gums expose THE DANGER LINE on your teeth

Where Acid-Erosion causes decay, pyorrhea
and many serious dental troubles

DO you ever notice that your gums become inflamed and swollen at times? This is a warning that you should heed. It is often caused by trouble at The Danger Line—where teeth meet

apex of the root and form abscesses.

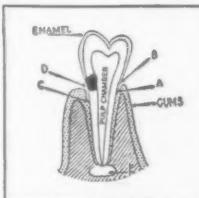
Poisons from abscesses and diseased gums spread infections over the entire body, often causing rheumatism, heart-disease and serious illness.

Squibb's Dental Cream stops Acid-Erosion

Brushing your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream is a safe and positive preventive for Acid-Erosion. This remarkable new dental cream is made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—for years recognized by dentists and physicians alike as the ideal antacid. It gets into crevices that your tooth-brush cannot reach, preventing decay. It gets into the gum-pockets at The Danger Line, neutralizing all acids there and protecting teeth and gums from disease.

Squibb's Dental Cream also cleans the teeth thoroughly, removing stained dental mucin and keeping the teeth as clear, bright and attractive as nature intended them to be. You will like its pleasing flavor and the delightful clean taste it leaves in your mouth.

If your druggist hasn't Squibb's Dental Cream, mail us the coupon below with ten cents for a generous trial size tube.



Sectional drawing of an ordinary tooth and gums
"A" is The Danger Line.
"B" is the V-shaped crevice.
"C" shows recession of gums.
"D" is decay at The Danger Line.
Abscesses form at "E".

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

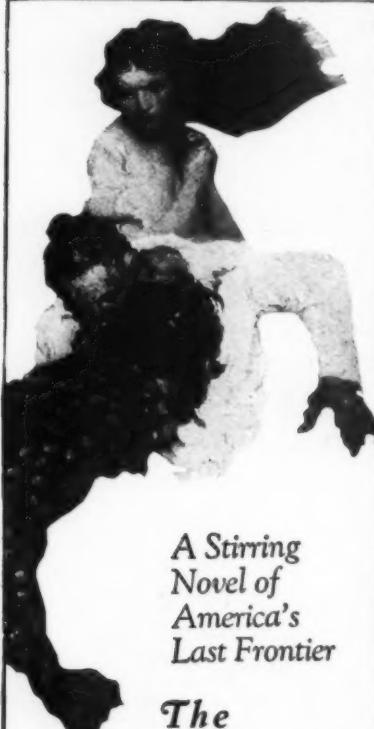
THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

E. R. Squibb & Sons
80 Beekman St., New York, N. Y.
Dept. 12-RB, P. O. Box 1215

Enclosed find 10 cents to cover wrapping and mailing of a generous size sample tube of Squibb's Dental Cream.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Curwood's New Book!



A Stirring
Novel of
America's
Last Frontier

The ALASKAN

By the man who wrote *The River's End*,
The Country Beyond, etc.

JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD

Here is Curwood's most dramatic novel—an irresistible romance, a breath-taking adventure. Read—and glory in the daring of a girl—in the bravery of a man. Read—and thrill as they face death. Read—of a love so wonderful that it could even deny itself.

Millions have bought
Curwood's books.
Millions have read
his serials. The best
of Curwood is in
THE ALASKAN.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY
\$2.00—Everywhere—\$2.00

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

109 West 40th Street, New York

funeral over in Foxboro. He wants to see you urgently."

A funeral over in Foxboro! Could it be possible? If so, the hand of the Almighty must be in it, truly.

John David, unsuspecting, followed the young woman out. A few moments later he was hurried into an upstairs chamber in the parsonage, where the pastor of Calvary lay upon his bed.

"Brother David," said the minister, "I have had a serious accident. It has made me temporarily helpless. I have a great favor to ask of you."

They had been left alone in the room. John David sat down beside the minister's bed.

"I should be glad to do anything I can for you," he returned.

"Brother David, over in North Foxboro lives a woman who has had a particularly unhappy life. I don't know the details of her love-affair and marriage, but she formerly lived in Paris here and married a Paris man. One of her sons was born here. After her husband's death she returned here, and was a communicant of my church—played the organ for a time."

"Yes," said John David evenly.

"Last Thursday, Brother David, his youngest boy was drowned. His funeral was to be held this afternoon, and I had been asked to preach the sermon. I wanted especially to preach that sermon; but this accident—I am helpless. I have but one alternative—to ask if you would take my place."

WE do not believe that even at the reference to one who had played the organ in Calvary, did John David suspect the Foxboro woman's identity. He asked:

"Why me, especially?"

"Because only one who is rich in worldly wisdom can do justice to that sermon and that ceremony. There are a dozen pastors I might call upon, now that I am helpless. But they are young men; they could not understand that mother's heart; they could not say the thing she needs in this great hour of her final sorrow."

Then Dr. Dodd, his life-lined face pale with the pain from his injured ankle, narrated briefly the vicissitudes of life as the girl who had been Betty Haskins had encountered them.

"She married a local man, thinking him fixed comfortably in the goods of this world. But the family money had vanished, and he became a workman with his hands. Four sons were born to them; then the father was killed in an accident. She took up the burden of raising and educating them. But life was unkind to her. The first boy died of a fever the first year she came back to Paris. I preached his funeral sermon. The others

"The Drawing Card"

That's what they called him—those who followed the ups and downs of the prize-ring. You've never read a more thrilling fight story than this, planned for an early issue. Of course it is by **GERALD BEAUMONT**

Bathing de luxe!
with
No. 4711 Bath Salts

A bath in plain water is merely a wash. Add a spoonful of No. 4711 Bath Salts and it is a dream of luxury set in a temple of perfume.

A GREAT SALE OF SUPERB NEW WATCHES

\$6.75 AT CUT PRICES \$11.75

We were fortunate in securing a quantity of smart watches which we offer at **sacrifice** prices.

Ladies' 14K Watch, gold filled, 22 years' guarantee on handsome case; 17 jewel movement. Hand-made dial; sapphire crown; grosgrain ribbon; handsome case. **\$6.75**

One-year guarantee. An Amazing Offer At . . .

A ladies' 14K rectangular case, with a diamond movement. **\$11.75**

Send for money. We pay postage; you pay perfume. Money back if not wholly satisfied. Satisfaction guaranteed. And of fashion. Offer open for only limited time.

Write TODAY for yours.

Precious Wares Co.
Dept. 7212 ART JEWELRY
389 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel

5 Styles 3 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and
Album counters everywhere.

No Paste, No Fold, way to mount
Kodak Prints, slides, drawings 100
and cameras to try. Write
ENGEL MFG. CO.
100 Dept. 62, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

The Lamp with the CLAMP

The Practical Gift

Projects a better, clearer, more direct light exactly where you need it—in home, office, store, studio, workshop.

Pat. U. S., Canada, and Foreign Countries

Adjusto-Lite
A FABERWARE PRODUCT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Solid brass; a quality product throughout. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-year guarantee. Sold by all live dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct.

S. W. FABER, 141-151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. and CANADA, brass \$5; bronze, nickel, or white enamel finish \$5.50. West of Mississippi River 25c higher.

grew to manhood; one of them married. Then came the great war—and it took them. One died at sea of influenza. The other was killed in the Argonne. The third returned. But now he has been taken also, and the mother is left alone. Perhaps you can understand now, why a man of experience should pronounce the final eulogy over that boy. I know that you can conduct that service and speak a few words that may bring her some poor measure of peace."

John David had risen to his feet.

"The woman's name is—"

"Cogswell—Mrs. Elizabeth Cogswell."

John David took it standing, like a soldier. He turned and walked to the bedroom window. He stood there, looking down into the street.

"The long lane of life turns into strange places at times, Brother Dodd," he remarked finally in a voice that was husky.

"That is true," the other agreed. But he thought that John David meant the mother's Golgotha, whereas John David was thinking of his own. "You will go, Brother David?" the pastor went on. "Just an appropriate word—"

"I will go," said David.

"I SHOULD like to see the boy's mother alone for a moment," John David told the undertaker that afternoon at the plain little cottage where friends waited in the awed silence of a great mystery.

"She has been told about Dr. Dodd's accident and that another pastor was coming instead."

He was taken abovestairs. They faced each other—the man who had heard a bitter, mocking little laugh drift back across the night, thirty years in the past, and the woman who had declared with a haughty toss of her head that she was able to go the rest of the way alone.

The woman saw John David as the years had been good to him. But the man saw Beth Haskins as life had chastened her. Few women who mother sons to manhood successfully, are weaklings. God sends a certain strength to them perhaps; and much of that strength sustained her now. Her face was furrowed and her eyes had lost their luster. Her hair was prematurely white; her hands were hard and reddened. But something lay behind her face and deep within her eyes—something which said that if she could go back to that far-off evening in the springtime once again, she would not make the man choose between herself and the thing he thought his duty.

The man was the first to speak.

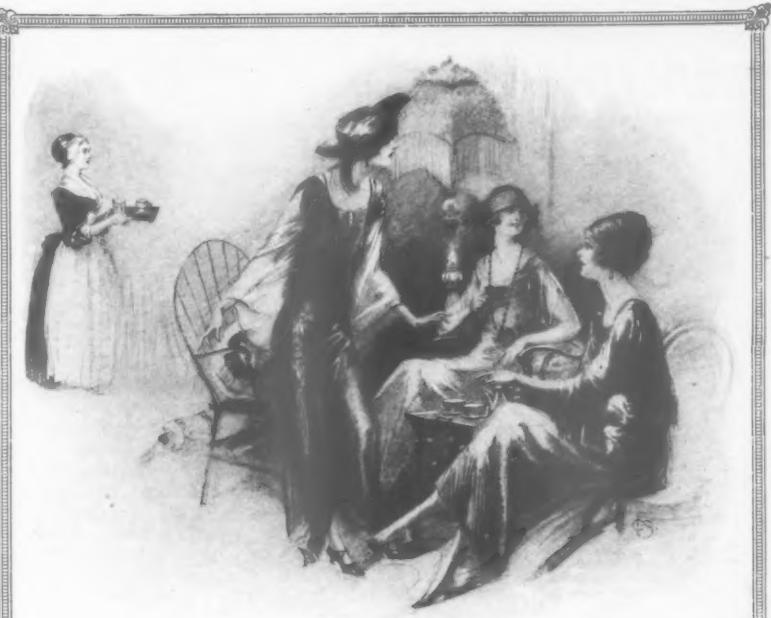
"Elizabeth—you know why I am here?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Oh, John David! That you should come back—now!"

He was glad in that moment that she was strong—stronger than he had expected a mother could be in such a situation. It gave him courage to continue:

"I need not tell you how I feel for you, Elizabeth. Is there—is there—anything special you want me to say about the lad?"

"No," she answered. "Any appropriate word—for the sake of the others—" She stopped. An appropriate word! The same phrase Dr. Dodd had used. Their eyes met. What was the last thing she



THE EXQUISITE FLAVOR OF BAKER'S COCOA



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Makes it the favorite beverage
to serve at all afternoon and
evening social affairs.*

Baker's Cocoa is of very high quality, made only from high grade cocoa beans, by a strictly mechanical process, no chemicals being used, which preserves the natural flavor, aroma and color, and retains a much larger proportion of cocoa butter or fat than is found in inferior grades.

MADE ONLY BY

WALTER BAKER & COMPANY LIMITED

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

CANADIAN MILLS AT MONTREAL

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

AMORA PEARLS



475

Give Pearls For Christmas

Every woman wants a string of beautiful, genuine Amora Pearls, and for your very dearest friends you could not make a better Christmas gift selection.

Amora Pearls possess all the genuine opalescence, soft radiance of light reflection, color, weight and feeling of natural pearls. They are different only in origin and are perfect, individual, as well as perfectly matched and graduated. Amora pearls are guaranteed indestructible and will not fade or discolor.

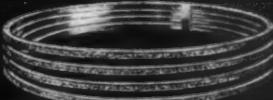
You can obtain a 30-inch genuine Amora Pearl Necklace from the French man through us, for the special Christmas Gift Price of \$4.75. Choice of cream rose, light rose or cream-tinted. Each rope is fastened with a sterling silver safety clasp, set with a brilliant rhinestone.

We are able to make you this very wonderful offer for a short time only. Later you will pay much more at your jewelers. Amora Pearls are guaranteed in every detail of color, sheen, surface, shape and size.

They will be sent you in a beautiful velvet, heart-shaped Gift Box—lined with white satin. Remember, Amora Pearls cannot be duplicated anywhere for double this very special price of \$4.75. Do not delay. Mail your check or money order today to

PEARL IMPORT COMPANY
1437 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y.

CASH'S 3 doz. *1²⁵ 6 doz. *2.
WOVEN NAMES 9 doz. *2⁵⁰ 12 doz. *3.
Make A Dainty Christmas Gift
Write for Styles
J. & J. CASH, Inc.
8th Street, South Norwalk, Conn.



A BRACELET YOU'LL BE PROUD OF \$1

Massive Sterling Silver, with 2 rings, with four rings, \$2.00, sent prepaid. Chased in attractive design. Exquisitely finished. A present most appropriate for making your remembrance ever present in her mind.

Send for a copy of our Blue Book of Jewelry; Free; it is replete with unique suggestions.

Chas. L. Trout Company, Inc.
Dept. L, 2 Malden Lane, New York City

\$100 POSTPAID

OUR "REGULAR" PACKAGE

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes

PRINTED WITH ANY NAME AND ADDRESS



Of all Christmas gifts, none is more tasteful than this. The original household note paper—addressed to better homes everywhere. Name and address neatly printed on 200 sheets and 100 envelopes in rich dark blue ink. Size of sheet 6 x 7; envelopes to match. Sterling quality. Special facilities insure prompt service. Remit with order—*if inaccuracy at the moment, we will send C.O.D. for the cost of postage and outwards U.S. add 10% Money refunded if not satisfied.*

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
1236 Park Avenue, Peru, Indiana

AMERICAN STATIONERY

had said to him that night in the far-off springtime? "When you have reached the place where you can weigh your words before you speak them, and what is appropriate in a delicate situation, then you can come back to me—"

"Let us go down, Elizabeth," the missionary suggested.

But in her face he had read something—an appeal, a heart-hunger, a longing after those she had lost, perhaps—which in that instant gave him a cue for his eulogy.

"*FRIENDS*," said John David a few moments later, "the ritual of our church would have us open this service cruelly, with the thought and the words:

"*Dust to dust, ashes to ashes*—"

"But I am going to disregard the ritual in the few words I want to say. So too I will not make the customary reference to our standing in the presence of a great mystery—for we stand constantly in the presence of great mysteries, from the moment we come helplessly into the world until the sun sinks and the stars of life's evening come out, and the soft purple of eternity brings tranquillity. We want to think sanely and happily of the significance of this hour and this service. We want to lift up our faces and see a vision.

"All of us were born into a very beautiful world—a world of love, kindness, generosity, righteousness, fellow-feeling. We found soft and tender mother-arms ready to receive us. Gruff but all-protecting father hearts were there to fight for us and provide for us and shield and shelter us.

"As children we wandered through the sunlit mornings of our lives and sensed the beauty of God's world. We beheld the vast span of turquoise sky where fairy clouds idled in the drowsy days, and the Creator came close in the stars of the night. We came to know the sweetness of wild-rose and briar-bloom ripening in untrodden places; the measured serenade of insect lovers cheeping in the darkness; the creak of a mother's rocker in the afterglow—these and many other beautiful things were included in our heritage.

"So we grew to maturity. And to most of us it has been given to know the mystery and the sacred wonder of love—and if there have been heartaches and shadows and disappointments in our lives, they have only served to throw the joys and successes and happinesses into highlight—they have made us appreciate how much more life contains of good than bad, how much more of pleasure than of pain, how much more of glory than of unrequited sorrow.

"But along with the things which God has made,—mother-arms awaiting us at birth, father-love to provide for us and protect us, the beauties of the physical universe, the solace of religion, the love of men and women for each other, the arms of little children,—along with all these is a beautiful process to ease the shock of separation from these things. It is a blessing which the run of mankind seems to miss and the thoughtless never grasp. It is the calling away before us in endless rotation, one after the other, of relatives, friends, dear ones, so that



Ethel Clayton, Photoplay Star, one of the many famous American Beauties who know the value of MAYBELLINE.

Maybelline

Adds Wonderful Charm, Beauty and Expression to Any Face

More, and all else, well defined eyebrows and perfectly lashed eyes the beauty and expression of any face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear natural and long and luxuriant. Girls use it regularly. Beautiful girls and women everywhere. Unlike other preparations, absolutely greaseless, will not spread or smear on the face. Perfectly harmless. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush for applying. Two sizes—No. 1, high grade, \$6.45; No. 2, medium size, \$4.95. Send for free booklet. **IDEAL GIFT SENT IN** Send Name, Age and Location. Address to The CHARLES CO., 1440 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 526, Chicago.

STARTLING WATCH OFFERS

No 1 \$6.45



Ladies'— These high grade Watches are offered 10% under regular price. No 1 White Gold beautifully engraved tonneau shape Wrist Watch. Silver engraved dial. Standard 6-Jewel lever movement adjusted and regulated. Only \$6.45. No. 2 high grade Small size Dragon Gold filled watch, excellent time keeper. Only \$4.95.

IDEAL GIFT SENT IN Send Name, Age and Location. Address to The CHARLES CO., 1440 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 526, Chicago.



Keep looking young

Youth is not as fickle as you think. You can hold it if you try. But make sure that your skin does not become sallow and your eyes dull, that your face does not get that drawn, worn-out look. Youth flees from these. They often result from constipation. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel and form no harmful habit. Price 15 and 30 cents, at all druggists.

Dr. Edwards'
OLIVE
Tablets

gradually more of those with whom we would rather be are on the other side of the Veil than in the world we are leaving behind.

"It is a process divine in conception, infinite in its gentleness, fathomless in its compassion. One after another our dear ones leave us. One by one they go before us until there are more Over There than remain with us here. And at some spot and place and time in life, it comes to us what the saints have meant when they sang of 'going Home.'

"This is the crowning blessing of all the good things of which the earth is full—that year by year we should relinquish loves, comradeships, associations, of course with a measure of sorrow, until there comes an hour when we would rather be with those we have laid away than with the handful yet remaining in the flesh. And when we have parted with the number that adjusts that balance, when our hearts anticipate being there with them—in that moment, my friends, we have come to know the peace which passes worldly reasoning."

IT was very quiet in that little side sitting-room as John David spoke—and as he paused and then went on:

"What horror, what agony, what fear and apprehension might there be, my friends, if all of us ceased to exist at once! But instead of that we slip away quietly, one by one, to join the Choir Invisible of the Immortal Living, where there are faces that we know and voices that we recognize. And in that going, each of us adds himself to a list of another person's loved ones, whom some one else looks forward to meeting.

"I like to think, my friends, that this is why most elderly people do not fear the Great Adventure. Those they have known and loved and comforted, those whom they have worked among and slept beside, those with whom they have discussed the same thoughts and passed the same pleasantries—one by one they have gone upon that amethyst journey. And because they have gone, their white-haired friends are unafraid to follow. . . .

"We are only met here today to show our sympathy for a saddened sister who must endure a measure of loneliness before the readjustment of her life is made. Yet in the experience she is but having the depth and beauty and wonder of God and His universe brought closer to her. By this brief hour of heartache she is robbing the Great Transition of its shadows, and learning the turns in the footpath to peace.

"Life will be a vaster, wider, more beautiful thing as the days go by and the years roll onward and she approaches nearer the glory of the sunset. She has loaned four men-children to eternity to make her own journey thither the easier, something to be longed-for as she goes down the years. Today she is adding the last to the number whom she will rejoice with a great gladness to embrace when a kindly light has led through every encircling gloom."

The service in that shaded sitting-room was concluded. The cortège wound to the little grass-grown country cemetery. The last prayer was made. The grave was



Germ-spreading crowds, a dust-irritated throat—in these lie the beginning of most dangerous infections

The throat—the culture-bed of disease

When exposed to crowds or dust—during epidemics—or when your bodily resistance is low—protect yourself with this most modern form of throat prophylaxis

YOU cannot isolate yourself from germs. A single cough, a sneeze, fills the air about you with millions of these potential breeders of colds, influenza, and many dangerous diseases. In a crowded room or street car the air is so thick with them that you would have to stop breathing to avoid them.

In the warm, moist membranes of the throat, germs find their ideal breeding-place—especially when irritated by dust, the raw inflamed surfaces then being filled with the blood and lymph on which germs feed and grow.

To find a really effective way of preventing disease by checking this growth of germ life in the throat has long been the study of medical science. That is why Formamint, as soon as it appeared, attracted the interest of scientists all over the world.

Formamint is the most modern, the most scientific form of throat

prophylaxis—safe, dependable, pleasant, convenient. In it, one of the most powerful germicidal agents known is, for the first time, made available for mouth and throat use—and in a harmless, pleasant tasting form.

When dissolved in the mouth, Formamint tablets liberate this germicide which, combining with the mouth fluids, penetrates to every fold and crevice in which germs can lodge. It is so compounded that it cannot injure the most delicate tissues—yet it absolutely destroys germ life.

Unlike any other form of throat prophylaxis, Formamint protects you at the very moment when infection is most likely to occur. Whenever you are tired or run down, when your throat is raw from irritating dust, during epidemics, in crowds, or when you have to come into contact with people having colds or sore throats—you can carry Formamint with you. Get a bottle today. All druggists have it.

Formamint

GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLETS



When exposed to colds, influenza or any other disease; during epidemics; when tired or run down or when the throat is raw or sore, dissolve a Formamint tablet in the mouth every one or two hours.

To enable you to test the efficacy of Formamint, we will send you a pocket case containing five Formamint tablets on receipt of 4 cents for postage. Address Bauer Chemical Co., Dept. B2, 113 W. 18th Street, New York City.



Wins a Welcome

You are always welcome with a sweet-toned Buescher Saxophone. Thousands of men and women, of all ages, have found it an infallible key to social popularity. For home entertainment, for church, school or lodge affairs, the Saxophone is the most popular and adaptable instrument. Saxophone players enjoy, also, many opportunities of earning money.

BUESCHER

TRUE-TONE SAXOPHONE

The new Buescher Saxophone is a marvelous instrument. It is one of the most beautiful of all musical instruments—by the range and wealth of its tones it takes the place of almost every other instrument—yet it is so perfected and simplified that it is the easiest of all instruments to play.

See How Easy It Is

With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent free (upon request) with each new Saxophone, the scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks you can be playing popular music. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire.

Try It In Your Own Home

You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Band or Orchestral Instrument and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. Easy terms of payment may be arranged if preferred. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

Buescher-Grand Trumpet

Especially easy to blow:  with an improved bore and new proportions. With the mute in, it blows so softly and sweetly that practice never annoys. A splendid home instrument.

Free Saxophone Book

We have prepared a very interesting book on the history and development of the Saxophone. It tells which saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts and many other things you would like to know. Also illustrates first lesson. Every music lover should have a copy. It is sent free on request. Just send your name for a copy.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments

2617 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2617 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:
I am interested in the instrument checked below:
Saxophone Cornet Trombone Trumpet
(Mention any other instrument interested in?)

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

covered with flowers. Then the friends and neighbors climbed into the waiting vehicles, and came back to the world.

Not so John David and the girl who once upon a time was Elizabeth Haskins.

"I want to walk back," she said.

"May I walk with you, Elizabeth?" the man asked.

"Yes, John David," she answered.

THERE are some romances to be told in the mornings of life—furnished-room, breakfast-table, please-pass-the-salt affairs. Then there are romances to be cultivated over the business luncheon—marble-topped, thin-coffee, watch-your-hat-and-overcoat matters. And finally there are the romances which belong to the twilight. They may only be narrated in the afterglow—rare, lavender chronicles made to touch the hidden strings of the heart and play upon them. Of the latter variety is the story of John David and the girl from Kennedy's Bottoms.

As they walked back from the cemetery, these two whose paths had crossed so strangely again, Indian summer was all around them, no less than in their hearts. The man was the first to break the silence.

"It has been a long time since last we walked so, together, Elizabeth," he said.

"I've been thinking of your talk at the house this afternoon," she answered. "It was beautiful, John David, so beautiful—and appropriate. I almost forgot—my grief. Yet nobody knows how much I loved the boy. He was the last great thing in my life. And I have lost him now, even him."

The fallen leaves were noisy beneath their feet. The air was fragrant with old goldenrod and the odor of apples, heavy on many boughs where ladders rested against the trees and barrels were stacked beneath. Songs of winter fires were in the sear brown leaves, stirred by the late afternoon wind through the roadside brush.

The woman went on:

"Tell me about your work, John David—how you have spent all the time which has gone."

"It would be a long story, Elizabeth."

"You never married, did you?"

"I never married," he said gravely.

"Why not, John David? Thirty years is a long time. A man may forget God and his mother in thirty years, to say nothing of one girl."

"Yes, that's true. Perhaps remaining single became—a habit. When I left you that night by the cherry tree, I thought I had lost the dearest thing in my life—"

"Please don't talk about it, John. My punishment has been adequate—and just."

"My life has been filled with many interests. I built a hospital at Nakagawa, another down at Kota. We established churches, dozens of them. They had to be visited, encouraged, sustained. Then came the college, and I had to act as father to hundreds of lads—"

"Your life has been successful. You have done things. You have them to cast up, now."

He made no comment.

"Your life has been successful," she mused sadly. "While mine—what have I to show in Indian summer?"

PLOT TO LOOT NEW YORK CITY

Police Commissioner Newberry Uncovers Amazing Conspiracy to Bombard and Plunder Manhattan

Not since the Wall Street explosion of 1921 has so gigantic a crime been planned as that recently uncovered by Special Police Commissioner Newberry of New York. To bombard Manhattan with six-inch shells from a yacht in the bay, and under cover of the ensuing panic to loot the enormous treasures stored in the bank-vaults in the Wall Street neighborhood—this, in substance, was the actual plan of the conspirators. And only an hour intervened between the arrest of the ringleaders and the moment set for the attack!

According to the police report, the projected crime had its genesis in the catastrophe of two years ago, and some of the same persons, it is alleged, were concerned in both. Of these a certain number are rabid anarchists, bent merely on attacking the "interests." This group, sincere if misguided, were exploited, according to the police, by a supercrook named Ross Benedict, and certain other professional criminals. With the arrest of Benedict and his associates and the confiscation of the armed yacht *Zita*, Commissioner Newberry believes the police have broken up the most dangerous criminal coterie of modern times. The whole fascinating story of the amazingly planned crime and of the ingenious and daring work of the police in heading it off, is narrated in spirited fashion by one of the most brilliant American writers, William Almon Wolff, in the current December issue of THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE.

The Embassy Plot

The lengths to which certain unscrupulous diplomatic agents are willing to go in the effort to entangle the United States in the European muddle, are clearly indicated in late dispatches from Europe. Perhaps reasoning from the results of the sinking of the *Maine*, a carefully devised plan was worked out, it seems, for the murder of certain American diplomats in France and England, in the hope that this country would be aroused to a degree that would make intervention inevitable. How these murders were prevented by the so-called Diplomatic Free Lances, George Trevor and his associates, is graphically described by Clarence Herbert New in his story "The Embassy Plot," which appears in the company of many other captivating stories by noted writers in the current December issue of THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, now on sale.

"I'm told that two of your sons gave their lives in the war. No mother who gives sons to her country has lived fruitlessly."

"It is hard at times for me to see it, John. There was little of the spectacular or dramatic about it. They just went away. I never saw them again."

They came to a hilltop and paused, looking afar over the Vermont country where the twilight was falling early and the hills rioted with scarlet and gold. They had come to know the meaning of toil and the worth of love, these two—the price of duty and the rewards of sacrifice.

"Elizabeth," the man said softly, "a great happiness has come to me today. Somehow, to be back with you again in these old familiar hills after what has passed, completes a golden cycle and makes me—listen for a vesper bell."

"I knew that you would come, John David. I can't tell you why or how I knew. But something told me so. I won't say I didn't grow to love the man I married. I won't say I haven't loved my boys or failed them in giving all that I had to give. But through the dark years I have been waiting—unconsciously waiting—for the one fine thing. You are right, John David. A—golden cycle is completed. . . . Indian summer! It is the best season of all, John David—the best season—of them all!"

The sun sank. The afterglow was upon the world.

"God has seemed to come very close to me today, John David," Elizabeth added presently. "At one other time only has He seemed as near. It was an evening in the spring—last spring. Visiting in Paris, I walked out along the old road to the Bottoms. I reached the fork, John David. The cherry tree was still growing close by the fence above the boulder. It was a young tree, like ourselves, that other night back in the years. John David. Now I found it gnarled and scaly and old. But it was the same tree, and though I stood beneath it alone, I reached up and broke off another sprig of blossoms just as I did the night we parted, the evening I abandoned you. My heart was heavy as I called your name, John David. I wondered where across the miles you were that evening and if you were happy. I wondered if ever you thought of me—kindly."

"What night was this?" he asked huskily.

HE told him, and he marveled. It had been the same night that he had awakened on the veranda of his Japanese bungalow and found a little sprig of cherry-blossoms in the lapel of his coat.

A little Japanese *neisan* or maid-servant had been bold enough in her filial love for him—a love born because of what he had done for her and her family—to put the sprig there while he slumbered, for she had plucked the blossoms and remembered that he loved them. Yet who shall say that God did not have everything to do with that little gift of flowers, after all?

Gently the man took the woman's arm. One pathway stretched now before them. It led down into autumnal distance. Arm in arm, they began the descent of that hill together.



TIS a pleasure to deal—when the cards are "Bicycles." For among the four qualities which have made them famous is that of

Perfect Finish—Ideal Slip

The other three qualities equally essential to complete satisfaction, and all developed to the highest degree in Bicycles, are:

- 1—Big indexes—prevent mistakes in playing.
- 2—Scientifically designed backs—easy on the eyes.
- 3—Flexibility without cracking—longer wear.

You can not get Bicycle superiority for less than the Bicycle price. Wear considered, Bicycles really cost less than cheaper cards.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.



Books for Card Players

Complete rules and instructions for playing Auction, Five Hundred, Cribbage, Pinocchio, Solitaire and Pitch—6¢ postpaid.

If you play any one of the above games you will find this book of great value in improving your play and in settling disputed points. Other books of interest to card players are listed in the coupon. Check what you want.

The U. S. Playing Card Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. D-2
Please send the books checked.

How to Play Auction Bridge—teaches every detail of the game...10¢

The Official Rules of all Card Games—300 games, 250 pages...20¢

Fortune Telling—with regular cards.....6¢

Card Tricks—feats of magic.....6¢

Entertaining with Cards—everything from invitation to menu.....6¢

Card Stunts for Kiddies—building, puzzles, cut-outs, etc., etc.....6¢

Six Popular Card Games.....6¢

All seven books—50¢

Name.....

Address.....

P. O. State.....



Give cigars for Christmas



Rob. Burns Cigar

The filler of every Rob. Burns is full Havana

The PANATELA
at 10c straight.
Box of 50 at \$4.75

The INVINCIBLE
(foil-wrapped)
at 15c straight.
Box of 25 at \$3.50

The PERFECTO
at 2 for 25c.
Box of 25 at \$3.00

Clark's 4th Round the World Cruise
From N. Y. Jan. 16th. Westward, by specially chartered new Cunarder "Laconia," 20,000 tons (oil burning). 4 mos., \$1000 up including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop overs in Europe, including Panama Canal, Los Angeles, 18 days Japan and China. Jap. on 15 days in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Europe, etc.
CLARK'S 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Feb. 2, specially chartered White Star S. S. "Baltic," 65 days, \$900 up, including drives, guides, hotels, fees. 18 days Palestine and Egypt. 60 to 700 passengers expected.
F. C. CLARK Times Building New York



When your rheumatism comes on

Don't suffer unnecessary pain. Over the aching place gently spread a little Sloan's Liniment. You don't have to rub it in. Instantly fresh blood begins to circulate swiftly through the affected part. You feel a comforting glow of warmth. In a few moments the pain eases off—then stops. Get a bottle today—35 cents at all druggists.

Sloan's Liniment kills pain!

THE GOLDEN

in such a resort, but Betty could not resist the adventure. Her escort bet another that "No mare could show him her tail to Harlem," and proved it. But that brought Betty home after nightfall. She ran up the hotel steps dusty and disarranged, her heart doubly quickened by fear and breathlessness.

The room was dark, but she knew that Delacroix was there. His cigar was burning like a live coal.

He had not lighted a single candle. He sat in the shadow, enlarged and gigantically a part of the gloom. His voice was the growl of a crouching lion: "Where have you been, and who with?"

"You see—poor Mlle. Artigue was ill and sent for me, and—"

He caught her glib throat in a grip so big that, long as her neck was, his wide hand threw her chin far back. She felt herself in the clutch of the man at the guillotine. He tore her hat off and trod on it. He threatened to brand her with his cigar. Her flesh winced. She could not scream—or even breathe.

He dragged her to the window.

"I told you on the ship I'd throw you overboard if you looked at anybody else. Well, I saw you looking at one slick fellow that you'll never fool again."

He straightened his long arm, and it took her head out the window into space. She gazed up at the sky with starting eyeballs. The early planets seemed to leap from the dusk, shivering. The moon swung like a silver pendulum. She twisted this way and that, and saw the high spire of Trinity whipping like the mast of a storm-flung ship.

She could not see below her, but she felt a hollow abyss of space waiting to let her through. She was tilting over the edge of a precipice, and she would be pulp when she struck. The ledge of the window cut her hips; her knees gripped the sill.

DELACROIX did not toss her forth.

Even then she was too precious a diamond to be hurled away. He dragged her in a little and turned her so that her knees hit the floor. He set her throat on the window-sill; her face rolled on the stone ledge, with Broadway glittering far below. Her hair poured down across her cheeks.

He laughed. "The guillotine for you!"

He brought the window down on the nape of her neck, not forcibly enough to break it, but enough to hurt her. He twisted her hands up behind her back and held them while she groaned with agony.

Delacroix could not hear her prayers, and she could not hear his voice, now that the window was all but closed. She could hear only the clamor of the street, the busses, the carriages, far off and far beneath. Nobody looked up at her.

At last she felt her wrists released. She waited, loathsmoably afraid and ashamed. Receiving no more torture, she brought her hands forward awkwardly as a beast trapped by the head. She squirmed and lifted the window high enough to release her throat. She slid

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S School Department will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 7-10.

LAW Course in 2 Years
Be a lawyer. Law trained men earn big money and occupy top positions in social, business and public life.
\$5,000 to \$10,000
a year is what you can earn. Our courses are designed to help you step by step until you have passed the bar examination in any state. Low cost, easiest terms. We furnish every book including complete law library. Send for free catalog.
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. L-981
Drexel Ave. and 58th, Chicago

We Teach COMMERCIAL ART

Meyer Both Company, the largest Commercial Art Organization in the World offers you an unusual opportunity for practical training, based upon twenty-three years of success. This nationally known organization each year produces and sells to advertisers over 15,000 commercial drawings. Meyer Both instruction is the difference between successful fact and experimental theory. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School

Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, anywhere in the United States, Canada, England or Australia about the Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Write for our illustrated book telling about the success of our students—for one-half the cost of mailing—four cents in stamps.

MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Department of Art Instruction

Michigan Ave. at 11th St., Dept. 10 CHICAGO, ILL.
Note—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure professional artists among our graduates. Write us.

LADDER (Continued from page 43)

and sat crumpled in a miserable heap on the floor.

Delacroix was laughing at her. He was lighting candles to illuminate his victim.

She hated him forever after that. She was glad to be alive, but that was all. She would not fight him, but she would deceive him until she could find a better man. For she must never be poor again; better any shame than poverty.

She glared at Delacroix as a fox might at a trapper. He was not afraid of her. But he was afraid of his wife, because she was his wife. Oh, to be married to somebody, anybody—anybody, that is, who was not poor! Just not to have to pretend to be married—to have some paper that would prove her a wife! The difference between being Mistress Delacroix and Delacroix's mistress!

THREE was a knock at the door. A slave brought up a note conveying Mr. and Mrs. Vansinderen's most respectful compliments, and would Captain and Madame Delacroix honor their home by an informal call to partake of some choice Madeira just received.

Mr. Vansinderen was an eminent merchant, and his wife had been Miss Annetje Shipboy. They lived in a beautiful yellow-brick house, and Mr. Vansinderen had often waited on Betty with a flourish when she priced the vanities he sold in his shop on Pearl Street. He had introduced her to his stately wife. Betty had found both of them pompously tiresome, but she had cultivated them because they were respectable, and respectability was an adventure with her. A peaceful polite home was an almost unknown land. She had even gone one Sunday to the old Dutch Church in Garden Street, where Dr. Gerardus Kuypers still preached in the aristocratic language to the lessening number of people who understood it. Betty did not catch a word of the sermon, but she kept as pious a face as any of the others hearing their God addressed in sonorous language.

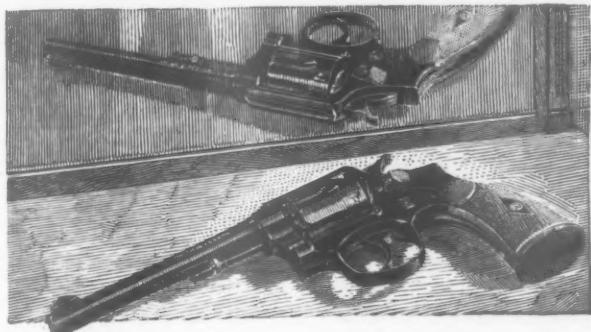
Tonight the one place Betty could have wished to visit was a quiet home where a wife queen'd it in her holy franchise. But Delacroix thought he would humble her further by compelling her, so he growled:

"We'll go. Wash your dirty face and put on something decent. They think you're genuine."

It amused her a little to pretend reluctance and make him drag her to her pleasure. She sniffled awhile and was maliciously meek.

She knotted a velvet ribbon about her throat to conceal any finger-prints he might have left, but it was not black and blue until the next day.

They walked to the Vansinderen house, which overlooked the moonlit paradise of the Battery almost audibly murmurous with lovers. A liveried negro admitted the Delacroix couple to a parlor Orientally splendid. It had a red Turkey carpet on the floor, and three sofas, slippery but elegant, with pillows as hard as the marble mantel-tree, or the china



SMITH & WESSON revolvers are good to look at, but deeper than mere looks lie the qualities that have built their high reputation. Accuracy, dependability, reliability, these supreme characteristics of a fine arm characterize them. Your dealer will be glad to tell you more and to let you examine a Smith & Wesson revolver at your leisure.

SMITH & WESSON

Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

SPRINGFIELD
MASSACHUSETTS

Catalogue sent on request.
Address Department D

No arms are genuine Smith & Wesson Arms unless they bear, plainly marked on the barrel, the name

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Western Representative:
Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash.

**DENT'S
Toothache Gum**

**Stops
Toothache
Instantly**

Insist on
Genuine Dent's
All drug stores
or by mail—25
cents. Made
for 35 years by
C. S. Dent & Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

**KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY
HIDES LARGE JOINTS**

FOR
MEN
OR
WOMEN

10
DAYS
FREE
TRIAL

Fischer PROTECTOR

Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

The Fischer Manufacturing Co.
First National Bank Bldg., Dept. 66, Milwaukee, Wis.



Mi Choice
The Aristocrat of Chocolates
coatings specially Bunte blended to enhance the deliciousness of the center.



BUNTE BROTHERS - CHICAGO

RED, CHAPPED HANDS
made soft and smooth by anointing freely with gentle, antiseptic
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

\$3.00 per Month On Genuine Diamonds
Send No Money

Only a few cents a day places this brilliant, fiery Blue White Genuine Perfect Cut Diamond on your finger. Sent promptly for free examination. One Whole Year to Pay. Regular \$75 Value. Special \$48.50.

Money Back Guarantee
Amazing Bargains—Prices smashed on Million dollar stock of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. We save you 1/3 and trust you for any article you want to buy. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Write for FREE Catalog

Beautifully illustrates our sensational bargains, explains credit plan which makes it easy to secure any article you desire. Get the free book TODAY! NOW!

KLEIN & CO. 122 W. Madison Street, Dept. 1024, Chicago, Ill.
Nearly One-Half Century in Sales Location

WHY NOT LOOK PROSPEROUS

122 W. Madison Street, Dept. 1024, Chicago, Ill.

Direct Factory Price for Limited Time Only

Duble-Heat

ELECTRIC STOVE

Newest, neatest, most economical of all

Electric stoves, the Duble-Heat

does your cooking

quicker, better, cheaper.

Toasts, fries, boils in half

usual time. Full size heating

surface. New metallic treat-

ment utilizes all the heat.

Operates on any light-

ing socket, direct or alternating current.

Direct From Factory on Approval

SEND NO MONEY

Amazing offer! Only \$1.97—and on approval! Just pay postman upon arrival, plus a few cents postage. One year full durability guarantee. If not delighted, return in five days, and every penny refunded. Order now! Only limited number at this introductory price.

Acorn Brass Mfg. Co. 122 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

vases filled with impossible but permanent flowers. The room even boasted the novelty of a forte-piano, which Mrs. Vansinderen could play on. It was almost as hard to get her to play as to stop, once started.

Lord and Lady Stirling and the Mayor and Mayoress happened in, and Betty was on her best behavior. She used all of the newest expressions. Their novelty made the grammarians wince, but they were fashionable. She said she had "made up her mind" to stop in town as long as her dear Captain Delacroix was compelled to remain. He had "hurt her feelings" by suggesting that she go out to the seaside at Rockaway, but she knew that she should be "bored" away from him—"infinitely!"

When the Madeira was brought, and negus in golden cups, she sipped as daintily as if she had never heard of Phoebe Bowen.

The oldest daughter, Marietje, now fifteen, and the young man she was expected to marry, came in, and Betty envied the girl's training. Miss Vansinderen went to a school where she was forbidden to leave off gloves even at meals, and where she was warned not to use the coal-tongs, or touch the banister when she walked upstairs lest it broaden her hand.

Two littler children were permitted to appear for a few moments and kiss their father's hand as well-bred children should. They were dressed like grown-ups; the girl of five wore stays under her heavy damask linen skirts that trailed on the carpet, and the boy was in silk breeches and a blue-ribbed silk coat with silver buttons, disclosing a long flowered waist-coat. He even wore a little powdered wig.

THE infants drank half-glasses of Madeira with gusto and were sent off to bed. But the eldest daughter remained. Betty studied her pallor, her thin veil of innocence over a keen suspicion of the world, her mitted hands idly relaxed in her lap. Betty thought bitterly of her own youth, of the jail and the workhouse, of the "yards" she cried in the streets of Providence, and the many tarry-thumbed sailors' hands her own hands had had to clasp.

She vowed that for all her bad start she would distance Miss Vansinderen before the goal was reached. As a matter of fact soon to be disclosed, little innocent Marietje had been clandestinely married to another young man. She lived with him only a year, and then her father had to get the Legislature to grant her a divorce. It was said that her husband was bribed to furnish evidence, and that peculiar pressure was brought to bear upon the State legislators. This was something for a sixteen-year-old girl to have achieved, but Marietje was to go still farther. She married an Englishman, and he divorced her by act of Parliament. Then she married a French marquis who was a gambler and broke her heart and purse. But she was tired of divorces then, and lived out her long life in sweet docility.

And that was what the future held for this demure, carefully bred Miss Vansinderen. Our fates deceive us so, it is no wonder that we lie to one another!

On the way back to the hotel Captain

Delacroix paid Betty a bungled compliment:

"You played your part so well you ought to be at the John Street Theater in place of Mrs. Hallam."

Betty said nothing, but she vowed to play him off the stage.

"I might say," he said, "that we'll be sailing back to France in a few days, if all goes well."

"Yes?"

Chapter Nineteen

BETTY did not care to sail back to France. New York had taken hold of her heart, and Captain Delacroix had lost his hold on it since he shifted his grip to her throat. But she was afraid of his hands if she refused to go, yet afraid to flee from him, since she had no means of support in the style she had come to accept as her birthright. What excuse could she give to make him leave her in New York and yet leave with her funds enough for her maintenance?

The yellow fever had been terrifying the city, not so badly as before, not so devastatingly as it would a few years later. Yet there was alarm in the air. People were seen "with foreheads as yellow as gold-dust from North Carolina." Then they were no longer seen.

It occurred to her that she might have a light attack and be miraculously saved by the "thieves' vinegar" that was to be had at all the pharmacies. So she pretended a lassitude. She mentioned a dread. To her amazement, Delacroix was genuinely frightened, not for himself but for her. An unsuspected love of her companionship revealed itself in his alarm. He threatened to give up his voyage—which was not Betty's desire at all. He called in no less a person than Doctor Anthon, an authority on yellow fever who was completely perplexed by the symptoms Betty alleged.

Nobody knew what caused the plague, but Dr. Anthon served as Betty's unwitting ally, for he calmed the fears of Delacroix. Betty had to get better but not well, just enough better to encourage Delacroix to sail, but not quite well enough to sail with him.

When he left at last, Betty rose, dressed herself in her best and made ready for a sally to a tea-garden. She glanced down from the window and saw the Captain crossing Broadway to the hotel door. She had barely time to pop into bed before he was in the room again.

He had been unable to sail without one more farewell. She gave him the palest of kisses and the smile of an invalid who hovers undecided between earth and heaven. She promised to get well and to be true to him, and he floundered out again. She kept half of her promise.

This time she watched from her high window till she saw his ship sail down the bay. Then she went forth to shatter the other half of her promise.

His voyage was long, but she made no complaint except in her letters. She had a definite sum of money to keep her for an indefinite time. She learned to be a miser in necessities in order that she might be a spendthrift of splendors. She guarded herself so well that she was accepted into more and more homes, and



Can Your Smile Stand a "Close Up"?

—It all depends on your teeth

and on the dentifrice you use.

1. **Wash your teeth — don't scour them . . .** Beauty in teeth is in their enamel, that thin protective covering. Avoid grit in a dentifrice, for grit scratches and scours the precious enamel of your teeth. Colgate's is a safe dentifrice to use.

2. **Wash teeth after every meal . . .** It is as important to remove food particles from teeth as it is to wash dishes and silver. In Colgate's a prepared chalk loosens clinging particles; a pure, mild soap gently washes them away.

3. **Use your dentifrice as a cleanser—not a "cure-all" . . .** A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects and cures unhealthy mouth conditions. Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly. No curative claims are made.

4. **Massage your gums . . .** Many Dentists advise rubbing the gums with the tip of the finger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, to help keep gums clean and firm.

5. **See your Dentist regularly . . .** twice a year, at least. His skilled examination will reveal any conditions that are not as they should be, and he will advise corrective measures if needed.



* One Dentist recently wrote: "There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function as a soap and water do for the hands." (Name on request.)

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture



Stacombe
Prevents
"Flying Hair" Even
After Washing

Wash your hair as often as you like now, and don't worry about its untidy appearance.

Both men and women know the value of STACOMB. After a shampoo you can comb your hair just as you like it and it will stay neatly combed all day. Adds luster and leaves the hair soft. Women find that STACOMB keeps the curl in, and is an excellent aid to permanent waving.

At all drug counters.

Tubes—35c
Jars—75c

Send coupon for Free Trial Tube.

STANDARD LABORATORIES, Inc.
750 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles, California. Dept. 3.P.
Please send me free trial tube.

Name _____
Address _____

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
64 Colborne Building Toronto, Can.

High School Course in Two Years

Lack of High School training bars you from a successful business career. This simplified and complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions.

No matter what your business inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialised training. Let us give you the practical training you need. Check and mail Coupon for Free Bulletin.

30 Other Courses

American School
Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Dept. H-981, Chicago, Ill. © A.S. 1923

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

Architect
Building Contractor
Automobile Engineer
Automobile Repairman
Civil Engineer
Structural Engineer
Business Manager
Cert. Public Accountant
Actuary and Auditor
Bookkeeper
Draftsman and Designer
Electrical Engineer
Electric Light and Power
General Education
Vocational Guidance
Business Law

Lawyer
Medicine, Chir. Practitioners
Photostat Writers
Mechanical Engineer
Shop Superintendent
Employment Manager
Steam Engineer
Foreman
Electrical Engineer
Surveyor (and Mapping)
Telephone Engineer
Telegraph Engineer
High School Graduate
Fire Insurance Expert
Wireless Radio
Undecided

Name _____
Address _____

yet ran with the most reckless. There were many women of her sort, aristocrats by birth and reared with every care, yet constantly involved in scandal, feeders of gossip, inspirers of sermons in which New York was called another Gomorrah. These women were such rivals of the European coteries that the most reckless gallants from France remembered Paris as a trifle conservative.

Delacroix wrote as if he found Paris a graveyard. He told of the sudden rise of a young fellow named Bonaparte, who had whiffed a mob to pieces with admirable calm. But mainly he talked of Betty. His real wife was out of jail again, to his great regret. He said nothing of his return, and the canny Betty suspected that he was preparing to surprise her. She watched the bay day and night, and wished that there were some means of warning people in advance of the approach of ships.

For all her vigilance, he did surprise her; but she had been with the Vansiderens and could prove it—and did prove it as indignantly as if she had never been with less sedate society. To buy back peace with her he gave her jewels, and she loved them so well that she almost loved him on their account.

THEIR life ran on as before, and again he sailed, again without her. She had always some excuse. And this went on for many voyages. They moved from the City Hotel to a house.

His absences were many and prolonged. Storms delayed him; commerce was uncertain. Once he was shipwrecked and picked up by a captain bound for China and unwilling to change his course. He was gone for a year, and Betty was pricing mourning materials. She thought it an ideal solution of her riddles to play the widow for a while. He disappointed her by turning up, but atoned by bringing her wonderful silks from China.

In time he secured another ship, but went out on her not as owner, but as a roving agent for the firm of Sweeting and Kilton, in search of seals. He gave Betty his letter of instructions to read. As she skimmed its romantic pages, she was calculating her probable sea-widowhood.

He studied Betty as she read, and it hurt him to leave her for an era so long at best. She was very beautiful, and he would miss her beyond telling. This voyage would not be like the long ferry-trip between such pleasure-haunts as New York and Paris. This would be an everlasting cruise across two oceans among dismal islands with only stupid, crabbed sailors for companions.

If Betty could be with him, how she would glorify the ship! But the owners would not consent to that. They saved Betty the trouble of making up an excuse. It was safe for her to wail and regret, and even to threaten to stow herself away.

He sailed in a dreary mood and took out of his sailors' hides the grudge he owed the world. Later he was harried with jealous imaginings of how Betty passed the time. He grew almost maniac with the scenes his lonely frenzies invented. He suffered incessant nightmares with his eyes open. The dreams were

A good old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster
Grandma used to pin around
your neck when you had a
cold or a sore throat?

It did the work, but my how it
burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds in a
hurry, but it does its work more
gently—without the blister. Rubbed
over the throat or chest, it penetrates
the skin with a tingling warmth that
brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is
a clean, white ointment good for all
the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musterole
on your bathroom shelf and bring it
out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup,
neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made
in milder form for babies and small chil-
dren. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

**10¢
ADAY
and Up**

Bargain Prices

Celebrated Symphonies Phonographs.
Genuine Mahogany, Walnut, or Oak.
Portable and cabinet models. 10c. a
day and up plays. Plays any record.
Write TODAY for Big Price Book.

Larklin Co. Inc. Dept. S-1242
BUFFALO, N.Y. Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation,
etc., Required by the Act of Congress August 24, 1912,
of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly
Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1923.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and
county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter,
who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes
and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red
Book Magazine and that the following is to the best
of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the
ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the
circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date
shown in the above caption, required by the Act of
August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws
and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form,
to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher,
editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The Consolidated Magazines Corporation,
1912, North American Bldg., Chicago,
Editor, Karl Edwin Harriman,
North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Charles M. Richter,
North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners, if a corporation, give its name
(or names) and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or
holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of
stock.) Louis Eckstein, North American Bldg., Chicago,
Ill. Estate of Louis M. Stumer, North American
Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Benjamin J. Rosenthal, North American
Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Stephen Hexter,
North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Charles R. Stumer,
North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Charles M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Ralph K. Strassman, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and
other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent
or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other
securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the
names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders,
if any, contain not only the list of the stockholders and
security holders as they appear upon the books of the
company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or
security holder appears upon the books of the company
as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name
of the person or corporation for whom such trustee
is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs,
concerning stockholders and security holders, are
made subject to and controlled by the statement made
by the stockholders and security holders that they do
not appear upon the books of the company as trustees,
and by the statement made by the stockholders and
security holders that they do not hold their stock
and security as in any fiduciary relation.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue
of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails
or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months
preceding the date shown above is:.....
(This information is required from daily publications
only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of
September, 1923. [Seal] LOUIS H. KERBER, JR.

different from the facts, but the facts would have given him hardly less torment if he could have known them.

While Betty waited for the incalculable date of Delacroix's return, she passed her time as best she could in New York. She was admitted to the best homes in "Quality Row." She was invited to a noble country seat when the yellow fever of 1798 drove half the town out of town. When she came back, her gayeties increased. In the winter there were sleigh-rides, the theater, dances, dinners. In the summer she went to the deep groves of Hoboken, or rode in a chair to the waterside and hired a canoe, or went in the ferry to the wilds of Brooklyn village.

There were golden afternoons spent on the banks of the East River, when a score or two of gentlemen and ladies would take tea together, then go out in canoes to fish, land again and dine "picnic" on turtles, then drive home by moon in Italian chaises, a couple to a chaise. There were sailing parties on the Sabbath, and nearly every Monday's paper told of some fatal ending to a pleasure voyage.

She traveled once to Philadelphia and once went on as far as the new Federal City which was to be named Washington and made the capital as soon as a few more houses were built on its freshly cut streets.

In Philadelphia she met the limping Talleyrand, and the Comte de Noailles and Mrs. Bingham and many another person of high lineage. But everywhere she found wickedness at work.

One great lady was proud of a gown so flimsy that she could have stuffed it all in her pocket. Another striking costume was called "the fig-leaf."

In Philadelphia, still the capital, the audacity was greater. And yet they draped the Venus of the Medici in green!

SOMETIMES Betty, sitting at a table where people were, as the saying was, "used to company" and of elegant manners, would imagine herself once more in Providence listening to the sailors and Mother Ballou's girls.

But she found nothing more difficult than to be reckless with security. Almost anybody could be elegantly correct; but to be riotous and not betray one's origin—there was the rub! To be disguised with liquor and yet disguise the past, that was difficult. So Betty kept sober for safety's sake.

She aped the quality, and wore mourning for Washington when the great man silenced his traducers by the awful gesture of death. But she aped the quality, or the livelier portion of it, in her dissipations as well. There were numbers of gentlemen who flirted with her all the more desperately from their belief that she was truly Madame Delacroix.

She was amazed now and then when something brought to her attention the day of the month and the year. She would pause like a frightened doe to realize how long it had been since she had seen Captain Delacroix or heard from him. She had no means of guessing at the conclusion of his uncharted wanderings. She expected him to come back poor and sea-beaten and forlorn.



Select Your Gifts from This DELUXE DIAMOND BOOK

A postal brings you THE SWEET Gift Book containing appropriate Xmas Gifts in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Toiletware. Easy terms on everything. Send for your copy TODAY to Dept. 53-T

FREE Upon Request



\$100 Brings Your Choice 10 Months to Pay



X.A.30—Blue white diamond, brilliant set in Sweet's Engagement Ring. \$75



X.A.31—Blue white diamond, engraved 18K white gold ring. \$87.50



X.A.32—Perfectly cut diamond, engraved 18K white gold ring. \$87.50



X.A.33—Diamond cluster, platinum set in engraved white gold ring. \$85



X.A.34—Superior quality diamond set in fancy 14K gold laville. \$28.50



X.A.35—Perfectly cut diamond in fancy platinum ring. \$65



X.A.36—Perfectly cut diamond, 2 sapphires. Engraved white gold ring. \$87.50



X.A.37—Perfectly cut diamond hexagon set in platinum ring. \$115



X.A.38—Men's tooth ring with perfectly cut, sparkling diamond. \$87.50



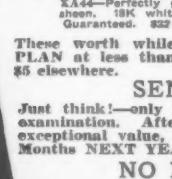
X.A.39—Perfectly cut diamond cluster, platinum set. 14K gold shank. \$82.50



X.A.40—Diamond set in fancy white gold ring for men. \$75



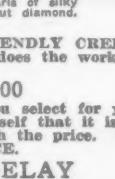
X.A.41—7 diamond cluster, platinum set. 14K gold shank. \$82.50



X.A.42—7 diamond cluster, platinum set. 14K gold shank. \$82.50



X.A.43—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.44—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.45—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.46—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.47—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.48—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.49—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22



X.A.50—Perfectly graduated, silk-strung SWEET pearls of silky shank. 18K white gold clasp, set with perfectly cut diamond. \$22

These worth while Xmas Gifts on our FRIENDLY CREDIT PLAN at less than cash prices. \$1.00 here does the work of \$5 elsewhere.

SENT FOR ONLY \$1.00

Just think!—Only \$1.00 brings any article you select for your examination. After you have convinced yourself that it is an exceptional value, keep it and pay only 1/5th the price. Ten Months NEXT YEAR TO PAY THE BALANCE.

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Special Xmas Service insures prompt shipment of all orders. All transactions strictly confidential.

EVERY DIAMOND GUARANTEED

ALL SWEET Diamonds are perfect cut, blue white, superior quality gems. You are protected on your diamond purchase with a GUARANTEE VALUE BOND. 7 1/2% YEARLY INCREASE for exchange purposes

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"
CAPITAL \$1,000,000.
L.W. SWEET INC.
DEPT 53-T 1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Eyes that Tantalize

No wonder women envy them—those clear, sparkling EYES that lure and tantalize. For men have ever paid homage to such EYES. They are the EYES of which the poet wrote, "Man's destiny lies in a woman's EYES."

If you would have magnetic EYES, use Murine night and morning. This refreshing lotion adds new beauty to the EYES—makes them brighter and more compelling.

Murine clears the whites of the EYES, intensifies their natural color, and imparts a most alluring sparkle. It's good for the EYES—contains no belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

The Murine Company
Dept. 29, Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Pecans—

from
Pecanway



Fresh
Direct by
Mail to You

Rich and wonderfully delicious Pecanway Nuts, direct from the old plantation! Big, wholesome, sweet and meaty nuts.

Years of intensive cultivation have produced a solid meat of finest texture. Free from all bitterness. Thin shells that can be cracked by hand!

Order a package today for yourself or friend. Money returned if not delighted with your purchase.

3 lb. Package . . . \$3.50
5 lb. Package . . . 5.50

Eastern shipments
prepaid
West of Mississippi,
add 50c postage.

Gift Package
All Pecanway Nuts
are packed in attractive
gift boxes. 3 lb.
and 5 lb. sizes only.

M. O. Dantzler
K Pecanway Place
ORANGEBURG, S. C.



Then she would forget him again, and plunge into life, pausing now and then to ponder out the probable date of her freedom's end.

SHE missed her guess by six months. Delacroix returned richer than he had dreamed, for he had sold his sealskins well for his principals, and had dealt splendidly in otter-skins and brought back a cargo of nankins purchased at a low price and sure to command a high.

No one warned Betty that the Captain was as near as the Atlantic Ocean. It was after dark when he reached the house at last.

Betty was surprised.

The neighbors shared her surprise. So did Mr. Harmanus Evertsen. He was not at all prepared to do battle with a ship captain who had been beating tough sailors senseless nearly every day for two years.

Mr. Evertsen was glad enough to be flung out of a window and permitted to dart through an increasing crowd. The men blushed and the women giggled, and he got safely away before the watch came up.

Captain Delacroix threw into the street such property of Mr. Evertsen's as he had left behind. But when he threw Betty into the street, he flung nothing after her except curses and threats.

It was a coldish night, and Betty was suddenly as lost and friendless as on the day of her first visit to New York.

Suddenly she bethought her of Elie Laloi, whom she had neglected utterly for more brilliant companions. She had never even found the time to visit his bookshop. She only remembered the address he had given in Pearl Street. She floated along past darkened shop-windows like an exiled ghost shuddering and afraid.

A dim light fell from his window into the street, and peering through, she saw the dear man devouring his own stock in trade, though it is the virtue of books that they can feed a multitude as miraculously as the loaves and fishes, and multiply with being consumed.

She tapped shyly on the door, and he dropped the book in alarm. And no wonder, for he was reading with difficulty the latest English novel called "More Ghosts." He called through the panel: "Qui est là?"

And Betty answered: "C'est moi!"

He flung the door wide as his arms and gathered her in, murmuring: "Betty!"

He led her to the fireplace and threw on fresh wood. He asked no questions. He knew that his good friend Delacroix was violent, and that his dear friend Betty was frivolous; and he blamed neither of them for qualities they had not selected. He was not God and was glad of it, for it saved him from judging. His revered grandsire and his adored sister had been shamefully done to death by due process of law, and he felt them martyrs. He carried in his breast no tribunal of the terror to condemn other people.

It was enough for him that Betty was chilled and lost and in need of tenderness. He counted it a privilege to squander the one wealth he had.

He spoke of the weather. "It makes cold tonight, not?" How well she looked, but a little tired. She should take some sleep. His bed was idle. He must work all night, unpacking those grand chests of books just come from England and from France.

Tomorrow the ladies of New York would flock in to see them. He would be very rich soon. He read Betty the titles of the most popular. His pronunciations made her laugh. Hardly anything else could have relaxed the bitter pallor of her mouth. There was "Female Frailty, or the History of Miss Wroughton." There were "The Cavern of Woe" and "The Posthumous Daughter," "The Devil in Love" and Mrs. Radcliffe's "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," and "Rinaldo Rinaldini."

Little girls of thirteen would read some of these aloud to their grandmothers, and bring blushes to the old cheeks if not to the more daring young.

Laloi forced three or four of these books on Betty, that she might read herself to sleep. He led her to the little loft where his bed was, and lighted candles for her and stacked up books for a sleeping-draft. He kissed her brotherly and bade her a good night, then slipped downstairs to sleep smiling in his chair before the dying fire. He was rich at last, since his roof sheltered beauty in pain!

Chapter Twenty

LUCKILY for Betty, she had been wearing all her rings when she was ousted from the domicile and the name of Madame Delacroix. She need not starve therefore for a while. She could not have lived with Laloi even if she had been as willing to play the cuckoo and crowd him out of his nest as he was willing to surrender it.

She went back to the King's Little Tavern, which had a new landlord now. When he asked her her name, she mumbled: "Betty Bowen."

"Betty? That would be Eliza. Eliza Bowen, then?"

She nodded. One name was as good as another, now. She went out to pledge one of her rings and buy herself some necessary raiment. The very shop-doors seemed to know that she was in disgrace, and worse than that, out of sorts with wealth.

The shopkeepers treated her as if it were a harsh necessity and a generous Samaritanism to sell her anything at all. On the streets she found evidence that the story of her eviction had already spread everywhere.

The gentlemen who lifted their hats to her did not lift them very high. The ladies did not see her at all. Women who had thrown their arms about her at the turtle-feasts and called her "dearest" did not seem to know that she passed by.

She could have told things about some of them that would have brought them down the steps of their homes as gracelessly as she had descended hers. But she was not eager to drag others down to her level. She wanted to get back to theirs. And she vowed that she would, come what might.

One day she met Laloi hurrying along

Broadway. Seeing how dismal her humor was, and being unwilling to leave her and unable to saunter with her, he begged her to come along.

"I show you people more unhappy as you. That makes sometimes people happy to see somebody what is not so happy, yes?"

Having nothing else to do, she went with him, not learning that he was visiting the Debtors' Prison till they had crossed the Park to the little square building of stone with its centered belfry, whence the first fire-alarm usually resounded.

On the roof, three stories up, prisoners were strolling to and fro for the air and the exercise. Others were just finishing the meal of half a pound of meat, the pint of soup, the two potatoes and the dumpling of Indian cornmeal that the Humane Society had been furnishing for a dozen years to wretches otherwise doomed to famine.

Bedding they still had none, and in winter only such fuel as they could wheedle by petitions in prose and verse, petitions for "Firing, Meat and Pence." Else they might have perished.

At times one citizen in twenty was in the Debtors' Prison, often for sums under twenty shillings. It was a ghastly irony to shackle a man so that he could never earn his own acquittance; but it was no more foolish or heartless than many another public habit.

As Betty crossed "the Fields," as the Park had formerly been called, Laloi explained that he came to secure the freedom of a man who had been good to him in San Domingo when his life was in danger.

Stephen Jumel had gone from France to the island as a young man and had grown wealthy speedily. Then the slaves had risen and overwhelmed the troops and the white citizens. Glad to be alive at all, Jumel had left his warehouses to the marauding blacks and hidden in the canebrakes. He had found Laloi exhausted there, and dying of hunger. He had fetched him water from a stream at great peril, and had shared with him the food that a devoted slave brought him secretly every night.

Jumel had refused to escape in the boat with Laloi and had lingered in the hope of regaining his property. Failing that, he had sailed to Saint Helena and thence to New York, where he had borrowed money to set him up in business. His first venture crashed, and he was put behind the bars by a hard-hearted creditor. And there he had languished until Laloi had heard of him only this day, and was hastening to the rescue with all the free cash he possessed to ransom his friend.

BETTY had been in jail, though she did not tell Laloi. Her memory of the noisome dens made her gorge rise and her heart stammer in its course. The Debtors' Prison was like all the others, a foul and fetid human sewer where cleanliness was not possible, where only the vermin fattened, and where every vice spread by contagion.

The jailer's prosperity lay in the fees he might exact, and his courtesy was for sale. While Laloi did not look like a

"THE ROLL OF HONOR"



U. S. Rolls provide the most player piano enjoyment. They're longer—more attractive—popularly priced. Hear the latest U. S. "hits" at your music dealer's.

UNITED STATES MUSIC COMPANY
2934-38 W. Lake St., Chicago
122 Fifth Ave., New York



Buy a Player — Enjoy the Latest Music!



All the other gifts are forgotten when they see how easy it is to coax those joyful Yuletide tunes out of the melodious Hohner!

HOLIDAY HARMONY

"There is no music you enjoy like the music you make yourself." That's as true of your friends as it is of you. Give them Hohners for Christmas—no other gift at the price will give half the pleasure. The Hohner is a whole orchestra in itself—it makes real music—sweet, tuneful, delightful music. Anybody can learn to play it in an hour. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York." Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere; 50c. up.

"Own Your Own Hohner"

HOHNER
HARMONICAS



New

CONN
Saxophone
Book **FREE**

There's profit and pleasure for you playing a Conn saxophone, recognized by such artists as Isham Jones, Paul Biene and many others as the finest in the world.

This handsome book explains exclusive features which make Conn bands and ensembles play Simplified key system enables you to play scales in one hour, popular tunes in a short time.

Send coupon for your copy and details of **FREE TRIAL, EASY PAYMENTS**. Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in the band. Mention instrument that interests you.

CONN
WISCONSIN
MANUFACTURERS
OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

C. G. Conn, Ltd., 1225 Conn Bldg.
Elkhart, Ind. Please send **FREE BOOK**
and details of Free Trial Plan.
Name _____
St. _____
City, County _____
State _____
Instrument _____





What Are You Doing About Your Superfluous Hair?

NOW-A-DAYS no attractive girl will allow a single unwanted hair to blemish her otherwise lovely appearance. Every dainty and refined woman the world over is removing her superfluous hair because it seriously detracts from her charm.

To have real charm one must have beauty and poise, and this is impossible with an ugly growth of embarrassing and unwanted superfluous hair.

However, most efforts to rid millady of superfluous hair result in stronger growth, because the source of nourishment for the hair has not been affected, leaving the follicle growing in a more rapid and abundant manner. All hair is dependent for life upon the secretions of the hair Destroyer has proven perfectly efficacious in cases of superfluous hair growth, not only by removing the hair, but by its power to penetrate and draw this nourishment to the hair (*wherever applied*). The natural and inevitable result is starvation and death to the hair.

A Safe Treatment

"KILRUTE" Combination Treatment consists of a Powder which acts as an instant hair restorer and a lotion which penetrates those parts which supply nourishment to the hair. It can be applied to the tenderest skin and is absolutely harmless.

Beautifier As Well

The elimination of all hair is not the only advantage of Kilrute for it not only brings the luxury of a hair destroyer at a low cost, but also brings skin lotion at the same cost. Kilrute Lotion is a wonderful skin beautifier as well as hair destroyer. "KILRUTE" thus assures the dainty and womanly way to unlimed charm.

Our Guarantee If after trying the Kilrute Combination Treatment you find it is not as represented, return the unused portion to the dealer who sold it to you and the price will be immediately refunded. You risk nothing.

Men and Women With Superfluous Hair Soon a Rarity

Discouraging men and women of refinement are turning to this successful treatment for the elimination of unsightly hair growth and because so many thousands are adopting the Kilrute method for destroying superfluous hair it is said a man or a woman with superfluous hair will soon be a rarity. Have you used it? If not, get a package of Kilrute today and end the annoyance of unsightly hair—don't delay another moment.

Write for our free book containing information on Kilrute and the Three Beauty Secrets, or call at our New York office for FREE DEMONSTRATION.

(For sale at better drug stores or direct on order).

KILRUTE COMPANY, Dept. 1412
247 West 72nd Street, New York City



WOMAN'S FIELD FOR INDEPENDENCE. Big demand for good candy. Quickly learned. Big business at home or in shop. Many graduates in business. Complete courses, resident or correspondence. Write Elinor G. Hanna, Principal, for booklet A-12. THE CANDY INSTITUTE, 60 W. 50th St., New York



New Way to Make Money at Home

Do you need money? National organization, Fireside Industries, has a few openings for new members. Wonderful, easy way to earn \$5, \$10 or more every day right in your own house. Fascinating, pleasant work. No experience needed. We teach you everything.

FREE Book Tells How

Beautiful FREE Book explains how to become a member of Fireside Industries, how you earn money in spare time at home. Decorating Art Novelties, how you get complete outfit FREE. Write today, enclosing 2c stamp.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Department 3312, Adrian, Michigan

merchant prince, he evidently had money aboard, and the jailer escorted Laloi and Betty to the chapel on the second floor where prayers were read every Thursday.

Thither he brought Jumel from his rat-hole. He made a spectacle of such misery that Betty almost dreaded to take his hand when Laloi presented him.

Jumel had entered the prison a gentleman of excellent condition except for the vacancy in his pockets. The prisoners had immediately performed the traditional rite of "garnishing;" they had attacked him, tossed him in a blanket, then stripped him stark naked and offered to sell him back such of his own clothes as he could buy with drink-money. Since he could buy none of his garments, they were sold for what they would bring, and his decency thus transmuted vanished down the gullets of his thirsty ward-mates. A drunken carousal ensued that reminded him of the orgies of the Domingan savages. It was such scenes as these that led many to advocate solitary confinement as the only cure.

Jumel had since collected just rags enough to make it possible for him to leave his cell under the jailer's care. And then he had waited helplessly for death or disintegration to end his predicament, for he could not get out till his debt was paid, and he had no way of paying his debt.

When he met Laloi and learned what errand had brought him, he wept with French enthusiasm. When he told the amount he owed, Laloi's pride slumped—for the sum was beyond his reach.

JUMEL was about to return to his grave when the jailer intervened. He told Laloi that for two shillings and a proper security, the prisoner would be allowed to enjoy the "limits," that is to say, he could dwell anywhere within "a hundred and sixty acres of the jail."

Once more Laloi was a prince. When it came to two shillings he could do the munificent thing. And Jumel, a genius of a merchant, laughed at the world once more. Give him liberty, and he would soon be rich, though he were freed in a desert.

The lesson of the Debtors' Prison made so little correction in his principles that he borrowed from Laloi all he had and invested in clothes first. The shop was close at hand, and the clothes were ready to be donned, for a spendthrift had just been brought into the ward and was even now going up and down in the blanket while the prisoners howled a chanty.

Jumel, returning to the ward, watched the unfortunate stripped and then bought his wardrobe entire. He made the man a present of his own rags and left the prison in a better suit and hat and boots than his creditor Laloi had ever possessed.

After a deep breath of the air of freedom, he abandoned Betty and his radiant savior flat, and hurried to a barber's, where he spent more precious money to have his hair cut and his jowls shaved.

He came that night for supper and was vobule with the business he had already set afoot. He called for Betty at her dreary tavern and took her to the theater and strolled home with her.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1882

DIAMONDS WATCHES

Genuine Diamonds Guaranteed

CASH OR CREDIT



TERMS:
\$100 Down
\$2.50 a Week

The Loftis Carved "Perfection" Ring
in 14-k Solid Green Gold. Diamond set
in the center. Price \$100.00. Special
order. Special at \$75. Term: \$7.50 with
order or on delivery, then \$2.00 a Week.
Also at \$100.00. Wedding Rings to match.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS
SEND FOR CATALOG

Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bracelets, etc. All of which will be by which you will always be remembered. There is something for every woman. Select as many articles as you wish and have all charged to your account. Send for our Free Examination Catalog, explaining everything.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
or Money Refunded

LOFTIS THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. G-241
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

17 JEWEL
ELGIN

No. 15—Green
Gold, engraved
and assorted
jewelry guaranteed
by 1912
12 Size, Dial \$32
gold \$36
silver \$25
down \$1.00
a week.

Beauty Culture Course

Easy to Earn \$40 to \$75 a Week

Secrets of beauty parlor revealed. Thirty easy lessons can make you expert in all branches, massage, packs, dieting, marcel, skin work, manicure, waves, bleach etc. in eight weeks. Study in spare time. Earn as you learn. Award diplomas. Money back guarantee. \$6,000.00 cash. Get Free Booklet ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE Dept. C-13 1000 Diversey Blvd. Chicago

20¢ A DAY PAYS for a Piano

Before you buy a Player-Piano or Piano, get our beautifully illustrated FREE Book showing popular models of famous sweet-toned Symphonies. Easy payments. Save \$100 or more. 25¢ Yearly Guarantee. WRITE TODAY.

Larkin Co. Inc. Dept. P-1242
BUFFALO, N.Y. Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill.

Cuticura Soap — The Safety Razor — Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

For Lovely Skin

This magic skin lotion is from the famous formula used by the ladies of Queen Antoinette's court. Keeps hands soft, smooth and firm in spite of outdoor work. Use it for face, hands, feet, and other uses. 60c and \$1. Generous sample bottle for six two-cent stamps.

Jean Vallee & Co., La Porte, Ind.

Use Tanforan

DUBY'S TINTO Hair Shader

Restores gray hair to its natural color

Duby's is the ORIGINAL hair shader. Established 1884. It is a safe, clean, healthy, harmless stain, which acts at once. No stickiness—no odor of any kind. Leaves the hair soft and with its natural color and gloss restored. Three shades, Black, Brown, and Henna. Send for a bottle today. \$1 postpaid. Address Dept. D-4

OZARK HERB CO.
577-14th St., Oakland, Calif.

He had dazzled her by the vivacity of his recovery from despair, and fascinated her by his immediate dash for cleanliness and elegance and generosity. For as soon as a tailor could build him clothes of his own, he restored to the heir of his rags in the Debtors' Prison the suit he had worn away. He was already rushing skyward like a rocket, and its sparks fell on Betty's cold heart and kindled it.

FORTUNE is an odious snob and is always licking the boots of the successful. Jumel had already put himself in a fair way to prosperity and the payment of his debts, when what should happen but a miracle? Or rather, a thing that should have been accepted as a stupid blunder received a false glamour by its deferred timeliness.

In his last golden hours in San Domingo, Jumel had shipped a cargo of coffee to New York—just before the slaves seized the island. He never heard of his cargo again and assumed that it was lost. He never thought to ask of it when he landed in New York as a bit of jetsam. In the great city of more than sixty thousand souls, he was unobserved. Then one day by accident he met the consignees and learned that they had sold his coffee and held in trust for him a sum that was almost incredible. It paid his debts, paid off Laloi, and enabled him to set himself up as a merchant with a warehouse all his own.

He celebrated his regained paradise by a dinner at the Tontine Coffee House, where the other merchants studied him gravely. Betty and Laloi were his guests, and good wines so warmed them that when they left the restaurant at half-past one, the sunshine itself was more wine, and the streets and buildings rippled pleasantly with a stimulating oscillation that made every step a matter for lively consideration.

Laloi bade them a hasty adieu and hurried away to unlock his shop. Jumel stood wondering how he could gallantly be rid of Betty and get back to the ledgers which were his books of poetry.

As they loitered, a chariot passed carrying Mrs. Vansideren. She looked at Betty as if she were transparent, and only smiled because the wheels dipping in a puddle flung on Betty a paifull of muddy water which expressed Mrs. Vansideren's opinion of her exactly.

Jumel was grieved. He saw that Betty was crucified with shame. He said:

"Mamselle should have a carriage and make mud upon that leddy."

"If I only had!" Betty moaned.

"Wat you geee to somebody who buys you carriage and horses?"

"I'd give my soul."

"I take! Your soul is good price for the most fine carriage in New York. You go see Meester Abraham Queeck. He is best carriage-beelder in thees city. You tell Meester Queeck how I tell him beeld you most beautiful carriage in thees co'nty. And he look out for two nice horses to pool those carriage. And then you breeng your soul to me, yes?"

"Yes!"

And then what befell the gorgeous Betty? The next installment in the January number of *The Red Book Magazine* will tell you.



As old as the East itself is the Lure of Incense. Through its winding wreaths comes the dreamy tinkling of temple bells; the Mystery, the Romance and Enchantment of brilliant days and starlit nights; and a fragrance enticing.

Burn incense in your home tonight—but

—be sure that it is Vantine's Temple Incense, the true Oriental incense that Vantine brings to you. Let the scent of your favorite fragrance surround you tonight and add its intangible charm to the creating of your personality.

And Vantine's offers you the little figure of "Happy Joss," the Oriental God of Laughter and Contentment. He is both irresistible and useful as well, for he himself is the incense burner. Ask to see him.

Vantine's Temple Incense

Burn Incense
to
"HAPPY JOSS"

Six Fragrances:
Rose Pine
Violet Lotus
Wistaria Sandalwood



Vantine's Temple Incense is sold at druggists, gift shops and perfume departments of leading stores. It comes in powder and cone in 25c, 50c, and 75c. packages.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 Fifth Ave., New York

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

HELP WANTED

MAKE \$120 WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME. Sell what the public wants—long distance radio receiving sets. Two sales weekly pays \$120 profit. No big investment, no canvassing. Shares in profits made in one month. References wanted at once. This plan is sweeping the country—write today giving name of your Ozarka, 223 Washington Blvd., Chicago.

EARN \$20 weekly spare time, at home, addressing musical music circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1958 Broadway, Dept. J-6, N. Y.

EARN MONEY AT HOME writing showcards. We instruct and provide work. Kwik Showcards, Dept. B, Bond, Toronto, Canada.

AGENTS WANTED—To advertise our goods and distribute free samples to consumers; 90c an hour; write for full particulars. American Products Co., 9852 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Plays, musical comedies and revues, minstrel music, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, stage handbooks, make-up goods. Big catalog free. T. N. Denison & Co., 622 So. Wabash, Dept. 31, Chicago.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS, ETC.

PATENTS PROCURED. Send sketch or model today for examination, prompt report and advice. No charge for preliminary advice. Write for free Booklet and blank form on which to disclose your idea. Highest references. Promptness assured. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, 339 Security Bank Building. Directly across the street from Patent office, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—TRADEMARKS—COPYRIGHTS. Write for free Guide Book. List of Patent Buyers and Recorders. Illustrations before described in International Patent Office. Send model or sketch of your invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 696 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors who desire to secure patent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give opinion of patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 38, Wash., D. C.

PATENTS. Send drawing or model for examination and report as to patentability. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

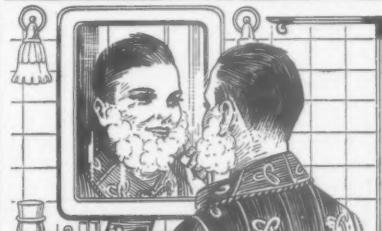
PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, POEMS, ETC.

WANTED—Men and Women ambitious to make BIG money in spare time writing Stories and Photoplays. Send for wonderful FREE Book that tells how. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 124, Auburn, N. Y.

\$500.00 Prize Contest. If you write the best fourth verse for our song, "Empty Arms," you will receive \$500.00. Send your name and we shall send you free the contest rules and words of this song. World Corp., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 758A, New York.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

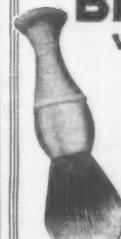
RELIEVE YOUR
TROUBLE ZONE
—the nose
and throat
WITH LUDEN'S



WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Vulcan Rubber Cemented
Shaving Brushes

True friends of shavers and razors. Easy shaves and smooth skins. Bristles, hair and handles never part company. Held with pure rubber vulcanized and hard as granite. Sterilized completely, sealed singly in packages. Infection cannot come from them.



Send for Illustrated Literature
John L. Whiting-L. J. Adams Co.
Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 14
Years and the Largest in the World

Are You the Boss -or Are You Riley?

THE BOSS gives the orders—Riley takes them and does what he is told. Both started the same, had equal ability to begin with. Riley works harder than the BOSS and gets less money. What is the answer?

Training did it. Your brain is an engine that needs fuel. Study and training supply the fuel that makes it go. And when you mix brains with your work you SIMPLY CANNOT HELP BUT GET AHEAD.

Be a Contractor or Builder

Fit yourself for a big job in the Contracting or Building business. Train for it right at home. The course is easy to learn, simple but thorough, is taught by experts who have made it their life study. We teach you Estimating, Blue Print Reading, Building Regulation, Use of Steel Square, Water Supply and Drainage, Heating and Ventilating, etc.

The cost is low, terms easy, results quick and sure. Our money-back guarantee insures satisfaction. Thousands are earning BIG MONEY in this business today. Get ready to get yours. Fill out the coupon now. Check the Course you are interested in. It costs you nothing but 2c stamp for full information. It will mean much for your future.

American School

Dept. G- 981 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., CHICAGO



"Riley—Take up These Bricks"

"All Right Boss"

AMERICAN SCHOOL,

Dept. G-981, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked.

- Architect
- Building Contractor or Carpenter
- Automobile Engineer
- Automobile Repairman
- Civil Engineer
- Advertising Manager
- Business Manager
- Financial Manager
- Salaries
- Cart. Pub. Accountant
- Accountant & Auditor
- Bookkeeper
- Draftsman & Designer
- Electrical Engineer
- General Education
- Personal Analysis
- Business Law
- Lawyer
- Machine Shop Practice
- Photoplay Writer
- Mechanical Engineer
- Shop Superintendent
- Employment Manager
- Steam Engineer
- Foremanship
- Sanitary Engineer
- Telephone Engineer
- Telegraph Engineer
- High School
- Fire Insurance Expert
- Wireless-Radio
- Undecided

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

SENSATIONAL SALE
GUARANTEED TYPEWRITERS
Limited time only—guaranteed
to be open for Five Days Free
Trial. Lowest prices ever offered. Easy
monthly payments. Send today for FREE
booklet containing valuable information
and Special Sale Bulletin.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CO.
351-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn \$15 to \$20 a week writing short
cards in your own home—No canvassing—A
pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly
learn by our new simple graphic block system.
Artistic ability not necessary—We teach you
how, and supply you with work—expenses no
object—Write for full information.

WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. T-M
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

LUCIA WANTS A CAR

(Continued from page 72)

"Well, this will be something to liven up the royal banquets with when he gets to be Ambassador to the Court of Saint James. Ice-cream for dessert, Polly?"

"Yes, a lot. Lucia, when will we know what you're going to do?"

"As soon as I've got it thought out. I haven't got a lead yet. Look—here come Wilbur and Mrs. Etta for lunch. They've been having a sweet, loving little twosome, all smiles and bliss—not!"

"Don't they look like poison ivy! But Mrs. Etta'd better be careful. She can't quarrel with Wilbur till the wedding's over."

Lucia eyed the unhappy pair speculatively. "Polly," she said at last, "not a word of all this. You talk to Connie this afternoon, and I'll see Fatty. We'll call ourselves the B. M. G. Club and swear an oath of secrecy and fraternity."

"Oh, Lucia, how perfectly lovely!"

IT was on this stirring note that they parted, and thereafter began a period of intensive activity among the younger set. According to Lucia's simple plan, the Burneys, when at the Club, were never out of observation by one or more of her cohorts. The boys sleuthed in the locker-room and the men's dressing-room; the girls on the veranda and in the dining-room. Both boys and girls took turns on the courts and the links. It was a terrible grievance that the boys, being Junior members, could not enter the grill, but this was circumvented by Fatty Grosvenor, who found that one of the downstairs telephone-booths was separated from this forbidden land by the thinnest of partitions. Being on exceptionally good terms with the Club steward, Fatty spent diverting though excessively perspiring hours in this booth, and even went so far as to cut a tiny hole through the wall so that his eager eyes might scan the scene.

Day after day they brought their grist to Lucia. She was a very busy girl these days. She overheard—with great pleasure—her father tell her mother that he was unable to understand why she hadn't made more fuss about not getting the new car.

"It's ominous, her silence," said Mr. Jones. "I don't like it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Jones. "Lucia's very sensible. She knows you meant what you said."

"Don't you fool yourself," said Mr. Jones. "Lucia's biding her time for some pretty piece of devilry which will probably cost me a new car and a fancy dingle-dangle besides. I hate to deny the child anything, but really, Bobby, these parties at the Burneys have put a crimp in my income."

Lucia, listening, was consumed with satisfaction and sorrow. It was a satisfaction to have her beliefs thus confirmed, and it was a sorrow to think that she was shortly to deprive her esteemed parents of their lurid pleasures.



GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Seal It Beads These Four Beautiful CORODITE diamonds, each genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They alone stand the diamond tests, and are the only diamonds that can be cut and polished to stand all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free and this ring. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side-by-side for a week. If you can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, you'll be the only person in the world to wear a Corodite.

Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1—Ladies' Heavy Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring

No. 2—Ladies' Heavy Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring

No. 3—Ladies' Heavy Solitaire Bridal Blossom Engraved

No. 4—Gents' Heavy Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring

No. 5—Gents' Heavy Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring

Carat size same. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choices of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-day money back guarantee. Send today.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just wanted and size as shown. Send name, address and number of ring.

Send finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount of ring with gold or silver and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
19 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 798, Chicago, Ill.
Soie Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

Buy Direct-Save $\frac{1}{2}$



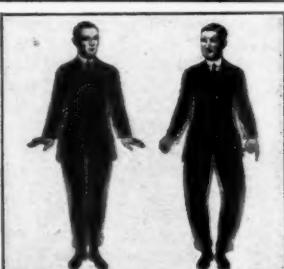
FORTUNATE cash purchase enables us to offer genuine ARTEX WATCHES at these astonishing low prices. Patterned after the daintiest and highest priced platinum models of the day. Their charm is equalled by their practical value as time keepers. Every watch has jewel crown, is regulated and fully guaranteed. Sent, postpaid, in handsome silk lined box. Money back if not more than satisfied.

No. 10—Tonneau shape, 6 Amethyst jewel movement. 25 yr. white gold case. Price, this sale, \$6.80.

No. 11—New diamond shape, 6 Amethyst jewel movement. 25 yr. white gold case. Price, this sale, \$8.75.

No. 12—Most popular rectangular model. 6 Amethyst jewel movement. 25 yr. white gold case. Price, this sale, \$10.85.

ARTEX CO. Dept. 46 1133 Broadway
New York City



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-legged and knock-kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain or effort or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straightener," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free complete illustrated physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
610-L, Ackerman Building Binghamton, N.Y.

"At their age they must be content with safer diversions," she told Pat and Dick, when she was relating this incident. "Sit-by-the-fire stuff and all that. What's the use of being a pampered only child, if Hendy and Miss Bobby are going to let themselves go? They must use restraint, control."

"That's what they're always telling us," grumbled Pat. "My dad pulled a fine line of oratory on me this morning. Said what was good enough for him as a boy ought to be good enough for me."

"Old stuff! I hope you handed him something."

"I said, 'No sir, I'm not so unenterprising as all that,' and he sort of chuckled and went along. They like us to cheek them."

"They love it," said Lucia. "But what's the news of the Burneys? Here comes old Fatty. Sit down, Fatty, and spill it."

FATTY sat and fanned himself with his hat. "That telephone-booth is hotter'n the seven hinges," said he. "But listen: Last evening I was in there—I'd been watching the usual hootch-party and the ensuing crap-fest. Then Honorable Bert begins to tease Wilbur to come on home with him for dinner and a little game. Wilbur demurs. He's got a date with Mrs. Etta. Says Honorable Bert: 'Give me her telephone-number. I'll tell the lies.' Wilbur falls. Honorable Bert takes the next booth to my little retreat and hands Mrs. Etta the grandest earful of slush, mush and gush you ever imagined. I'll say I'm learning diplomacy, all right—and qualifying for an international spy besides."

"What happened?" demanded Lucia.

"Mrs. Etta was cold and cagy at first, but Honorable Bert kids her into believing that Wilbur has gone to bed here at the Club with a sick headache and oughtn't to be disturbed. Then he tries a little fancy line of his own: asks Mrs. Etta—confidentially, see—what there is about Wilbur to interest a woman of her vivacity and charm. Them's the very words, dear friends and fellow-countrymen. Mrs. Etta listens, melts a little; he throws more candy and they ring off the best of friends. Honorable Bert came out of the booth grinning like a Cheshire cat. There's my story."

"Not so bad," pronounced Lucia. "Give me her telephone-number. I'll tell the lies. I can use that."

"I picked up a choice little item about them, too," said Dick, slowly. "I went downtown to the market to take a check for Mother, and Mr. Bohlen was talking to his bookkeeper. He said to her: 'If they don't pay month before last's bill before the fifteenth, they don't get another cent's worth. They don't look good to me.'"

"Oh, joy! So they don't pay their bills! That's *very* helpful. Anything more, Dick?"

"Yes, the bookkeeper girl said that lots of these rich people were slow pay, but old Bohlen said he'd never seen that the Burneys were rich. That they looked cheap and flashy to him, and he'd rather lose what was on his books than to get in any deeper."

"So that's that. Anything more?"



See How Easy It Is To Learn Drawing This New Way

Through a remarkable new method anyone can now quickly learn to draw—right at home in spare time. No special talent needed! Become an Artist this new easy way.

YOU have always longed for it—this fascinating ability to draw. Now it can easily be yours. Illustrating, Rapid Sketching, Decorative Designing, Advertising Art, Cartooning—you can easily learn all of this right in your own home. Hundreds of our students never had a drawing pencil in their hands before starting, yet are high-salaried artists today.

Big Money in Commercial Art

Trained artists earn \$50, \$75, \$100 and even over \$200 a week! Single drawings often bring over \$100. And now, with just a few hours' pleasant study each week, you can quickly learn to make drawings that have a real commercial value.

Hundreds of trained artists are needed today all over the country. Magazines, Department Stores, Advertising agencies, Publishers, Manufacturers—these are just a few of the fields which are in urgent need of artists. Get into this attractive, big money field now.

It's Fun Learning Art This New Way

It's all just like a pleasant game when you learn to draw with this new method. You study right at home, yet every bit of your work receives the individual attention and criticism of a *real artist*. It's almost as though you had a famous artist standing at your elbow while you work. With this training you progress with amazing rapidity. Starting with straight lines and curves, you quickly learn action, perspective and all the more advanced

secrets of drawing. Almost before you realize it you are making drawings that sell.

Send for FREE BOOK.

You may be considering the study of art merely for the joy you can get from it; or you may want to turn your ability into the big money which is to be found in Commercial Art. In any case—if you feel that you want to learn to draw, send for our new Free Book on art, which tells all about the wonderful opportunities for happiness and profits in art and describes this startling new method which makes it so easy for you to learn to draw. Mail coupon for this Free Book and for our Special Free Offer.

Washington School of Art

[Room 3212
1115-15th St., N.W.
Washington, D.C.]



WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART Room 3212, 1115-15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Please send me your Free Book on art which tells about your new method. Also details of your special Free Offer. Please print.

Name _____ Mrs., Miss or Mr. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Age under 18 years _____

40,000 Opportunities in Hotels

Nation-wide demand for men and women—Hotels, Clubs, Tea Rooms, Restaurants. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and help you get a job. You can live at home, earn a living, quick advancement—our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for free book—*Your Big Opportunity*.

Lewis Hotel Training Schools

Room 112 Washington, D.C.

Relief for coughs

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults.

A pleasant syrup. No opiates.

35¢ and 60¢ sizes

sold everywhere

Low Prices None Can Beat

Diamonds Here 60% of the Market

Free Bulletin lists diamonds as low as \$50 per carat, also *Gems of Finest Quality* at higher per carat charges, but proportionately lower than the market price. A 22 carat perfectly cut diamond a snappy blazing carat at \$58.00. This is the year's largest *Diamond Bazaar*. Find in it the best deals money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans; other bargains. Must sell NOW.

**Why Pay Full Prices
Costs Nothing to See**

Any Diamond sent for absolutely free examination. No obligation to buy. No obligation to pay. Latest Listings—Unpaid Loans Sent Free. Describes Diamond Bargains, in Detail, gives cash loan values guaranteed. Excellent unlimited credit. Send for free book—*How to Buy a Diamond Bargain List*. Postal card will do. Joe De Roy & Sons 2515 De Roy Bldg. oasis Concourse Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE Burneys meanwhile pursued their devious way. In their private consultations they were amazed at their own success.

"It's the place, Bert," said Mrs. Burney, at one of these quiet sessions. "People simply black with money, and no imagination! Everybody rich and stodgy, simply dying for some one to come along and poke them up a bit. I never saw so much respectability in such a wealthy community."

"They're losing it fast enough," said Mr. Burney. "But then, respectability's the one thing that everyone's willing to part with for a little excitement. That's where we're public benefactors, my dear girl. How goes the Wilbur affair?"

"Oh, very well—only he's awfully slow."

"Hasn't written you anything usable?"

"Not a line. And that Mrs. Bayfield watches him like a hawk. I've been pointing out to him, gently and sweetly, that if she's jealous now,—and who could be jealous of poor little me?—what will she be when they're married? All the local gossips say she literally lassoed him into the engagement, so he's not very keen on it. Yet he's too stupid to fight his way out."

"And she's a pretty little creature—that may have some weight with him."

Mrs. Burney dissolved in instant tears. "Bert," she sobbed, "if you only weren't so crazy about women, I could be so happy with you!"

Mr. Burney sighed, put his arm around her perfumitorily, and patted her gently on the shoulders. "Now, darling—now darling! You talk about Mrs. Bayfield being jealous, but if I so much as mention that a woman is passable, you have hysterics. If you weren't so perfectly unreasonable, we could both be so happy."

"Oh, I know you," sobbed Mrs. Burney, unmollified. "You'll flirt with anything, and you like young girls best. All the same, that little Jones girl turned you down good and hard. She's a horrid fresh chit, but I give her credit for what she did to you."

The amiable brow of Mr. Burney darkened with reminiscent anger, but he thoughtfully held his tongue. "Come, Nella," he said gently, "don't be foolish. You and I've had a good time together for five years, and I've never seriously cared for any other woman. You know it."

Mrs. Burney wiped her eyes. "You daren't," she said piteously. "I've got too much on you. Listen, Bert, I do think we'll have to pay some of the bills. Everyone's getting so nasty."

"I hate to. I've set my heart for a perfectly bang-up winter on the Riviera, doing ourselves very, very well, no skimping and no work. Just enjoying life and meeting a lot of nice people who will be useful to us sometime."

"But if we don't pay the bills, we never can come back here. And some-

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE is writing a new series of stories for The Red Book Magazine. The first will appear in an early issue. Look for it.

YOU CAN PLAY THE HAWAIIAN GUITAR Just Like the Hawaiians!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Show You How!

Be the Most Popular Member of Your Set, Play "When You Walked Out," "Ten Ten Tennessee," "Stella," "Louville Lou." All the Late Song and Dance Hits. You can play First Selection in Half an Hour—and Harmonious Chords AT ONCE.

Here's your chance to get in the swing—to learn to play the most fascinating of all instruments, the Hawaiian Guitar, just as the Hawaiians do, and in an amazingly short time.

Our school is so simple and easy that you might a piece your first lesson. In half an hour you can do it! This is the opportunity you've been waiting for. It's impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

to believe that this opportunity may be yours, but it is true. It is impossible

DIAMONDS and other Xmas Gifts

Send No Money On Credit 10 Days' Free Trial

In rings shown here, all diamonds are genuine, blue white, perfect cut



Send No Money

Buy on credit as others do. Simply send your name and address. If you are satisfied, return to us and receive your money back immediately. You take no risk. Transactions confidential. Guaranteed. Write for Xmas Catalog. Latest designs in Free quality jewelry at lowest prices and most liberal credit terms ever offered. Diamonds, watches, jewelry, ivory toilet sets, etc. Prices \$10 to \$100. Large and choice variety. Our prompt and efficient service has earned thousands of satisfied customers. If you do not see what you want here, do not order your Xmas Gifts until you send for our beautiful catalog.

Established 1890. Write Dept. E-21.

BAER BROS. CO.
6 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Establish and operate a new System of Furnishing every-
thing. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women.
Big Candy Business. Write for it today. Don't let it go.
W. HILLERY HAGGARD, Drawer 31, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Pants Always Pressed

STAYPREST TROUSER PRESSER
Puts a real猛man's trouser presser.
Pressing out of kinks and wrinkles. Easy to use--takes only a few seconds. Always a like-new press without delay or trouble. A real convenience. Saves many dollars in pressing bills, and trousers always look like just from the tailor. Makes them last longer, and no more of cloth while ironing ruins. Every man should have at least one or two.

Stay Prest

Made of selected hardwood, fabric covered, canvas lined. All metal parts heavily nickel plated. Weight 10 lbs. Dimensions 10" x 5" x 2". Small pack to fit handbag. Strong but light. Has collapsible cost and safety catches. Price \$1.50. In use. Well dressed men have several to keep all trousers well pressed. Large and heavy design, so you can't break it. Mail order, C. O. D. if desired. Satisfaction or money back. Order today. Post free.

The Gotway-Jung Company
2812 E. & J. Bidg. Cincinnati, Ohio

FOUR PATENTS
Attractive. Durable. Satisfaction or money back. Order today. Post free.

time we might want to. Besides, the summer's only half over. If we pay up now, we needn't pay anything more. At the end of the season we'll simply leave."

"All right, then. But next year I think we'll go farther West—people aren't so hard and suspicious there. And there's lots of loose money. I think I'll cut out the crap-shooting after this."

"Oh, Bert—why?"

"Some of the men are beginning to fight shy. I think I'll lay off it a little. Everybody's taken up with this fool Fair, anyway. I've fetched and carried for old Mother Mortimer until I run at the sight of her."

"So have I. But I thought it was good business."

"Well, if everything breaks right, Nella, you and I'll have a gorgeous winter to make up for all this drudgery. We'll have a good big stake and you've got those pearls out of old Stanley. He'll never ask you to pay back the money. So that's a help. How much are those damned bills?"

Mrs. Burney unlocked a desk and produced a sheaf of particolored papers. "Here they are. We'll have to come across for the market, and the servants. We ought to pay something on the car—a couple of hundred—and a couple of hundred to your tailor. My dressmaker need only have a hundred."

Mr. Burney totaled up the row of figures with an expert pencil.

"All right—call it an even thou. I'll give you a check. And I'll look for the receipts, my dear, day after tomorrow."

"Bert—as if I ever held out on you."

Mrs. Burney's look of injured innocence left nothing to be desired. Mr. Burney laughed unpleasantly.

"As if you ever did anything else! However, we won't quarrel. Only—I'll look at the receipts."

THEY might not have rested so tranquilly on their expectations had they been aware of the deep-laid plans of Lucia and her cohorts. Day after day the six of them, Lucia and the Aston twins, Fatty, Pat and Dick took possession of the Jones living-room and put together their great scheme. Sounds of music, dancing and endless argument, in which Lucia's voice dominated, leaked out. To the natural inquiries of her mother, Lucia made a most natural reply.

"We're getting something ready for the Fair, Miss Bob. It's to be a surprise."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jones. "I'm glad it's no worse."

"Since you feel that way about it," replied Lucia, "you might slip me fifty for costumes and accessories."

Mrs. Jones reluctantly produced the money. "You ought to ask your father when you need extra money," she grumbled.

"I did," said Lucia, pocketing the fifty, "and I got fifty off him too. So now we're all nicely financed, thanks to my dear loving generous parents."

"There are times," said Mrs. Jones, "when I can hardly believe you are a child of mine."

"There are lots of times when I can't believe it." And Lucia removed herself swiftly with her treasure.

"What a Relief!"

It's Wonderful How Pinex Eases a Cough

The moment you take a spoonful of Pinex, you feel it take hold of your cough, soothing the membranes and bringing marked relief.

And it makes a difference in your drug bills. A small bottle of Pinex, mixed at home with plain sugar syrup, makes a whole pint—a family supply of pure, wholesome cough syrup, the best that money could buy, for adults or children. Tastes good, too—youngsters take it willingly. Used by millions of people for over 20 years.

Insist on genuine Pinex, 65c, at all druggists. Money promptly refunded if you are not glad you tried it.

The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

For Coughs

PINEX

Let Thornton Fisher Teach You Cartooning

A FASCINATING PROFESSION

For the past twelve years, THORNTON FISHER has become intimately known to the leaders of New York World's famous cartoonists, and to the great majority of the best cartoonists in the country. In his book, *Cartooning*, newspaper illustrating and cartooning, now, at last, under the teaching of this great paid artist. The most fascinating work in the fascinating newspaper business. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

THORNTON FISHER SCHOOL
Box 252, Times Bldg. New York City



FREE BOOK



This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written Method includes all the important modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.

150 page catalog free. Please address:
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 91. Springfield, Mass.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to your home. The best guarantee. Paper and pen are all you need today. A portfolio of Fisher's work and his booklet.

QUINT CONSERVATORY, Studio 8872, 590 Columbia Road, BOSTON, 25, MASS.

Study. For the beginner or experienced everywhere. Scientifically easy to understand. All must—free. Diplomas granted.

LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter the time and cost of a teacher. With an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quint's famous Written

Method includes all the important

modern improvements in teaching music. Bring it right to

EVERYONE came early and prepared to stay late. Everyone brought a pocketful of money and spent it freely. Through the press, rotund Mrs. Mortimer rolled majestically, her face all smiles, as she received the admiring congratulations of her friends.

"But I never could have done it without this dear boy," she said, more than once, tapping the alert and attentive Mr. Burney on the wrist with her fan.

Mr. Burney received her praise beamingly, but as he went down to the locker-room to change his wilted collar for the third time, he swore a mighty oath between his clenched teeth. "Old Mortimer'll pay me back a whale of a per cent on *this* day's work. I'll load him to the gunwales and trim him for fair. It's coming to him for having such a wife."

Mrs. Burney, in a ruffled pink organdy and a big Leghorn hat with a wreath of roses tipped coquettishly over her yellow curls, was a great hit as a balloon-vendor. Mrs. Mortimer was pleased to commend her also: "She has such a way with the kiddies!" was the official dictum.

Lucia Jones, overhearing this, was struck with sudden thoughtfulness. "Could I work it, I wonder?" And forthwith she retired to a corner of the writing-room and set down cryptic words on a slip of paper.

Lucia, it was observed, was not doing much at the Fair this year. She did play a hurdygurdy for an hour or so, but it was evident that her heart was not in the work. She and the Aston twins, Pat, Dick and Fatty were always running off together, and exchanging whispered confidences, but no one paid any attention, for Fair Day was frequently the scene of odd happenings, and everyone was busy.

THE end of all perfect days must come, and with it the Kenott Club Fair. The villagers dispersed. The booths were taken down. The dog-show was over. The chairman of the house committee estimated the damage done to the lawns and cursed Mrs. Mortimer and her charities with deep and vengeful curses. Club members settled down to dinner in the dining-room and grill, or rushed home to partake of the meal, so as to be back in time for the show. Motors were sent to meet trains from the city on which would arrive the actors and actresses who were to appear. Members of the dramatic committee, aided by perspiring and harassed servants, met these ladies and gentlemen, showed them to the theater and dressing-rooms, and offered them the hospitality of the Club. There was, as usual, some recrimination.

"I open the show? Look here, what do you think. I am—small time?" indignantly demanded Miss Laurie Langer, the celebrated song-and-dance artist.

It was explained that this was a place of honor. Miss Langer did not see it.

"I wouldn't mind closing the show, but open it, not on your life!" she protested acrimoniously.

It took nearly an hour to persuade her otherwise. At last, however, she consented, having discovered that by keeping to the place assigned her, she was sure of making an early train back to

Selecting The School

THE training, association and environment experienced during school years lay the foundations for success or failure in future life. The selection of the school best suited to develop each individual therefore should be a matter of thought and thorough investigation. This is especially true of boarding schools which prepare for college and for life, but it also holds good for schools of professional and special training.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped many hundreds of parents select the school for their boys and girls, also many young people who have appealed to us to find a school where they can procure just the right training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal.

We will gladly help you make a selection, if you do not find a school in the school section which seems to meet your needs. Our information is based on data obtained through personal visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school you wish—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc.; location in which you wish school; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition in the case of a boarding school, tuition only for schools of special training; exact age of prospective pupil, religion, and previous education in detail. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address:—

The Director, School Department

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street

New York City

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every Deaf Person Knows That
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with
these Artificial Ear Drums. I
wear them day and night!
They are perfectly comfortable.
No one sees them. Write
me and I will tell you
where to buy them.
I make you hear. Address
Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1903
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., Inc.
16 McMurtry Bldg., 2831 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental Chimes, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Try-Endings, Clever Blues, Show Filler, and 810 other Subs. Try Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subs. 250,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer. Waterman Piano School 2265 Broadway Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

HEALTH

is the Greatest Joy of Life. Only the robust, vigorous and healthy can enjoy life to its fullest. The complaining, ailing, sickly ones are unhappy, discontented, dejected, failures.

For years I have been making people well through Strongfortism. I have helped tens of thousands to become strong. No matter what ails you, write me fully about it, and I will prove to you I can help you.

The experience and research of a lifetime are contained in this wonderful FREE BOOK "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."

Send a ten cent piece (one dime) to cover postage.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1260 STRONGFORT INSTITUTE, Newark, N. J.

STRONGFORTISM



Lionel
Strongfort
Perfect Man



BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

MEN WANTED—POSITION GUARANTEED

Earn Up to \$250 per Month, Expenses Paid

Big demand for trained men in this fascinating, new profession. Many splendid opportunities thru contact with railway officials. Travel or remain near home. Pleasant, healthful outdoor work. Start at \$110 per Month with expenses paid. Prepare in three months' spare-time study at home. Any average man can easily qualify.

POSITION GUARANTEED

If, after completing preparation, we do not secure for you a position paying at least \$110 a month and expenses, we refund your enrollment fee in full. **YOU TAKE NO RISK.**

Don't Delay—Investigate. Send coupon for free Booklet No. D-67, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Standard Business Training Institute

Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-67, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



"I'm making real money now"

SEE that coupon? Remember the day you urged me to send it to Scranton? It was the best thing I ever did. "Mr. Carter called me in to-day. Said he'd been watching my work for some time—ever since he learned I was studying with the International Correspondence Schools.

"Then he asked me if I thought I could take over Bill Stevens' job. I told him I was sure that I could—that I had had that goal in view ever since I started my I. C. S. course.

"I start to-morrow, Mary, at an increase of \$60 a month. It's wonderful how spare-time study helps a man to get ahead."

FOR thirty-one years, the I. C. S. has been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can.

All we ask is the chance to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 3428-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- Business Management
- Industrial Management
- Personnel Organization
- Traffic Management
- Business Law
- Banking and Banking Law
- Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- Cost Accounting
- Bookkeeping
- Private Secretary
- Spanish
- French

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- Electrical Engineering
- Electric Lighting
- Mechanical Engineer
- Machine Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Railroad Positions
- Gas Engine Operating
- Civil Engineer
- Surveying and Mapping
- Metallurgy
- Mining
- Steam Engineering
- Radio
- Architect
- Blue Print Reading
- Contractors and Builders
- Architecture Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- Chemistry
- Pharmacy
- Automobile Work
- Airplane Engines
- Agriculture and Poultry
- Mathematics

Name: _____ 0-3-33
Street: _____
Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Occupation: _____
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

A DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT NAME PENCIL SETS FOR CHILDREN

The DE LUXE SET (shown below) consists of genuine lead pencil with case, with pencil and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler and pencil sharpener. Any name engraved as shown in 14 kt. gold. **PRICE \$1.00**

JUNIOR SET — 3 pencils, name engraved, in leather case. **PRICE 50c.**

Send Check, Money Order or
U. S. Postage

IMPRINT PENCIL CO.
Dept. T-4
530 Broadway
New York
N. Y.

ANNE WILSON

town. Miss Langer had a vast metropolitan distrust of the country. Also, it seemed that the last thing on the program was a sketch by local talent, and there was no advantage to Miss Langer in displacing that. The dramatic committee mopped its brows and thanked God that the Fair only came once a year.

Otherwise, all went smoothly. The audience arrived, for the most part, unfashionably early, since there were no reserved seats and experience had told them that late-comers fared poorly in point of location. Everyone was there from the whole town of Kenott and vicinity, including many motor parties from towns within a fifty-mile radius. The evening of the Fair was a well-known event, and the famous open-air theater, which was by no means small, was presently jammed to capacity. The orchestra could not be heard for the chatter, but the musicians were seen to be going through the proper motions, and a very occasional high note of the violin penetrated the barrage of voices.

With the appearance of Miss Laurie Langer the loudest talkers quieted, and everyone settled down to listen and enjoy. Miss Langer was good—she had many encores and concluded that this was not such a boob, hick and phony affair as she had previously suspected.

Then came the Rissos, the wonderful tumbling clowns, to be followed by Edwina and Company in a dramatic playlet somewhat *Grand Guignol*-ish in flavor. It left the audience bathed in delicious shudders. Paulette and Rudolph, the celebrated dancers fresh from triumphs in the hardest-to-get-into-and-hardest-to-get-out-of-solvent Supper Club in the city, struck an agreeable note of variety, and greatly pleased.

Now and then some one of the audience would ask another, "What, my dear, is this?" pointing to the closing number, entitled: "Whoozis? A Local Skit." Presented by the B. M. G. Club." There was never any answer, and when Mrs. Mortimer was appealed to, she merely looked arch and said, mysteriously: "A dead secret, my dear—I don't even know what it is myself." She was very glad she had said that so often, later on! Not that anyone believed her—later on. And still later on she tried to pretend that she had known about it all the time.

THE THEREFORE when "Whoozis? A Local Skit" was finally announced, there was quite a ripple of excitement and interest throughout the audience. This stiffened to an audible gasp as the curtain rose and revealed a figure, perfectly well known to most of the people there. "Why, it's Mrs. Burney." "No, it can't be—there she is, sitting beside Mrs. Mortimer." "But, my dear, it is—that's her dress, and that's her—or her twin." And then the whispers were shushed so loudly and firmly that the skit was permitted to begin.

It was crisp and stinging little story, told in merry, syncopated rhyme and dance. Lucia and her company had spared no pains to do it perfectly. They had set their lyrics to the latest jazz. They could all dance like demons. Lucia, in a yellow wig and a rose-colored organdy and a rose-wreathed Leghorn

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S SCHOOL SECTION

MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Earn Big Money

Learn the Automobile Business

PUT YOUR NAME HERE

Think

of the re-

pair work on

thirteen mil-

lion cars! En-

gines, electrical systems,

batteries, tires, etc. There

are not nearly enough trained men to do

this work. Our graduates

all over the world

are successful. Age, education, or experience

make no difference. You can be successful too

if you will get M. S. A. S. practical training now.

Unlimited Opportunities for Trained Men

Style auto, trucks, engines, auto electricity, tractors, farm equipment, expert instructors, a thorough complete course that

nothing taught. Time to learn everything right. Here, in Detroit, at the Auto Center, you have wonderful advantages. Visit the great plants. Get factory endorsed training. Be successful. Write today for 100-page catalog describing school, Detroit, opportunities. Address A. G. Zeller, President. Write today.

Michigan State Automobile School
3332 Auto Bldg., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Learn Electricity

in great shops of Cognex. Complete in 3 1/2 months. Evening and night. Radio course free. Books, tools, office equipment, for Big Free Catalog. Act Now! Cognex Electrical School Dept. 92-38 1300-1310 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Martin Institute for Speech Correction

Stammering, Stuttering, Lispings, Loss of Voice, Monotone, Pitch, Attention Deafness and Cognate defects corrected. Conducted by Dr. Frederick Martin, (himself once a confirmed stammerer). Normal courses for Teachers of Speech Improvement. 416 Duffell Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Free Information on SCHOOLS and COLLEGES

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUREAU

15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois

Teach Your Child at Home by Our Novel Plan



and give him a better education in this way than he can get at most day schools. Write Calvert School, 9 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

School Information

The Red Book Magazine is always glad to help its readers in the selection of the school suited to individual needs. We furnish first hand information collected by reporters from the schools throughout the country. Please give full details as to your previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location, and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address.

The Director, School Department

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
33 West 42nd Street New York City

Now Everybody Can Dance

Learn in One Hour at Home

There's now no need of being a wall-flower. In one hour—at home—by mail—I can make you an easy confident dancer—popular in any ball-room.

NEW EASY METHOD

No Partner Needed—No Embarrassment

Over 60,000 men and women have become popular dancers of Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz and all latest up-to-the-minute society dance steps through my new Photo-tell and Fono-tell Method set to music. Amazingly easy—fascinating. No other course like it. I teach you perfect time and rhythm—the secret of good dancing.

Six Lesson FREE TRIAL

Convince yourself at my expense how amazingly easy it is to learn modern dancing with my new Photo-tell. For a short time only I'll teach the first six lessons of my course (in plain wrapper) including 10-inch dance instruction record, free and prepaid for five days trial. See, test and prove this remarkable new method in your own home. Then, if not delighted at your success, simple return record and money paid. No strings and you'll owe me nothing. Write quick before this unusual offer expires. Please mention make of photograph you have.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. E.
Studio 60 4601-11 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

hat, was the sweet little creature who clung to all the men. She had a way with the kiddies and also with the oldies, it seemed. She was staring into a jeweler's window and longing, oh, so pitifully, for some of the pretty things there. Along came a kind gentleman, Fatty, impersonating *Mr. Gregory Stanley*, to whom she chanted her sad story, to the rhythm of her twinkling feet, with the plaint that if she had a mere thousand, she could get that darling string of pearls her esthetic sense so craved.

Nobody noticed Mrs. Burney's hand start stealthily toward her throat and then drop into place—nobody but Lucia, who was watching for just that. Everyone was too occupied observing the real Mr. Stanley have apoplexy and in hearing the pseudo-*Mr. Stanley* offer to advance the money: "As a loan—repay it when you please."

The two actors then burst into a tuneful and coquettish duet, accompanied by real dancing.

SHE: It's just a loan—

HE: A little loan—

SHE (archly): But alone you need not be—

HE: Oh, I would love to be alone—

To be alone—

SHE: With me?

There was more along the same line, and then after quiet had been restored, Lucia, copying faithfully the gestures of Mrs. Burney, sang a little solo extolling her companion's taste.

Your socks are sweet,

Your shirts divine—

Your neckties make my heart to pine.

I never saw a man so fine—

I just adore your taste!

EXIT the heavy admirer and the lady, to be followed by Pat, in a black wig and the tiny black mustache of Mr. Burney, accompanied by Dick, made up most skillfully to resemble Wilbur Parnell. There was a little patter suggestive of the fact that Mr. Parnell was not averse to being in on Mr. Burney's party, but he had a date with a lady. Then the stage *Mr. Burney* sang the ditty that was later destined to become a Club classic:

Give me her telephone-number; I'll tell the lies—
I don't use no rough-stuff, like so many guys.
I'll frame it so carefully, she never will get wise—
Just give me her telephone-number; I'll tell the lies.

It was as this was being sung that several ladies turned and looked piercingly at their husbands and fiancés. Mrs. Etta Bayfield, in particular, turned such a gaze on the real Wilbur Parnell that he became slowly whitish-green, and those sitting next him thought he was going to be seasick. Fortunately, he wasn't.

The stage *Mr. and Mrs. Burney* now met to consider their gains, and it was here that *Mr. Burney* introduced the deathless lines:

Some people roll to reduce;
But I reduce their rolls!

Presently, enter, from the wings, a large, fantastic animal, Fatty Grosvenor, costumed to represent a giant red Chow.

\$2 XMAS GIFTS

Sent for

\$2

L 11—Platinum front bar pin with perfect cut diamond. 14 K. pin. \$33.00.

L 16—18 K. wedding ring with 5 diamonds. \$35.00.

L 5—Three perfect cut diamonds set in 18 K. white gold top; mounting 14 K. green gold. \$75.00.

L 2—Ladies seven diamond cluster resembles 2 ct. solitaire. 14 K. mounting. \$62.50.

L 3—Newest style 14 K. white gold. High grade 15 jewel movement. \$24.50.

L 12—Lady's ring of 14 K. white gold with platinum 18 K. white gold mounting. \$52.00.

L 15—Ladies diamond center, pearl drop; 14 K. neck chain. \$27.50.

L 4—Gentleman's seven diamond cluster set in platinum. \$95.00.

L 13—Ladies' 14 K. white gold engraved ring with two blue diamonds in center; 4 diamonds on sides. \$120.00.

L 10—Lady's 14 K. white gold with one diamond in center; two sapphires each side. \$65.00.

L 17—Diamond set bracelet; 14 K. white gold. High grade 15 jewel movement. Four blue white diamonds in platinum. Lifetime guarantee. \$62.50.

L 18—Lady's head engraved ring with two first quality diamonds. \$45.00.

L 19—Diamond center, sapphire neck chain. \$90.00.

**\$2.00 Brings Your Choice
NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY**

Simply send \$2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Send only \$2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

A Full Year to Pay

Simply send \$2.00 and receive your selection, all charges paid. After trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. 10% discount for cash.

Free Royal Xmas Catalog

The most complete catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc., sent FREE. Write for free catalog to \$1000 quality, the highest. Ten days' trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our \$2,000,000 stock. Send for copy today. Dept. 227

**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.,
170 Broadway ~ New York**



Genuine

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for



Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetylcidester of Salicylic acid

Free-To Try
Send for Trial Bottle

Don't Be Gray

When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is no unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration, restored color is even and natural in all lights. Faded or discolored hair restored just as successfully and naturally as gray hair.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address
Mary T. Goldman,
22-P Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send my patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

At sight of this animal, who gave every evidence of canine delight in seeing his master and mistress, there was another song by Mr. Burney, accompanied by a comic dance of the Chow and Mrs. Burney. The refrain was touching:

Good old faithful Red Dog,
He's the pet for me.
He's my constant helper,
In my poverty.
When the sheriff's coming
And the bills mount high—
Give a party—call the Red Dog—
Whoop it up, say I!

"Oh," moaned Mrs. Jones, catching her husband's arm. "Oh, Hendy—this is terrible. It's all Lucia's doing—I know it is. What will we do now—how will we face it?"

Mr. Jones shook his head. Appreciation fought with his wrath. "It's not so bad, at that," he whispered.

"But look at the Burneys," said Mrs. Jones.

Everyone was doing that, either furiously or directly. Mr. and Mrs. Burney were sitting, regarding the stage, with set smiles on their faces—stiff, unmirthful, terrible smiles. They were both as white as death. In all their brazen careers they had never met with anything like this. Had looks been able to kill, the B. M. G. Club would have lain a row of corpses, on the stage.

But they were far from corpses. Red Dog having had his day, the Aston twins, dressed as crap dice in large wired cubes of white cloth, painted only with sevens and elevens, their sweet little faces sticking out above, and their trim little legs protruding below, appeared at Mr. Burney's call of need, and sang and danced entrancingly:

Come a Seven—Come Eleven,
Step this way to crap-fest heaven—
Fade out threes; fade out twos,
Baby needs a pair of shoes!
Come to Papa; don't be slow.
There's a knock in every throw—
Give your wrist a little twist.
Come along, Seven, Eleven!

IN the instant's amazed silence at this piece of audacity, a man's voice was heard exclaiming, "I always did think—" but the rest was lost in applause and exclamation. There had never been such a sensation since Fairs had existed at the Kenott Club! Waves of excitement rolled over the audience like stormy ocean billows. Mrs. Mortimer was turning purple and swelling like a balloon—not a toy one, either.

But the performance was nearly over. A song and dance by the *soi-disant* Mr. and Mrs. Burney ended it.

Gay adventurers, adventurers are we. Our credit is noted for its low visibility. We like to spend, but we are never rash; We like to spend—but the other fellow's cash. Mix up the cocktails, dearie, make 'em good and strong—

A lot of local suckers will soon be along. We haven't paid the rent; We haven't got a cent; Honest work is something we cannot bear to name; So let's give a party and get up a game!

The two *Crap Dice* and the genial Red Dog joined in the final ballet, and the

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noise for over 20 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**
Suite 212, 70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Relief for Coughs

Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates. 35¢ and 60¢ sizes sold everywhere

14 KT GOLD FILLED \$595 14 KT WHITE GOLD FILLED \$665

Save 1/2

Save one-half by ordering direct from us. Your choice of either 14 KT. Gold-filled or 14 KT. White Gold-filled link bracelets. Full jewel. Stem wind and set. Adjusted and regulated. Very valuable. Weight 14 KT. Gold-filled 25-yr. old—\$100. Silk grosgrain ribbon, gold-filled 25-yr. old—\$100. Order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded.

SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CO. 434 Broadway, New York

Dept. 12156

Call the Undertaker!

WHAT'S the use of living when you're only half alive? You get up in the morning and you don't have the pep of a jelly fish. Your work is a burden and life has ceased to give you a thrill. You don't seem to get anywhere and nobody cares whether you do or not. What's the use, fellows? Call the Undertaker, for you're dead and you don't know it.

A New Life

Stop! It's all wrong. There is another life right here before you. A new and a better one. A life that is full of thrills and sunshine. Every day opens new worlds to conquer, new joys, new friends and lasting ones. Come with me and let me guide you to it.

I have a system that knocks those gloom bugs higher than a kite. I'll put pep in your old backbone that will make you feel like a jack rabbit. I'll put a spring to your step and a flash to your eye so that your own friends won't know you.

Health and Strength

That's what you need and that's what you get. Come on now, pull in your belt and throw out your chest. Take a good deep breath of that pure air that's all about you. Give your heart a treat with some rich blood. You will feel so good you will think it's your birthday. Drop me a line and I'll show you how to do it. I'm going to put a chest on you that will make your old ribs strain with the pressure. I'm going to change those skinny arms and legs of yours to a real man's size. You will have the strength and vitality to do things you never thought possible. Come on fellows! Get busy. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Are you with me?

Send for my new 64-page book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and

.....

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

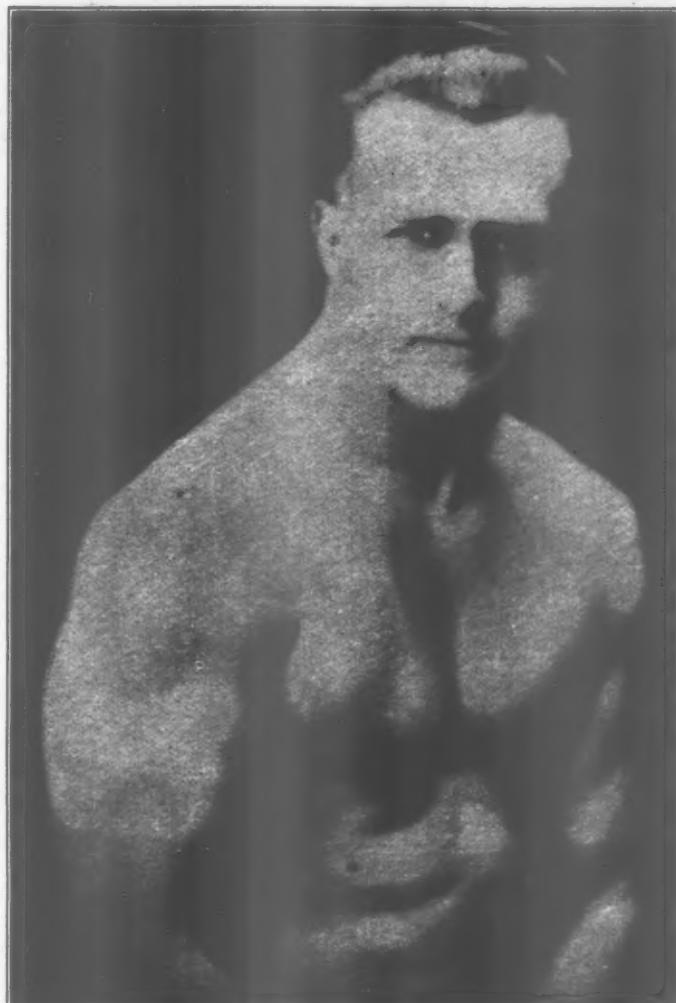
Dept. 7012, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Earle E. Liederman as he is to-day

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 7012, 305 Broadway, New York City

Lucia took the check and hugged him hard. "Everything's all right, then, Hendy," she said. "And I love you."

Mr. Jones watched her with unwilling admiration as she sauntered out into the hall.

"Oh, Lucia," he called after her, "just what does B. M. G. mean?"

Lucia smiled back at him affectionately. It was a good world, and he was a good old Hendy—if one knew how to handle him. She could afford to gratify his curiosity.

"Oh, that was our battle-cry!" she said. "It only means *'The Burneys Must Go!'*"

RUBBER ICE

(Continued from page 85)

be that Mr. Donovan, the chief engineer, who belonged apparently somewhere in the entrails of the ship, had emerged and had his meals in company with the Captain. Several times a day Mrs. Wellard, muffled in her fur coat, took walks around the deck—sometimes with Mr. Jacobs, sometimes with Mr. Caldwell, the first officer, sometimes with Mr. Pickett.

She did not flirt with Mr. Pickett. She did not dare. The emotional excitement which she felt in his presence, however, persisted. He apparently did not expect to be flirted with; he was evidently not that kind of person. His manner toward her was always simply that of an officer talking with a passenger.

The weather, following the snow, was clear and bright. On the tenth day of their imprisonment, however, it suddenly turned very cold. The cold was accompanied by a fierce and bitter wind. At dusk Mrs. Wellard, standing with Mr. Pickett on the deck and bracing herself with all her strength against the gale, suddenly turned to him, startled.

"What's that," she asked, "—that noise?"

"That's the ice, ma'am," he told her.

"The ice?"

"Yes, ma'am. It's talking. I wouldn't wonder if you reached New York right soon now."

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"If we get wind enough, the ice'll open up and leave us out."

Mrs. Wellard looked down at the nearby ridges and hummocks with a sense of apprehension. It lay there, apparently ilimitable, thousands and millions of tons of it. It was as firm, to all appearance, as the land. What it would be like when it commenced to move, she could not imagine.

"But suppose it doesn't let us out?" she said.

"It will. Time was, when they had wooden boats, that they used to get pinched in it. But now the boats are stronger than the ice. When it begins to move, we'll go along with it, but probably not far before it cracks and lets us through."

HERE were a hundred noises that night—whistlings and whinings of the wind, singing of cordage and humming of steel plates. But above all these sounds arose distinctly the noise of a million

Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas.



NO MONEY DOWN

Any of the startling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay only **a few cents a day**. Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the **biggest bargain** you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of **only a few cents a day**.

YEARLY DIVIDEND

You are guaranteed 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also, 5% bonus privilege.

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK

FREE

Send coupon today for your copy to Dept. 1799. See the greatest display of Diamonds and Jewelry bargains in America for yourself sold under the Lyon Charge Account Plan.

SEND FOR

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK

FREE

J.M. LYON & CO.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK
In Business Nearly 100 years

J. M. LYON & CO.,
2-4 Maiden Lane, Dept. 1799
New York, N. Y.

Please send me at once your big 128 page MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK, showing thousands of America's greatest diamond and jewelry bargains.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



The Spirit Behind The Custom

In the country store of days gone by, upon the occasion of the seasonal purchase of the family clothing, the store-keeper, as an expression of appreciation of the business just transacted, surprised each child in the family by presenting him with a bulging sack of candy.

The spirit of giving unexpected per-

sonal attention survives at The Continental and Commercial Banks. As evidence of our appreciation of the business of our customers, we endeavor to surround each transaction, whether large or small, with unusual promptness, a little more care than is absolutely necessary,—in short, we attempt always to render—

"An Extra Measure of Service"

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
Resources More than \$500,000,000

Epidemic of Crime Here and Abroad

The Rockland Robbery

An astonishing story of crime comes from Rockland, where bandits robbed the bank of a small town near by, escaped in an automobile and later held up a young ex-service man in another car. And here enters the curious element: this ex-service man, recently discharged from a hospital and suffering from a series of misfortunes, had himself set out to be a bandit, was well armed and ready for war—and he shot the two bank-robbers dead before they realized what a Tartar they had caught. The further adventures of the young man who had "declared war on his own account," are no less exciting, as vividly described by Francis Dana, in the December issue of THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE.

The Davenby Case

The fiction exploits of Sherlock Holmes himself are recalled by the story which comes from England of the disappearance of a well-known banker named Davenby. The best Scotland Yard men were put on the case, but it remained for the Belgian detective Hercule Poirot to solve the strange riddle. All England has been agog over the case, and the story of its solution, detailed by Agatha Christie, forms one of the most intriguing chapters in criminology. Along with many stories by William Almon Wolff, Clarence Herbert New, H. Bedford-Jones, Culpeper Zandt, Beatrice Grimshaw and other noted writers, it appears in the current December issue of THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE, now on sale.

little voices whispering and talking in the ice.

Mrs. Wellard did not go to bed. She could not, she knew, go to sleep; the disturbing little voices in the ice prevented that. She lay in her berth fully dressed. The stateroom shook to the steady tremor of the engines, which had been started again; the screw was turning idly to keep it free from floating ice—that, Mr. Pickett had told her, was the reason. Suddenly she became conscious of a change. The whispers of the ice had stopped; or, rather, they had become a single voice. It was not loud, but low and strong—the voice of the ice itself, she realized.

Of what happened next, Mrs. Wellard could never remember the exact particulars. The stateroom appeared to lift itself up under her. It lifted as much as ten or fifteen feet. The movement was accompanied by a scream—not human, the scream of some mechanical thing in its death-agony: the shriek of bent and tearing metal plates, the anguished cry of rivets breaking from their holds. The stateroom came to rest at a dizzying angle. Mrs. Wellard tore at the door. She was conscious, even at that moment, of amazement that she could still open it. A single electric light was burning in the cabin. She slipped and stumbled across the sloping floor into the arms of Mr. Jacobs.

"What is it? What has happened?" she cried at him.

"We got pinched," he told her.

Then she was aware of Mr. Pickett coming toward them.

"Get that fur coat of yours," he directed, "and anything else that's warm. Not those shoes—"

"They're the only ones I have."

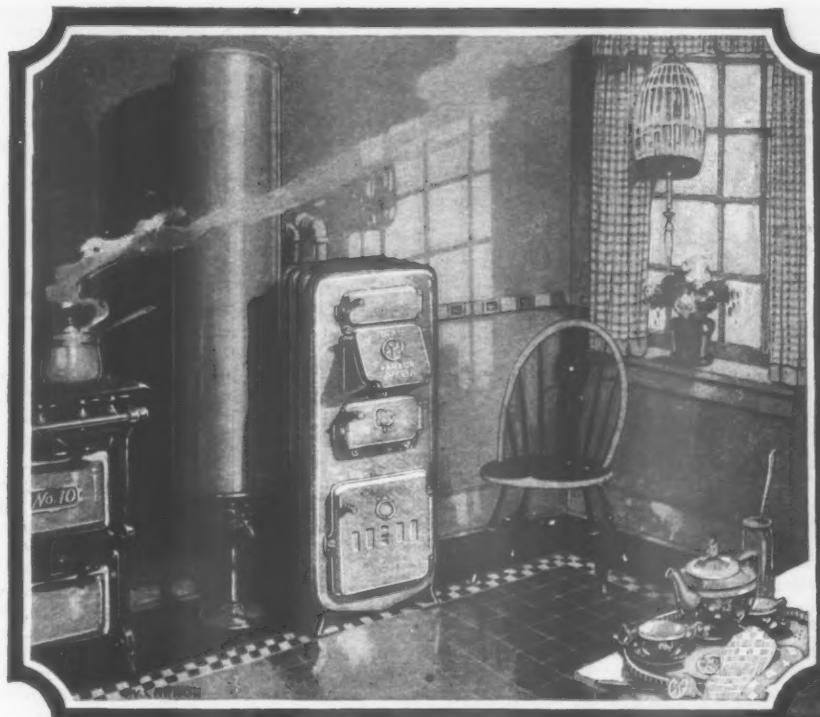
HE stared dubiously at her feet and went on. With Mr. Jacobs' help, she scrambled back to her stateroom and got her coat. From her handbag she took the chamois bag containing her jewels and put it into her bosom. Then she saw Mr. Pickett coming back. He carried a large pair of woman's shoes, which she guessed belonged to the stout stewardess, and two pairs of men's woolen socks.

"Put 'em all on," he commanded.

Mr. Jacobs said something about the wireless.

"Gone out in the smash," Mr. Pickett answered. "That's the trouble with that stuff. When you want it most, you haven't got it."

Since the first crash there had been no movement of the steamer. And then, suddenly, the one electric light still burning in the cabin, winked out. In the murk, with Mr. Pickett and Mr. Jacobs helping her, Mrs. Wellard slid down the companionway into the dark interior of the steamer. A gangway had been opened, and they helped her up on it. Then she walked down a dizzily sloping gangplank out upon the ice. It was nearly morning. The steamer, she could see dimly in the thinning dusk, had been lifted but was still held firmly by the ice; all along the near side she could see the jagged and twisted edges of the steel plates, where the ice-pressure had slit the hull from end to end. The officers seemed engaged in some discussion which she thought



From a painting by L.V. CARROLL

© ARCO 1923

The good old summer time —in December

FRANK LEHR of Noblesville, Indiana, lived in a typical American home with an all-American temperature. The kitchen was Miami, but the bedrooms were Bangor, Maine.

A year ago he threw out his old-fashioned heating plant and installed ARCOLA, setting it in the kitchen and connecting it with an AMERICAN Radiator in every room.

"We are delighted," he wrote last December. "Our home which was only partially heated before, is now like summer all the time. Rooms which were never known to be warm are filled with growing plants . . .

We would not part with ARCOLA for \$1,000 if we could not have another."

Human life is short enough at the best. Why waste another winter huddled around an old-fashioned stove or in a room half hot and half cold from an old-fashioned heating plant? Why not have warmth from an AMERICAN Radiator in every room?

The cost is only a fraction of the value which Mr. Lehr places on his ARCOLA, and the whole amount comes back to you. Thousands of owners testify that ARCOLA pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

104 West 42nd Street, Dept. 165
NEW YORK

AMERICAN IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

816 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 165
CHICAGO



A little injury often demands two-fold aid. Pain must be allayed; infection guarded against.

The cleansing antiseptic, combined with the soothing, healing liniment affords this doubly effective and most convenient treatment.

Absorbine, Jr. occupies a never-emptied place in many thousands of home medicine cabinets, always handy in emergencies.

All druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 12c., postpaid.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 540 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

For cuts and scratches, burns and bruises and for stiff muscles after hard work or play. A few drops suffice for the average application.

It is both safe and pleasant to use, of a clean, agreeable odor and will not stain like ordinary preparations. Absorbine, Jr. has many everyday toilet uses with which you should become acquainted.

must refer to the damage to the vessel; but even Mrs. Wellard realized that if the ice released the ship, it would sink at once.

Mrs. Wellard knew steamers only as a passenger knows them. She had been indefinitely aware that even on a small steamer there were many persons whom the passengers did not ordinarily encounter. She was surprised, as they kept coming out upon the ice, to find that there were more than thirty in the party.

The sun was rising. Mrs. Wellard, seated in the shelter of an ice-hummock, became aware that with the sunrise, the gale was coming to an end as rapidly as it had begun.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Pickett, looking down at her, "we're all going to take a little walk."

"To shore?" she asked.

He nodded. As she looked away from him, she saw Martin stall approaching her. He covertly opened his overcoat and showed her the neck of a small bottle projecting from an inner pocket.

"Got a little left," he whispered. "Saved it in case of need. Valuable stuff under these circumstances. If you get cold, let me know, and I'll slip you a shot without any of the others knowing it."

Many of those about her had brought bundles with them containing their possessions. But at Captain Jennison's orders the bundles were piled on the ice. Evidently they were to be abandoned, and Mrs. Wellard gained the impression that only food was to be taken. Captain Jennison talked a moment with Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Donovan and then turned to the others.

"Let's go," he said.

MRS. WELLARD stood up. From the ice she could not see the shore as she had from the deck, but she knew its direction. She had not been noticeably cold while sitting in the shelter of the ice-hummock, but now the chill cut through her fur coat. The ice only here and there was level; generally it was broken by ridges and hummocks which one must climb, and gullies into which one must slide. Moreover, it was covered with snow, which dragged at the feet. Mrs. Wellard could not imagine what twenty miles of walking under such conditions would be like. As she faced the rising sun, its light reflected from the snow bit at her eyes with a sense of physical pain.

Mr. Pickett and Mr. Jacobs had taken positions on either side of her. As she started forward, they put the bend of their arms under hers, and thus supported, she climbed the first ice-hummock almost with a light step. A party of half a dozen, headed by Captain Jennison, led the way, and their tracks in the snow made the passage easier for those who followed.

Sometimes some other man relieved either Mr. Pickett or Mr. Jacobs in helping Mrs. Wellard along, and she saw that two men were in the same way helping the stewardess. Whenever they reached a level stretch of ice, the whole party broke into a trot. Nothing had been said about need for haste, and Mrs. Wellard could not at first appreciate the reason for this hurry. Suddenly it occurred

cleansing soothing

Absorbine Jr.

healing

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions in business, law, government and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be your own teacher—a teacher of lawyers earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 annually. We guide you step by step. You can train at home in your spare time. We have received many letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Degrees of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of students have now passed the bar examination. We furnish all text material, including four-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books. Send for free now. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1266-L, Chicago.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I bear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Any one can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

COLONIAL
PERSONAL
STATIONERY

*A Christmas Gift
for
Family and Friends*

COLONIAL PERSONAL STATIONERY makes an ideal Christmas gift for every member of the family and your friends. Or order a box today for every-day correspondence.

Each box contains 200 sheets, size 5 1/2 x 7 1/4 inches, of a high grade white Bond Paper, printed in Royal Blue Ink, with any Name, Address and Town and 100 envelopes to match. Envelopes are printed on flap in same ink and size.

Send with order, or, if you wish, C. O. D. plus few cents postage. West of Denver, add 10c. Write name, address plainly. Every penny refunded if not delighted.

STEARNS BROTHERS & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1887
610 W. Van Buren St. Dept. R-123 Chicago, Illinois

**Zoo Sheets
100 Envelopes**

Printed
with any
name and
address

**\$100
POSTPAID**



**SEND
NO
MONEY**

Filled and guaranteed for 2 years. Our watches are carefully dried, tested and adjusted. All have Six Ruby Jewels and One Sapphire Crown Jewel. They are fitted with beautifully engraved Etched Metal Plates. Each a remarkable work of art. Price will depend on the watch. Every watch comes complete with heavy 8in. Ribbon and Case in a handsome Art Leather Velvet lined Presentation Case. No. 88 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$4.95
No. 89 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$5.25
No. 90 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$5.50
No. 91 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$5.75
No. 92 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$6.00
No. 93 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$6.25
No. 94 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$6.50
No. 95 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$6.75
No. 96 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$7.00
No. 97 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$7.25
No. 98 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$7.50
No. 99 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$7.75
No. 100 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$8.00
No. 101 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$8.25
No. 102 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$8.50
No. 103 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$8.75
No. 104 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$9.00
No. 105 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$9.25
No. 106 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$9.50
No. 107 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$9.75
No. 108 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$10.00
No. 109 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$10.25
No. 110 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$10.50
No. 111 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$10.75
No. 112 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$11.00
No. 113 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$11.25
No. 114 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$11.50
No. 115 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$11.75
No. 116 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$12.00
No. 117 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$12.25
No. 118 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$12.50
No. 119 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$12.75
No. 120 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$13.00
No. 121 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$13.25
No. 122 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$13.50
No. 123 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$13.75
No. 124 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$14.00
No. 125 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$14.25
No. 126 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$14.50
No. 127 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$14.75
No. 128 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$15.00
No. 129 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$15.25
No. 130 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$15.50
No. 131 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$15.75
No. 132 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$16.00
No. 133 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$16.25
No. 134 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$16.50
No. 135 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$16.75
No. 136 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$17.00
No. 137 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$17.25
No. 138 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$17.50
No. 139 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$17.75
No. 140 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$18.00
No. 141 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$18.25
No. 142 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$18.50
No. 143 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$18.75
No. 144 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$19.00
No. 145 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$19.25
No. 146 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$19.50
No. 147 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$19.75
No. 148 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$20.00
No. 149 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$20.25
No. 150 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$20.50
No. 151 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$20.75
No. 152 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$21.00
No. 153 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$21.25
No. 154 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$21.50
No. 155 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$21.75
No. 156 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$22.00
No. 157 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$22.25
No. 158 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$22.50
No. 159 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$22.75
No. 160 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$23.00
No. 161 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$23.25
No. 162 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$23.50
No. 163 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$23.75
No. 164 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$24.00
No. 165 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$24.25
No. 166 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$24.50
No. 167 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$24.75
No. 168 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$25.00
No. 169 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$25.25
No. 170 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$25.50
No. 171 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$25.75
No. 172 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$26.00
No. 173 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$26.25
No. 174 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$26.50
No. 175 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$26.75
No. 176 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$27.00
No. 177 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$27.25
No. 178 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$27.50
No. 179 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$27.75
No. 180 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$28.00
No. 181 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$28.25
No. 182 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$28.50
No. 183 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$28.75
No. 184 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$29.00
No. 185 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$29.25
No. 186 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$29.50
No. 187 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$29.75
No. 188 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$30.00
No. 189 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$30.25
No. 190 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$30.50
No. 191 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$30.75
No. 192 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$31.00
No. 193 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$31.25
No. 194 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$31.50
No. 195 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$31.75
No. 196 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$32.00
No. 197 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$32.25
No. 198 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$32.50
No. 199 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$32.75
No. 200 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$33.00
No. 201 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$33.25
No. 202 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$33.50
No. 203 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$33.75
No. 204 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$34.00
No. 205 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$34.25
No. 206 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$34.50
No. 207 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$34.75
No. 208 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$35.00
No. 209 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$35.25
No. 210 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$35.50
No. 211 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$35.75
No. 212 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$36.00
No. 213 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$36.25
No. 214 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$36.50
No. 215 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$36.75
No. 216 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$37.00
No. 217 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$37.25
No. 218 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$37.50
No. 219 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$37.75
No. 220 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$38.00
No. 221 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$38.25
No. 222 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$38.50
No. 223 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$38.75
No. 224 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$39.00
No. 225 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$39.25
No. 226 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$39.50
No. 227 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$39.75
No. 228 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$40.00
No. 229 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$40.25
No. 230 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$40.50
No. 231 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$40.75
No. 232 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$41.00
No. 233 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$41.25
No. 234 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$41.50
No. 235 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$41.75
No. 236 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$42.00
No. 237 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$42.25
No. 238 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$42.50
No. 239 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$42.75
No. 240 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$43.00
No. 241 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$43.25
No. 242 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$43.50
No. 243 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$43.75
No. 244 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$44.00
No. 245 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$44.25
No. 246 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$44.50
No. 247 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$44.75
No. 248 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$45.00
No. 249 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$45.25
No. 250 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$45.50
No. 251 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$45.75
No. 252 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$46.00
No. 253 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$46.25
No. 254 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$46.50
No. 255 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$46.75
No. 256 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$47.00
No. 257 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$47.25
No. 258 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$47.50
No. 259 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$47.75
No. 260 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$48.00
No. 261 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$48.25
No. 262 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$48.50
No. 263 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$48.75
No. 264 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$49.00
No. 265 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$49.25
No. 266 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$49.50
No. 267 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$49.75
No. 268 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$50.00
No. 269 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$50.25
No. 270 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$50.50
No. 271 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$50.75
No. 272 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$51.00
No. 273 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$51.25
No. 274 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$51.50
No. 275 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$51.75
No. 276 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$52.00
No. 277 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$52.25
No. 278 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$52.50
No. 279 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$52.75
No. 280 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$53.00
No. 281 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$53.25
No. 282 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$53.50
No. 283 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$53.75
No. 284 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$54.00
No. 285 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$54.25
No. 286 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$54.50
No. 287 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$54.75
No. 288 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$55.00
No. 289 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$55.25
No. 290 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$55.50
No. 291 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$55.75
No. 292 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$56.00
No. 293 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$56.25
No. 294 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$56.50
No. 295 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$56.75
No. 296 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$57.00
No. 297 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$57.25
No. 298 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$57.50
No. 299 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$57.75
No. 300 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$58.00
No. 301 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$58.25
No. 302 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$58.50
No. 303 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$58.75
No. 304 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$59.00
No. 305 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$59.25
No. 306 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$59.50
No. 307 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$59.75
No. 308 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$60.00
No. 309 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$60.25
No. 310 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$60.50
No. 311 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$60.75
No. 312 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$61.00
No. 313 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$61.25
No. 314 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$61.50
No. 315 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$61.75
No. 316 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$62.00
No. 317 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$62.25
No. 318 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$62.50
No. 319 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$62.75
No. 320 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$63.00
No. 321 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$63.25
No. 322 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$63.50
No. 323 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$63.75
No. 324 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$64.00
No. 325 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$64.25
No. 326 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$64.50
No. 327 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$64.75
No. 328 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$65.00
No. 329 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$65.25
No. 330 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$65.50
No. 331 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$65.75
No. 332 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$66.00
No. 333 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$66.25
No. 334 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$66.50
No. 335 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$66.75
No. 336 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$67.00
No. 337 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$67.25
No. 338 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$67.50
No. 339 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$67.75
No. 340 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$68.00
No. 341 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$68.25
No. 342 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$68.50
No. 343 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$68.75
No. 344 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$69.00
No. 345 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$69.25
No. 346 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$69.50
No. 347 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$69.75
No. 348 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$70.00
No. 349 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$70.25
No. 350 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$70.50
No. 351 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$70.75
No. 352 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$71.00
No. 353 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$71.25
No. 354 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$71.50
No. 355 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$71.75
No. 356 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$72.00
No. 357 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$72.25
No. 358 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$72.50
No. 359 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$72.75
No. 360 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$73.00
No. 361 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$73.25
No. 362 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$73.50
No. 363 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$73.75
No. 364 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$74.00
No. 365 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$74.25
No. 366 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$74.50
No. 367 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$74.75
No. 368 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$75.00
No. 369 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$75.25
No. 370 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$75.50
No. 371 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$75.75
No. 372 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$76.00
No. 373 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$76.25
No. 374 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$76.50
No. 375 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$76.75
No. 376 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$77.00
No. 377 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$77.25
No. 378 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$77.50
No. 379 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$77.75
No. 380 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$78.00
No. 381 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$78.25
No. 382 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$78.50
No. 383 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$78.75
No. 384 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$79.00
No. 385 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$79.25
No. 386 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$79.50
No. 387 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$79.75
No. 388 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$80.00
No. 389 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$80.25
No. 390 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$80.50
No. 391 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$80.75
No. 392 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$81.00
No. 393 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$81.25
No. 394 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$81.50
No. 395 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$81.75
No. 396 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$82.00
No. 397 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$82.25
No. 398 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$82.50
No. 399 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$82.75
No. 400 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$83.00
No. 401 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$83.25
No. 402 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$83.50
No. 403 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$83.75
No. 404 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$84.00
No. 405 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$84.25
No. 406 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$84.50
No. 407 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$84.75
No. 408 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$85.00
No. 409 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$85.25
No. 410 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$85.50
No. 411 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$85.75
No. 412 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$86.00
No. 413 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$86.25
No. 414 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$86.50
No. 415 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$86.75
No. 416 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$87.00
No. 417 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$87.25
No. 418 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$87.50
No. 419 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$87.75
No. 420 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$88.00
No. 421 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$88.25
No. 422 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$88.50
No. 423 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$88.75
No. 424 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$89.00
No. 425 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$89.25
No. 426 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$89.50
No. 427 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$89.75
No. 428 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$90.00
No. 429 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$90.25
No. 430 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$90.50
No. 431 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$90.75
No. 432 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$91.00
No. 433 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$91.25
No. 434 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$91.50
No. 435 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$91.75
No. 436 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$92.00
No. 437 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$92.25
No. 438 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$92.50
No. 439 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$92.75
No. 440 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$93.00
No. 441 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$93.25
No. 442 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$93.50
No. 443 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$93.75
No. 444 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$94.00
No. 445 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$94.25
No. 446 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$94.50
No. 447 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$94.75
No. 448 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$95.00
No. 449 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$95.25
No. 450 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$95.50
No. 451 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$95.75
No. 452 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$96.00
No. 453 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$96.25
No. 454 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$96.50
No. 455 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$96.75
No. 456 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$97.00
No. 457 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$97.25
No. 458 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$97.50
No. 459 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$97.75
No. 460 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$98.00
No. 461 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$98.25
No. 462 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$98.50
No. 463 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$98.75
No. 464 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$99.00
No. 465 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$99.25
No. 466 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$99.50
No. 467 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$99.75
No. 468 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$100.00
No. 469 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$100.25
No. 470 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$100.50
No. 471 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$100.75
No. 472 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$101.00
No. 473 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$101.25
No. 474 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$101.50
No. 475 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$101.75
No. 476 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$102.00
No. 477 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$102.25
No. 478 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$102.50
No. 479 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$102.75
No. 480 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$103.00
No. 481 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$103.25
No. 482 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$103.50
No. 483 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$103.75
No. 484 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$104.00
No. 485 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$104.25
No. 486 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$104.50
No. 487 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$104.75
No. 488 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$105.00
No. 489 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$105.25
No. 490 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$105.50
No. 491 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$105.75
No. 492 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$106.00
No. 493 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$106.25
No. 494 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$106.50
No. 495 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$106.75
No. 496 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$107.00
No. 497 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$107.25
No. 498 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$107.50
No. 499 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$107.75
No. 500 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$108.00
No. 501 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$108.25
No. 502 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$108.50
No. 503 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$108.75
No. 504 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$109.00
No. 505 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$109.25
No. 506 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$109.50
No. 507 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$109.75
No. 508 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$110.00
No. 509 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$110.25
No. 510 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$110.50
No. 511 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$110.75
No. 512 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$111.00
No. 513 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$111.25
No. 514 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$111.50
No. 515 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$111.75
No. 516 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$112.00
No. 517 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$112.25
No. 518 - Small Narrow Oval Case and Movement \$112.50
No. 519 - Small Narrow

The Appreciated Gift

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"The Daddy of Them All"

THE whole world knows and accepts Waterman's Ideal as the fountain pen standard for quality, beauty, reliability and long service.

Made in Plain Black, Chased, Cardinal, Mottled, Gold and Silver Mounted, and Jeweled.

Over 44,000 dealers in the United States sell it.

Easy to buy — Easy to send
Waterman dealers everywhere
will assist you in making a fitting selection for man, woman or child.

\$2.50 to \$50.00

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York

Boston Chicago San Francisco
London Paris Montreal

No. 0952-1-7
\$4.00

Pen illustrations
25 actual size.

No. 452½
Gothic E.C.
Sterling
Silver
\$8.50

No. 55
Mottled
Gold Filled
Lever-Clip
\$6.50



4 sister ships to SOUTH AMERICA



IF you are considering a trip to South America this winter investigate first your own U.S. Government fleet. These great new white sister ships are oil burners of 21,000 tons and the finest and fastest vessels on the run. Rio de Janeiro is now less than 12 days from New York. A record! This great service is operated by the Munson Steamship Lines with sailings every two weeks from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

Sailings:

Southern Cross	Dec. 6
American Legion	Dec. 22
Pan America	Jan. 5
Western World	Jan. 19

Munson Steamship Lines

67 Wall Street, New York City

Managing Operators

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

Write for free booklet

Mail the information blank today. Find out the surprisingly low cost of a vacation trip to South America this winter. The beautifully illustrated booklet gives full information of the countries you will wish to visit, costs and ship accommodations. Write today—Now!

Send This Blank

INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board

Information Desk 1799 Washington, D. C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts. I am considering a trip to South America , to Europe , to the Orient from San Francisco , to the Orient from Seattle .

My Name _____

Address _____

to her that, without fuel, they could not spend a night upon the ice; they must reach shore before it became too dark for further travel.

At nine o'clock they stopped while the cook made a great pot of coffee over a spirit lamp. Again, at noon, they stopped for the same purpose. Mrs. Wellard had a sense of amazement at the change which these few hours had made in the party. Their faces were haggard; their eyes were red balls of inflamed, congested blood; whenever they stopped walking, they dropped down upon the snow in a huddled group, seeking warmth from one another's bodies. She wondered if she looked like the rest.

Her borrowed shoes had been cut through; her skirt and coat were wet to her knees. The pain in her eyes had spread until her brain was on fire with it; she seemed to be dragging at each foot an almost immovable weight. She had almost lost consciousness of the other members of the party. She was only vaguely aware that some of them had gone snow-blind and that here and there a man walked between two others who guided him. Mr. Jacobs still occasionally gave up his place beside her to some other man, but from now on Mr. Pickett never left her.

MRS. WELLARD had never felt toward any man as she now felt toward Mr. Pickett. He seemed to her in some way queerly disembodied. He spoke to her now and then, and his voice was always light; the things he said were humorous, as though what they were doing was a matter of no moment. She had the feeling that what she wanted most in the world was for Mr. Pickett to meet her husband. She knew that the only thing which made it possible for her to go on was that Mr. Pickett expected it of her. If he stopped expecting it, she would slide down upon the ice and wait there to die. She did not care very much whether she died or not. She had a vague sense that none of them now cared very much whether they died or not, except Mr. Pickett and Captain Jennison and Mr. Donovan and a few other men like that.

At three o'clock they stopped again for coffee. An hour later they made another stop. Mrs. Wellard dropped down upon the ice, drew her wet, freezing feet up into the skirts of her fur coat, buried her smarting, blinded eyes in the soft fur of her sleeve and waited. She had lost all sense of time; she did not know how long it was since their last stop. She supposed that Mr. Pickett was going to bring her coffee again.

Presently, conscious that he was merely standing beside her, she looked up, and all at once she saw the shore. It was too far away for her to make out more than its outline, but it was distinctly recognizable from the intervening ice. And then she appreciated joyfully a most amazing thing. For a quarter-mile in front of them there was perfectly smooth ice. There was no snow on it; it offered a fairway for their feet almost to the shore itself. Captain Jennison and several other men were crouched in the snow at the edge of the smooth ice, and the Captain was pounding it with some-

thing. The ice broke, and the Captain picked up a piece and looked at it. Mrs. Wellard saw with a feeling of perplexity that the smooth ice was only a little more than half an inch thick.

She looked at Mr. Pickett. He was apparently explaining something to her; but she could not make out exactly what he meant. Then suddenly she understood. The wind, which had moved the ice and crushed the steamer, had broken the floe off from the shore-ice; it had moved the floe out this quarter-mile. That in front of them was the thin ice which had frozen during the day. It stretched in both directions as far as she could see, and it barred them from the shore as effectually as open water would have done.

"It's what the kids call rubber ice," she heard Mr. Pickett saying. "It might bend and still hold."

THEN something still stranger happened. Mr. Martin stall began to laugh. His laughter was high-pitched and shrill. He took off his overcoat and dropped it on the ice, and then took off his under coat and threw it down. Mrs. Wellard stared at him in amazement. Mr. Caldwell started toward him, but Mr. Martin stall ran away in front of him, laughing and gesticulating and making faces, and disappeared among the ice-hummocks.

"Drunk!" Mrs. Wellard said to Mr. Pickett.

"No, ma'am," he answered. "Part snow-blind, and freezing and gone crazy. When they begin to freeze, they feel warm, so they take off their clothes. You find 'em sometimes frozen in the snow, stark naked."

Mrs. Wellard heard Captain Jennison speaking. The Captain still held the piece of thin ice in his hand. He seemed to be explaining the situation to them.

"Mr. Donovan and I," she heard him say, "are going to try it. If it holds us, it will probably hold you all. You won't have to wait here till we get clear over. You can see if we get pretty well across. There mustn't any two of you be near together. A hundred feet apart at least. Even those of you who are part blind can see enough for that. Mr. Caldwell, you'll attend to that."

"Yes sir."

Captain Jennison stood an instant as if in consideration. Suddenly he put out his hand and shook hands with Mr. Caldwell. Then he and Mr. Donovan turned and walked to the edge of the smooth ice. Mrs. Wellard stared as if fascinated. She did not want to look, and yet she could not turn away. She appreciated fully that if they broke through, there could be no rescue of them.

"How deep is the water?" she asked of Mr. Pickett.

"A couple of hundred feet," he answered, calmly.

The Captain and Mr. Donovan stood about a hundred feet apart at the edge of the smooth ice. Then the Captain made a gesture with his hand, and they both stepped out. Mrs. Wellard watched Captain Jennison. For the first two or three steps the ice held firm under his weight. Then, as he made another step, it bent. It seemed to her that it bent



SUGGESTIONS FOR FURNISHING YOUR LIVING ROOM WILL BE FOUND IN OUR BOOK—"BETTER HOMES"

A Furnishing Plan

That Fits the Moderate Income—*Perfectly*

That a home of charm, individuality and livable comfort, reflecting that which is best in modern furniture design, is well within the means of the average income is now an accepted fact. The modern idea tends not to total refurnishing, but to the more sensible *gradual replacement*; the transition from commonplace to accepted good taste and distinction being effected by degrees. The Karpen booklet—sponsored by one of America's foremost decorators—explains the method in detail, both by word and illustration. A copy may be obtained without charge, simply by using the coupon below.

The art of harmony in pieces

Charmingly illustrated are a large number of room plans, each portraying *actual* pieces which are available. You select the room of your ideals, then start *piece by piece*, without purse strain, to acquire it.

No heavy expenditure at one time is

required—you transform your home space with your income. Soon the entire atmosphere of your "first impression" rooms, your living room, sun room, your entrance hall, will have been changed amazingly. Yet, without your noticing the expense:

We publish this book for families who love beautiful furniture, just as we ourselves love it, so as to bring the home ideal within their means.

Beautiful Karpen designs

In your city there is a Karpen dealer. He will be glad to work with you in meeting your ideas.

He has, too, comprehensive displays of Karpen fine furniture to meet your every requirement. And he will be glad to show them to you without urging you to a purchase.

Fine designs, expert craftsmanship, the very best of materials, the superlative in upholstering—all you will find in every piece of Karpen furniture.

S. KARPEN & BROS.
801-811 So. Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

Manufacturers of fine Upholstered Furniture, Handwoven Fiber,
Reed and Cane Furniture, and Windsor Chairs.

KARPEN

Gradual Replacement

Too often the furnishings of a fine home are allowed to become shabby, and the character of the home itself made to suffer, simply because of the mistaken belief that only complete refurnishing can re-establish its distinction.

Happily, that idea is now being widely contradicted by the newer idea of gradual replacement as fostered by KARPEN.

Instead of looking forward to one's "ship coming home," and the heavy expenditure of refurnishing no longer a problem, the modern household budget includes an appropriation for furniture replacement, piece by piece, month by month.

Transformation today is effected gradually, sensibly and without drain on the purse, simply by harmonizing groups selected at different times until a complete and related ensemble is attained.



This nameplate on every piece
of Karpen furniture.
Look for it.

Coupon below will bring
you our book of
"Better Homes"

Modern and practical decorative schemes for the hall, living room and sun room. One of the most valuable books on this subject ever published.

S. KARPEN & BROS.

H-12

801-811 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago
37th and Broadway, New York

Please send me free and postpaid a copy
of your book, "Better Homes," with hall,
living room and sun room plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

as much as six inches. Mrs. Wellard put her hands before her eyes to hide the sight, but no one screamed, and so she looked again. The Captain was now quite a distance from them. He was walking steadily. But he walked always in a hollow. The ice gave under his weight, and this caused it to bend up behind him and in front of him. As he went on, these two waves of ice, one in front of him and one behind, went with him. His figure grew smaller and smaller. Then she heard Mr. Caldwell speaking.

"All right," he said. "We'll start all together. Take your places about a hundred feet apart."

MURRAY PICKETT helped Mrs. Wellard to rise.

"You got to walk straight ahead," he told her. "Keep your eyes on them pine trees on the bluff, and not under any circumstances must you stop. Keep moving. If you hear anyone go through, don't even turn to look. But Jacobs and I will be one on each side of you, and if you go through, we'll get you out."

"You mustn't try that," she told him in a breathless rush. "It would just mean three of us instead of one."

"Well," said Mr. Jacobs with admiration, "I'll say that for a lady brought up the way you must have been you're all right."

She hoped that Mr. Pickett shared this admiration.

After a moment she was standing at the edge of the ice waiting for Mr. Caldwell's signal. She knew that she could not have undertaken this attempt to walk the rubber ice, except for the fact that Mr. Pickett expected it of her. It might be that, with him there, she could do it. What might happen to her if he broke through and left her on the ice alone, she did not dare to think....

Presently, all too soon, Mrs. Wellard heard Mr. Caldwell's order. She fixed her eyes on the dark spot on the bluff, and began to walk. She tried not to think of the two hundred feet of water waiting there below. The sensation as the ice began to bend was sickening. After that she seemed always walking up a slope, but she remembered what Mr. Pickett had said, and did not look down.

She thought about her husband. If she broke through, he might never know what had become of her. He might not be able to trace her from the postmark on her letter. At the little hotel, she had registered from Minneapolis. They would inquire in Minneapolis for some one of that name, and they would not find anybody. So they would bury her, probably, on one of these bluffs that looked down at the Lake. Or it might be that they would not find her body. It would be

under the ice, and months later it would reappear somewhere a long way off, and then it would most likely be quite unrecognizable.

Occasionally she heard Mr. Pickett or Mr. Jacobs speak. She did not try to distinguish what they said; she knew that their intention was merely to let her know that they were still there. It seemed to her that she was never going to reach the opposite edge of the rubber ice. The rough shore-ice, however, drew slowly nearer and nearer; finally she scrambled up onto it. Now Mrs. Wellard stumbled, fell; after an instant she felt herself caught up again between Mr. Pickett and Mr. Jacobs. A huge fire was burning on the shore; she saw near it the figures of Captain Jennison and Mr. Donovan, and she could see on the hills other figures hurrying down to them.

She could see all along the shore people clambering up on the shore-ice; apparently no one had broken through. Then her consciousness seemed to drain slowly down and down, as if it were going out. She knew that she was lying by the fire. Her mind struggled up again, as she heard Mr. Pickett talking. She started.

"You don't mean," she cried at him, "that you're going back—back across that?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said to her. "Mr. Caldwell and I have to go back now and get that crazy Martin stall."

"For him!" she faltered. "For that man! Walk that—walk that again?"

"No, ma'am; it aint hardly safe to walk it, but we can skate it."

She realized then that some one had brought skates to Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Pickett. Her consciousness drained down again. . . . Long afterward it struggled up to perceive Mr. Martin stall, half clad, slithering toward her across the rubber ice in the bight of a rope the two ends of which, far apart, were held by Mr. Pickett and Mr. Caldwell as they skated toward shore. Then her consciousness ran completely out.

WHEN Mrs. Wellard finally became wholly certain again that she could think in a connected manner, she was on a Chicago-bound train. She had on a new pair of shoes which she had bought in the Michigan town, and she had a few other newly purchased necessities which she was carrying in a handbag. It was amazing to her that what she had been through had not made a permanent change in her appearance; as it was, not even her fur coat had suffered noticeable damage. Internally, she felt very much older. She kept her eyes open, because whenever she closed them, she seemed again to be walking on rubber ice. She thought about Mr. Pickett.

He was the sort of person, she realized, who merely went ahead and did the next thing that had to be done, without thinking whether he liked to do it or not; this seemed less important to her than her suspicion that he had a better time and got more fun out of things in general than if he had stopped to think more about his feelings.

But the one she thought most about was Robert. She could not understand how it had come about that she had decided to leave her husband. She could re-

member the circumstances of that decision perfectly. She could recall a great many little disagreements between them, which now seemed unimportant to her. She recalled being on the train; she recalled Mr. Martin stall speaking of New York; she recalled the sudden significance his words seemed to give to the fact that she had in her possession a thousand dollars in cash. But she could not now understand why this combination of circumstances had made her suddenly resolve to separate from Robert. She had a humiliated feeling that she was a person not to be trusted. She was terribly afraid that her letter to him might have made a misunderstanding between them, which it would be extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, to bridge.

AS soon as she got off the train, she called up the other railway station across town and found out about her trunk and arranged to have it delivered at her mother's. As she came out of the telephone booth, she started about in guilty terror at the sound of a familiar voice close at hand.

"So that's where you are!" her husband said. "I thought you hadn't got my wire and hadn't come to the train to meet me."

She stared at him, dumbly. She could not understand at first the chance that had brought their two trains into Chicago almost at the same time.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she burst out suddenly. "I am so glad to see you, Robert!"

"Well, I'm glad to see you, too," he answered, a little surprised at her excitement.

"Where have you been sending your letters?" he demanded of her. "For the last two weeks, every one of them has missed me."

She held her breath. He had not had her letter! Finally she found her voice. "That's—why, that's queer," she managed to say.

At her mother's she hurried up the steps while Robert paid the taxi-driver. Two envelopes lay on the table in the hall. She snatched them up. One was her letter; the other was her husband's telegram announcing to her the time of his arrival. She stuffed them both into her pocket. Then she rushed on upstairs to find her mother.

"Mother," she cried to her, "Robert is downstairs and—and I didn't just get here. You understand? I've been here two weeks!"

"You—what?" her mother questioned in astonishment.

"I got here two weeks ago. Oh, don't you understand?"

Her mother scrutinized her. "No, frankly, I do not. You must make more explanation to me than that."

"I will explain. I intend to explain, but not right now. Remember, I've been here two weeks."

Her mother still was staring. "Very well."

She heard her husband coming up the stairs. Some day she would tell him where she had been for these two weeks. But not just now. Just now he was too precious to her for her to take the chance.

ARTHUR STRINGER

has written another powerfully dramatic story of the North Woods for an early issue of this magazine. You must read
"It's All in the Setting"



By Merit Alone, Chiropractic

has grown from an idea in the mind of one man in 1905, to the second largest health profession in the world.

There are now approximately 25,000 practitioners, more than a hundred schools and about 15,000 students.

Twenty-six state governments have recognized the science as distinct and different from anything else on earth.

In less than eighteen years, this growth has been effected, not only without the aid of other professions engaged in getting the sick well, but in spite of their utmost efforts to prevent it.

Chiropractic has never had a single dollar of endowment from state or national governments. It has overcome the prejudice of the public, the opposition of other professions intent on its extermination, and adverse laws in every state in the Union.

It has recruited its patients from among those upon whom other methods failed, and with these failures of other methods upon which to prove its efficiency, it has made the most phenomenal growth of any health profession in the history of the world.

Employ none but a competent chiropractor.



Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

Universal Chiropractors' Association, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.



You'll find use in souffles and omelets for every scrap of the Premium Ham that is left from your Thanksgiving dinner. Many women even boil the bone with vegetables to get the last bit of relish from the wonderful Premium flavor.

For your Thanksgiving—a Premium Ham

At Thanksgiving time, especially, you'll want a *whole* Premium Ham.

Baked or roasted, on a big platter, it gives an air of luxury. Yet, to buy a whole Premium Ham is an economy of the most practical sort.

It gives you this finest of ham—tender, juicy, with its distinctive mild flavor—at a saving in the cost per pound.

This year, to make your Thanksgiving dinner economical and exceptionally good, get a whole Premium Ham.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

n

Ru
Hu